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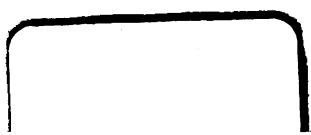
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MONTHLY

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

COMPENDIUM

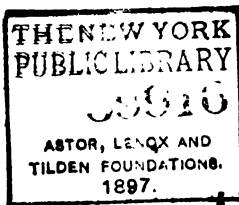
OF

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS
KNOWLEDGE.

EDITED BY DANIEL F. QUINBY.

VOLUME IV & V.

DETROIT:
BEECHER & QUINBY.
1851.



ADVERTISEMENT.



In this number we close the Fifth Volume of the Miscellany. We are aware of imperfections in our work, and yet we have labored very earnestly to bring before the public, a work, that, while it should please and interest, should have a healthful moral influence on its every page. We have been assisted in our work, in many instances, by voluntary contributions from some of the ablest writers of our day. The contributions for the Miscellany have not been of a flashy character, but we have aimed to present those which were of intrinsic worth. We could find writers who could read us a half hours lecture about nothing, if we chose to do so. But we opine that our readers, no more than ourselves, would be pleased with an article, whose chief merit should be a choice display of phrases, or a nice and beautiful jingling of words. We have labored to present the substance with the form.

We commenced the Miscellany, under unfavorable circumstances—the work had been unavoidably delayed. The former proprietor, not being possessed of sufficient funds to carry on the work, and issue promptly the numbers. Hence when we commenced we had to hurry through Four numbers in the space of two months; this rendered it impossible, for us to observe that care in selecting and arranging matter for those numbers, as we should have been glad to do. Since that time, we have received the most flattering testimonials, from the most respectable sources. Lest we should be too much exalted, we have from time to time a pretty good share of abuse, but we have been glad to find that this has been from a lower order—those who are incapable of appreciating any thing that is good. We have generally found evidence of this in the letters sent us. Some coarse or profane expression has relieved us of all trouble, by showing the character of our abusers. We can say with respect to the future; we are resolved to make every effort in our power to improve in every respect the Miscellany, and to increase the interest which may be felt for it now.

With such contributors as we now can boast of it is certain that the Miscellany must be a favorite, among the people. Western men feel a strong desire to see it prosper, and are resolved, that it shall no longer be said, "That the West cannot appreciate her own talent."

Increase our list and we will increase the value of our work in proportion.

This is a fair understanding. Each one can do something to increase our already large circulation. And every one must be aware, that it is absolutely necessary, to have a large—a very large circulation, to make so large a work as ours, pay at the extreme low price at which we furnish it.

We are ready to say to all that the work will be at least as good as it has been in the past, and shall be furnished with the same promptitude with which we have furnished our numbers during the last eight months. Send with your own name and dollar, your neighbor's also. We are very grateful for past favors, and shall hope to share in the patronage of the Great West in the future.

PUBLISHERS.

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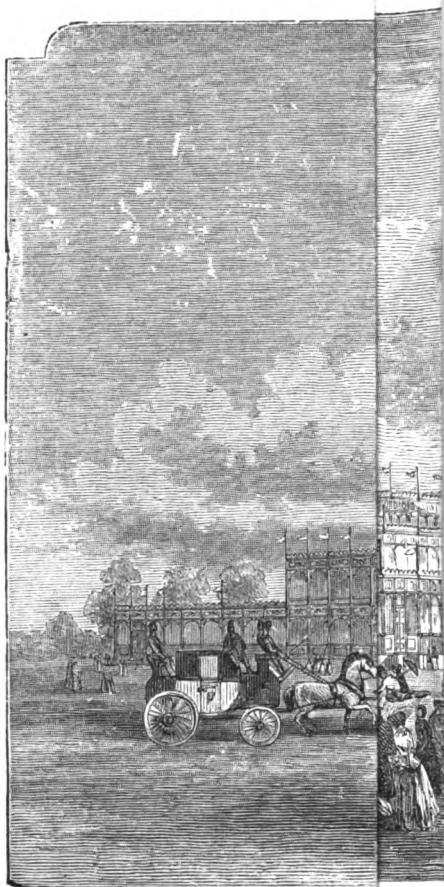
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Wellman's Literary Miscellany,

THE MAN-REPUBLIC.

BY REV. DR. WERDON, PROFESSOR IN THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

A nation, let us assume, is a great personality. It has a soul; and if we would paint it a body, we must assume, that body may somehow be the expression of soul; and so make we for this great soul, a body to match. A nation's soul is the great collective of the individual souls; a public mind is the grand aggregation of single minds. Politicians often talk of manufacturing public opinion; and that is a small business; there is a creation of a public mind, and that is a momentous business. For the national person, like the individual person, has its character, its responsibility and its retribution. The individual soul is immortal, and its retribution fills eternity; the organic soul is dissoluble, and its retribution is confined to time. As a component part of the great organism, the individual, however excellent his personal character, shares the liabilities of the whole body, and must share the body's fate. He may suffer here, the penalty of public sins of which, singly, he is singularly guiltless. As yet, the world's ages have not produced a nation which has stood the test of its responsibilities. Guilt has been their uniform character; judgment has been their uniform destiny. Each in succession, under God's permission, has started up, ambitious to try its blind experiment; each has had ample means and light for the right path; each has had ample temper-

ation to test its temper; each in turn has achieved a voluntary, yet ignominious failure. However it may have been with individual, national souls have been uniformly damned! History is a perfect book of judgment; and earth has become a gehenna of doomed nations. Struck with the recurrence of the same great historic decay, men have resolved its uniformity into a law, and have made it an ultimate maxim, which maxim they have endeavored to make plausible by the analogy between the national and the individual personality. As a man has his infancy, manhood, and decline, so, they infer, must nations. If this parallelism means simply to stand as an impressive illustration, it is striking; but let it not set up for reasoning. That the vital powers of an individual body soon physically decline, we know to be an inherent law. But what is meant by the physical old age and decline of a race? All races are equally old—the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon as the all-submitting Italian. My family is as old as the Duke of Buckingham's only I have lost my pedigree. Though I cannot, from loss of documents, name the live men who stand, in a direct hereditary row, between the great navigator of the ark and myself, yet they all lived, and doubtless had names. Men are transitory; races are perpetual. Why, then, do nations die? We answer, Great Bab-

ylon comes up before God and is judged. The thrones are set, and the books are opened, and the beast is cast into the burning flame, to be consumed to the end.

National character then embraces all the elements of national destiny. As in the individual, so in the collective; if the organic INTELLECT be wise, if the great public HEART, natural and moral, be sound, if the executive WILL, in all its deeds and volitions, be just, then shall the reward be glory, honor, immortality and eternal life. When the advent of that nation comes, or when the advent of such a state comes to any nation, then let the glad 'Eureka' peal through the world. The grand problem of human history is solved; the grand hope of humanity is fulfilled.

Let us, then, take up these several elements that form the character of our national person. Patriot enough I would be, to wish either to find, or, to make, this happy equilibrium of saving qualities in our own great country. And yet I find it difficult to frame the conception of—not merely a "man-mountain," but of—a MAN CONTINENT! Impatient of magnitude or limit, I see our monster-mortal stretching itself over a hemisphere—a vast mer-maid, or rather, *mer-man*—always annexing a little more room—until with its head baptized by the polar sea, it listens with either ear to the duet of the Atlantic and Pacific; and projecting the spinal ridge of the Rocky Mountains from its back, it seeks to unfold its tail downward along the Darien. If our faith and patriotism be intense enough to repose high hopes in this continental Caliban, then it is for this body, that we are to furnish the well-balanced soul.

I. Taking, then, first, the INTELLECT, as distinguished from the heart and will, we have noble tools, in this our day, wherewith to make

a nation's intellect. We will class them as three: the school, the press, and the post.

Of these three, the school, taken also in its three-fold division, of *primary*, *academic*, and *university*, stands, in time and in importance, first. So important is it, that all civilized ages have had it in some form; so that the modern shares it with the ancient world. A complete consummation of a nation's intellect demands, that the primary school communicate to every child that grows up within our limits, the complete elements of an English education. I am sorry for the statesman who can quote as a maxim, applicable and worthy of our times, the celebrated wish of Henry the Fourth, that every peasant in his realm, might have a chicken in his pot. Poultry is good—is necessary; but, then, where there exists a real complete public soul, the pottage may be taken for granted; and a higher standard of wish may be erected. Let a benevolent despot look upon his subjects, as so many live stomachs, necessary to be fed, in order that the pair of toil-seared hands thereto attached, may be kept stout and operative. Poor democracy cannot live without brains; and in a democratic nation's vast cerebrum there must not be one particle unimpregnated with the essence of knowledge. The immense infusion of foreign population into our nation, renders the work of seeing that every inhabitant of our land is educated, a truly Herculean task. This is an evil to be met, not by exclusion, but by a more active effort. The great double mission of our country, to preserve freedom for the home-born, and to offer it for the refugee, has been, and must be, nobly accomplished. It is a toil of glory, and it is a toil too for life. It is a right maxim—give the people all the education, and then all the power

possible. Give the great body a wise soul, and then give up the body to the soul. Now that soul, wise or foolish, has acquired possession of that body; the popular will has completely gained the power over the national body. Power, which some have said steals from the many to the few, has with us, gone completely over to the side of the many. Whether education has sufficiently preceded the power, some doubt, and I will not decide; but in either case, vital safety demands that, with all our might, we supply the primary educational deficit. From foreign lands, and from our own home cradles, every passing year is rolling up a worldwide wave of population, ever calling for a fresh supply of knowledge. Otherwise, it is a wave of overwhelming ignorance, which must sink our national ship, unless all hands rush to the rescue. And when one wave is conquered, another and another roll up their perpetual successions, and make this labor for life, a life's labor. O, your pedagogue is the true patriot. The pedagogue, indeed, you never allow to be the demagogue. You would sooner give him your heart's blood, or even your pocket-book, than your vote. His only palace is the school house; his sceptre the birch; and his sinecure is the delight of labor, without the burden of a salary. And yet he is the ruler of your rulers. He can never be your senator, but he is your sense-former. He can never be President; nor of the Cabinet, but he is the President's creator, and your noblest sort of Cabinet-maker.

Now, it is a genuine ground of triumph for the common schoolmaster, that he can, (as he often has,) furnish to the nobly aspiring mind, a sufficient start, without any other regular scholastic pupillage, to attain the highest points of eminence. From the schoolmaster many a proud ac-

quirer of high positions sheets the Professor in his career. "When a man fairly understands his alphabet," said a simple-hearted young self-educationist, "he may easily understand any thing else; for the twenty-six letters are the key to all knowledge." Mighty indeed is the spelling book. It is the pre-requisite to all that is intellectual, free and glorious. It opens the way to the library, the newspaper, and the bible; to the pulpit, the university and the senate; to the public happiness, to popular freedom, and to national glory; to the improvements of ages and the transfiguration of humanity. With more than the enthusiasm of Diana's worshippers, then, would we shout—Great is the hornbook of the school master. It supplies the first element of public brain, without which thought could never move and intellectual existence would be impossible.

But while I thus claim for the school house, all that its most enthusiastic champion could suggest, I equally affirm the necessity of the Academy and the University, to the full development of a public mind.—Shame on the jacobin cant that would set them in opposition! The school is indeed the pre-requisite to the higher departments of life; just as childhood is pre-requisite to manhood. Wondrous is birth; beautiful and glorious is childhood; but both are little worth, without the maturity. Without that maturity, birth and childhood would default and cease.—With the primary school alone, the public mind would soon dwarf and then perish. If the alumnus of the school house often over-towers the alumnus of the University, it is because he ever after moves in an intellectual atmosphere, made luminous by the emanations of higher institutions of science. Christianity moralizes myriads unembraced within the church; impregnating with

holy influences multitudes whom she cannot regenerate. So the University educates masses to whom she gives no diploma. Did not the University exist, higher science would be lost; a thousand discoveries which have beamed from the empyrean towers of scholasticism, would still have slumbered in darkness; and myriads of inventions which now are hourly crossing the path of the saunterer, would have never come into existence. The school house cannot stand alone; for as, on the one hand, that wisdom which builds the school house will soon rear the University, so, on the other hand, the vandalism which would strike down the University, would soon blow up the school house. Reduce the public mind to the mere abecedarianism of the horn-book, and the horn-book itself would soon be rat-eaten. The sound existence of a public mind requires the existence of a learned class; not necessarily geniuses, nor inventors, nor authors, (although it is well if they be such,) but scholars. These should be allowed the time and the means of profound study, that they may, in their successive generations, be the traditional preservers of the ark of knowledge, the keepers of the eternal fires of science. I plead not for any thing that properly can be called a *learned leisure*, for profound learning has no leisure. With the continued brevity of our post-diluvian lives, with the accumulating masses of new sciences to be acquired, with that Egyptian taskmaster, competition, scourging him on, the great scholar has no spare moments. Please Mr. Scholar, says some lady, intensely engaged at embroidering, read such—or such a book; you have plenty of time.” “Time? A thousand volumes, half an Alexandrian library, are lying, like grists at the hopper, waiting for their turn.” But if there can be no

leisure for learning. There is no tendency to barbarism more apparent in our great and fierce Democracy, or more sure of its result, than a jealousy of the professed student's leisure, or an anxiety to overtask him with the worth of his salary in day's work teaching. You may thus make him a teacher; but do not additionally demand of him to be in the loftiest sense of the term, a scholar. What is taught in our highest University courses, is but a small fraction of the immense stores that are untaught; if you confine your learned class to the ordinary routine, you abandon vast continents of learning, to silence and old night, from which might, at the good time, be brought those treasures of knowledge that would serve the world, which contemns them. We firmly assert, then, that in the new ages, as under the sway of the hoary past, the school—the school—primary, academic, and University—is the central sun of civilization, whose fires are ever to be supplied with aliment, and whose radiations must ever constitute the light of the world's intellect.

The superiority of the modern forms of the School over the ancient, is by no means as striking as that great triumph—and parent of triumphs—of modern over ancient ages, THE PRESS. What a sorry figure would the establishment of the fraternal copartnership of the Sossii & Co. exhibit—the crack publishing house of Augustan Rome—with their few hundreds of unwieldy volumes of rolled parchment, painfully transcribed with a reed or iron pen, beside our Harper & Brothers, whose mere advertisement catalogues would furnish more pages, than all Augustan Rome ever published. Much the same figure which the squadrons of Persian and Grecian barques, which fought the sea fight of Salamis would exhibit beside the modern “Ironsides” and

"Peace-makers" who achieve the Trafalgars and Navarinos of our day. President Jefferson's immortal squadron of gun-boats might have vanquished the whole navy of all antiquity together in a single fight. But the glories of the modern press are yet to be unrolled, when our whole continent is to be overspread with its dense and living civilization; when the Rocky Mountains shall, like the back-margin of a great book, demark but not divide, two great outspread pages of united empire, an empire that shall cover with a busy population, the hills and vales, the green river-sides and the broad Savannas of our young continent.

The productions of the press may first be contemplated in the more permanent form of the *library*—the settled form of ancient lore, established science, and enshrined genius. It constitutes the entire treasury of the world's standard intellectual wealth. The library is, as it were, the world's great memory, containing all it knows; it is that cell in the world's phrenology which holds its hoarded masses of fixed thought; it is reflection which has ceased to effervesce and has crystalized into solid cubic form. Modern meditation is still adding, like the slow accretions,* of a coral island, its immortal accumulations to the stupendous pile. And of all it still knows, the world must forget nothing. Many an erasure has time made on the old parchments and papyri; many a *hiatus valde descendus* yawns between immortal paragraphs—*valde descendus*, because all the world's wit cannot re-write the lost syllables: but the next best thing shall be—the world will not forget any more. To oblivion the press hath said, "*thus far and no farther.*" Not that every offspring of dullness is to be embalmed and lie in everlasting state; for these are nothings, and cannot enter into memory. The

world does not know them, and so cannot forget them. But every real substantive addition is contributed to the world *in fee* and forever; nor can the maker destroy it, or the giver take it back. Much is yet to be gathered from the ruins of the past, and to be booked up. Egypt and Asia, Persepolis and Ninevah have many a recollection buried in their mouldering piles and pyramids.—These are all to be disinterred and re-known. They are to go into the everlasting library; aye, into the world's memory and mind. And such will be our own expansion of population, that our intellectual market will demand, that all that is treasured in the vast libraries of Europe shall come under American type; and every department of past thought shall find among our million of millions, its alcove and its amateurs.—If the mass of erudition so stored is incalculable, so is the multitude of investigators who learn it. There is knowledge enough for all learners, and learners enough for all knowledge. I bestow my pity on that little ephemeral mind, who thinks that the world cannot afford to know so much, because *it does not pay*. Such men seem vexed, because there is more knowledge in the world than one brain can acquire. They are envious, because when they have studied a whole life to become learned; they every day pass another and another man, learned in a department of which they can, in one short life, know nothing. Let them know, that though one cannot learn the whole, yet the whole can be parcelled off to its own set; and so the world always knows all it ever knew. The world, in its great advances of mind, does not know at what time it needs some past fact; these various sets of students, who live to *know*, are as the recollective faculty; a little cerebral vibration only is necessary, a

little stir in this knowing mass, and the past fact is forthwith produced.

But, outside the shutters of the library, the press is generating its live swarms of ephemera—legionary and winged—many of them honey-bearing—many venomous—all, noisy.—These are all ephemera in the sense that they are born to-day; the most part are ephemera in the sense also, that to-day they must die. The large share are striving to pass from the transient to the permanent; but are mostly doomed. Some of them are emanations from the library itself, reproduced; these are no new creations, but duplicates; they need not go into the library, for they are already there. But still, genius and science are the two producers whose works are ever enlarging the library. Oratory is pouring forth her syllables of wisdom; poetry is weaving her spells; history is reporting her events; and romance is fabricating her mimic-histories. In the sphere of science, we behold the astronomer with his telescope; the chemist with his crucible; the geometer with his diagram; the geologist with his pickaxe; each, with his note book in his hand, ready to record his discovery: that discovery forming but a single line, yet that line a precious and immortal volume. Each is glad to send his little specimen, carefully labelled with his own name, into the great alcoves. So goes immortal thought into thought's immortal repository. The library, from the spoils of the press, is ever living and ever growing.

But as atheism itself cannot frame a world, without not only *matter*, but also *motion*, so our intellectual system would be inert, as the quagmires of chaos, if to the library and the press we could not add the post. Thinking is not mere thought, but as I may say, the *motion* of thought. What worth is mind, or idea, if it stand stock still? In spite of all past

acquisition, this paralysis of the reflective action would be, in the individual, idiocy: in the public, barbarism. But, now, as the press is perpetually pouring permanent acquisitions into the library, so is it pouring the contents of the library, as well as its own ephemeral productions, with intense rapidity, and measureless volume, through all parts of the public system. This is the movement of national thought; and so not only a national mind is formed, but it is set to thinking. Attention concentrates the grand faculties upon some one grand object; by step after step, does the great simultaneous mind march through the process of problem after problem; upon the basis of each established conclusion does our corporate man take his stand, for the achievement of farther discoveries. And all this, with such a masterly unanimity, that upon great central questions, what all know, each knows. And under the term post, I do not include alone the *mail*, which carries the products of the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodical. When the network of electric wires has completely woven its lightning texture over our whole land, one idea may at one and the same moment be thought in San Francisco and in Portland. Nay, at one instant, every main point of our whole continental surface may be thinking the same matter. Some knotty enigma of politics, or science, may, at one moment, puzzle the general cogitations; one shock of feeling may thrill thro' the general heart; one master witticism may shake the ponderous sides of our man-continent, with mirth far out-roaring, what *Æschylus* calls the, "countless laughter of old Ocean's cheeks." And such may be the transmissibility of thought, that the nation's mind may know its own mental operations, making the highest step of intellect from reasoning

to consciousness. With wondrous reflectiveness, it may watch its own subjective process, review its judgments, and analyze its interior traits. And thus may the collective, as well as the individual mind, attain the height of subtle and accomplished intellect.

II. But our collective man must also be furnished with what all language has symbolized by the physical term, **HEART**—the organic bundle of sensibilities and appetites, natural and moral. And within this bundle, pre-eminently, *destiny* is enveloped. Within the stupendous enclosure of a NATION'S HEART, mighty is the struggle between the lower and the higher principles, and most decisive will be the results. There is yet a terrible mass of Heathendom within the bosom of Christendom. Send your missionaries downward, ye guardians of the church, for all the vices of paganism are underlying us in the depths of our nation's heart, in the subterranean haunts of ignorance and abandonment. And thence ascend moral vapors, pestilences and smoke, as of the bottomless pit. Old hereditary depravities, vices of ancient stereotype form, are still perpetuated; and the freshness of modern genius demonstrates itself in the origination of new iniquity. Still does licentiousness throw poison into the wells of life; and so diffuse its taint, to an unsuspected extent, through all the streams and veins of public health. Still does intemperance set on fire the course of nature, itself set on fire of hell.—Still does the war-spirit send its maddening *Aurrah* through the hearts of our populace, ever ready to lead them out into piratical marauds, upon our weaker if not honest neighbors; ever alert to revive, what we had once hoped obsolete, the old-fashioned vice of decrepit royalty, the plain vulgar war of conquest; ever courted by those bowing, simpering courtiers of the mob, who in Russia

would have been the vilest panders of the despot, the demagogues of war. And there stands Slavery—never less ashamed than now—not couchant, but rampant—making her plans to live forever—boldly claiming to advance by equal steps with freedom—as if darkness were as good as light, and the devil had as fair a right to a lion's share as Messiah. Nor may you marvel, friends, if I who was once noted here as the "apologist of slavery," can now present myself its stern assailant. For its *existence* I did, and would, apologize; but never for its *extension*. I would deal gently with the hereditary sin of its being; but I abhor the stupendous volitional crime of its propagandism. And when I think what a scheme of continental enormity the slave power is struggling to develop before us, my heart sickens with disgust and my soul is paralyzed with horror. The great market for human cattle, if the slave-power can succeed, is to be opened in the new states of the west, for which the supply is to be raised in the east. Our Atlantic states are to become the American Guinea. Old Virginia, the mother of Presidents, barten of tobacco and fecund of bipeds, has already gone to breeding babies for sale! Sweet Carolina is anxious to drive her children to the shambles. Asiatic Georgia has long been celebrated on the page of infamy, for selling her fair offspring to the harem; American Georgia is eager to outrival that shame, by selling her tawny daughters to the sugar field and the gold mine. When the trade of human cattle-breeding is fully established, and the east shall annually pour her myriads of yoked, accorged and hand-cuffed live stock, like a mighty gulf-stream, to the west; the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade will be a fine protective tariff for the encouragement of this domestic production. Then will come a grand

slaveocratic millennium, in which the east will be the slave-breeders, and the west will be the slave-consumers; the south will be the slave-holders, and the North the Slave-catchers. We shall doubtless then preserve the "*glorious Union!*"—as glorious, forsooth, as the ropes and chains wherewith old Mazentius bound the living man to the rotting corpse. If these indications of depravity in the national heart, were our only omens, or in themselves were irremovable, small would be the hope of regenerating the public conscience into life. Our history too, must turn out disastrous failure. Then wherever the star of hope should turn; whether tracing its steps back to wearied Christendom, or verging to our occident, should curve over the broad Pacific, until *west* became *east*, the prospect would be equally desperate, of renovating humanity on the shores of Europe, or the plains of Asia. Let these dark influences quench our lamp, and "I know not where is the Promethean fire that can that light relumine."

And yet ours is an era of HOPE! Turn over the pages of history and mark how other centuries have been ages of despondency. There have been great periods when mankind was at utter discouragement. Trace for instance, the long decline of the Roman world, in which the effete corpse of ancient civilization, dying by everlasting inches, sighed that the very quiet of her dissolution must be disturbed by the inroads of the northern hordes. Christianity herself, seemed to feel as if just called in to perform the death-bed and funeral rites of a just departing world; and looked for her only millennial renewal beyond the judgment day. But at this hour, religion, science, freedom, are each separately looking with unanimous eye to their one coinciding terrible millennium. And yet I am perfectly aware, that there are many who

feel that the career of intellect is so far outstripping the career of religion and political science, that they are dreading the *avatur* of an intellectual millennium, in which the world will be like the arch-fiend himself, all-wise only for wickedness. Modern civilization is to them as a tower of Shinar, raising its defying summit against a menacing heaven. If this be so, burn up your libraries, break down your presses, and demolish your school houses. Let us return to barbarism, innocence and happiness.—Let us retrograde to the refinements of the Choctaws, the social state of the Hottentots, and the simple superstition of the dark ages.

But ours is an era of high *moral* hope. I see in the vista of the future, a regeneration of the great heart as well as an enlightenment of the great intellect. For truth leads to regeneration. Knowledge lifts above the debasement of crime, and shows that right is wisdom. Statistics have in vain endeavored to frighten us into the belief, that crime increases with education; for a statistical increase of crime, is often the result of a higher stringency of law and rigidity of police; and so is a proof of a high moral tone in the governing power. Where there is no law, there is no transgression; the multiplication of laws increases the number of convictions; while it is at once a proof and a cause that crimes are diminishing, and that countless constellations of new virtues, the virtues of civilization, are beginning to beam. Three-fourths of our criminals spring from the less educated one-fourth of our community. How rare is the presence of a college graduate in the list of our penitentiary criminals. And there is a moral encouragement in the fact, that every artisan in his shop and every plow-man in the field, and every merchant in his store, is working in the cause of civilization, and

as of moral improvement. Nay, many great evils are destroying, either other evils, or themselves. Commerce is binding nations in the strongest mutual bonds to keep the peace; and so *Mammon is destroying Mars*. The railway and telegraph are breaking up the hostile demarcations which once divided and inflamed mankind—and so *wingfooted Mercury, is tearing up old Terminus*. Education bestows upon each man that individualism at which despotism is trembling—and so *all-knowing Prometheus is dethroning Jove*.—Slavery itself, was once a merciful substitute for the massacre of prisoners of war—and so *the chain superseded the axe*. When the science and the implements of destruction arrive at that point of perfection, that two hostile armies, however unequal in number, can, with complete precision, annihilate each other, the war trade will become unpleasant and unfashionable—and so the serpent shall be poisoned with his own venom—*similia similibus curantur*—conquest shall be conquered—captivity be led captive—and death himself shall die.

To these influences of civilization, favorable to the elevation of a public conscience, I shall add the direct *moral* means, furnished from a high moral philosophy and a pure christianity, symbolized by the CHAIR and the PULPIT.

The philosophy of the present period, recognizes in the soul, the power of knowing ideas that transcend matter, and so authenticates the belief in a spiritual and immortal nature; it enthrones conscience on the basis of the eternal right, and so ennobles the moral and divine law; it holds the free-will of man unbound to any necessity to crime, and so inexcusable for its commission; and thus with an immortal soul, a responsible free-agency, and an eternal law divine, it follows that a judgment and an ad-

judging God are a matter well nigh demonstrated.

Of such a philosophy, imperfectly developed and demonstrated as I believe it to be, the effects are now being universally and practically felt. In polemics, the overthrow of the philosophy of fatalism, is making sad work with the theology of fatalism; the dethronement of Spinoza without the church, is shaking the position of St. Augustine within the church. Narrow exclusiveness is enlarging into a christian liberalism; and the doctrines of all-comprehending benevolence are quickened into an all-reaching action.

And these tendencies are confirmed even by the fanaticisms that caricature the ascendant philosophy. Every great doctrine has its fanaticism; that, is its exaggeration and ultraism—the mocking shadow, the night-side of a great truth; and that fanaticism is in some degree a test of the character of the system it caricatures. The fanaticism of the Locke philosophy is very rightly styled *sensual*,—for earthly, sensual, and devilish, it was in spirit; and vulgar, ribald, and brutal in language. It reduced the soul to physical sensations, conscience to calculation, free-will to mechanics, immortality to an eternal sleep, man to brute, and God to matter. This bar-room philosophy, at present, seems to have gone to its own place; and, so far as I know, it can scarce hiss or howl, even from Tammany. Now the fanaticism of the more spiritual philosophy, the transcendental infidelity, scorns this low Sadduceeism; she is sleek and holy Pharisee; she is pious; she is terribly abusive against all abuses; Christianity is too unspiritual for her; Puritanism is not Puritanical enough; Methodism is not Methodistical enough. She has got into the pulpit—preaches o' Sundays—and has an "Absolute Religion."

Moreover, she is self-righteous—she thinks herself the final effort of time, thus far, in aspiring after perfection. The Bible has some good streaks in it; but it is not quintessentially perfect, like the absolute Religion.—Jesus of Nazareth was very well; but in his day, time had not progressed far enough to produce her great ultimate; it took parturient centuries to gender her last great “ridiculous,” namely, the advent of the absolute-religion preacher. Now these vagaries are to a sober transcendentalism, what the sensualism of Condillac was to Lockeism—its fanaticism; but they are not a brutal fanaticism. They have an upward, and not a downward aspiration.—They view man as formed for a paradise, rather than a menagerie.—They do not peremptorily and totally pronounce the tenets of Christianity one priestly lie. They assert a God, a conscience, a free-will, an immortality; they even, “go about to establish their own righteousness,” having a sort of church inspiration and piety. Now the sober philosophy, of which these are the fanaticisms, must be, nearly, the *counterpart in our mere reason to Revelation*, which the Christian thinker must desiderate in a philosophy. That philosophy is progressive and aggressive in the direction of Right and Reform; and to those who know how powerful, even in ages where thought less controlled the world, than now, is the ascendant philosophy, to indicate and to work great Revolutions, there can be little doubt, that our moral system, at the present day, is as the great Harbinger voice in the wilderness crying, “Prepare.”

Meanwhile, the PULPIT is proclaiming the Kingdom of God at hand.—Her's it is, to impregnate the philosophy of the age, with spirituality; and thus to complete the formation of a public conscience. Or rather,

it is her office, to appropriate the philosophy and the civilization of the age, and to be herself the public conscience. Christianity has a right to pervade every department of the life of responsible beings, private or public. Nor has the pulpit a right to hush itself at the bidding of prince or people. To discuss in the pulpit a matter of secular expediency, of course, misbecomes the pulpit and the Sabbath. But the pulpit is bound to draw, unflinchingly, the boundary lines of eternal right, across whose-soever field or path it cuts. Whenever a great statesman vociferates across the nation, that “*religion has nothing to do with politics*,” you may be sure there is villany on foot. No man opens a war against conscience, private or public, unless conscience has some cause of quarrel against him. The man who would say to Christianity, *hands off*, would be glad to say to the Omniscient eye, *be shut*. The political profession would, doubtless, a large share, be very glad to know that over their domains the divine law is suspended; and that Almighty God may not invade their territories. Deeply do I regret to say, that the pulpit has but too often succumbed and fearfully shrunk from standing forth the stern impersonation of the world's conscience. Let the pulpit re-assert its place in the front of every enterprise for overthrowing great wrongs, and establishing great rights. Let it firmly apply the divine law to all crime, high and low, individual and governmental. Be this done in the pure spirit of the saint, and the heroic spirit of the martyr, and pitiful, indeed, will be the figure of the politician or party, who ventures to interfere.

That the church was not only the divine conscience of the world, but that such conscience had a local centre, and a successional order of

living utterers, was the ecclesiastical assumption of the middle ages, not yet wholly obsolete. History will, perhaps, show, that so long as much of the ancient remaining civilization, both classic and christian, in contrast with the barbarism of Europe, really made Rome the eye of the world, the claim to be the moral nucleus of Christendom, was in some degree sustained. But what, when the progressive enlightenment of Europe outshone the enlightenment of Rome? What, when the world's conscience became more corrupt than the world itself? If the very light itself be a darkness, how great is that darkness! Those who quote scripture promise, that the powers of corruption shall not prevail against any local organic ecclesiastic centre, are contradicted by history. Scripture can no more prove a historic than a scientific falsehood. The purity cannot be proved by the successional churchdom; but the churchdom must be proved by the purity. And such a test will make short work with the exclusive claims of localities and orders, and soon establish the conclusion, that where is piety, there is Christianity and Christ; and where is Christ, there is the Church. Christianity, as little as civilization, can be fixed to one moveless focus. It is spiritual, active, and diffusive; and, like the light, must pervade and vary its ever rolling tides through the broad ether.—Luminaries and foci may stand awhile, at ten thousand points. Universities may be luminaries of civilization; churches, of christianity; but the civilization and the christianity themselves, must be the galaxies in whose spacious floods the luminaries float, almost lost, in the light themselves produce. Religion, then, must not be the mere dictum of central churchdom. It must be the Christianity of God's own word, based upon and substantiated by the

miraculous facts of the divine history. and impregnating a true moral philosophy, with a vivid spiritual sentiment. Transfuse this into the common heart, and you have a common conscience, in its highest state; unite this with the lofty intellectual standard, already supposed, and we have constructed two-thirds of our Man-Republic. We have the intellect and the sensibilities—to which we must next affix the controlling WILL.

As of the individual, the governmental power is the will, so of the great person corporate, the will must be the governmental power. The will is that wondrous transition point, through which mere thought goes forth into action. It is the contact point between the agent within, and the corporeal mechanism without; the hopper through which a mere mental idea is transmuted into a physical force; the bridge upon which the subjective energy marches out upon the objective world. Parallel to this, are the media by which the sentiments and feelings of a great nation go forth into historical events, in great organic self-directive movements, or great international transactions. The media by which the modern free commonwealth seeks to attain this object, are the Ballot and the Representative system. The Ballot, our Republic inherits from ancient democracy; the Representative, is, in a great degree, an invention of modern political science.

And yet, the *grandeur* of the ballot is essentially modern and American. When upon the same day, a great national election transpires, producing a change, which in most nations would be revolution, the quiet movement, and the simple apparatus, by which it takes place, is a specimen of the moral sublime. It is a secret, yet decisive shock—a brief silence ensues—by the telegraphic thought, the nation is soon

conscious of its own decision—and the implicit obedience of all parts of the great system completes the work? And there shall be an honor and a sacredness upon the ballot box. It is freedom's noblest emblem. It should be to Republicanism, what the cross is to Christianity, the image of its power. It should, as our national symbol, displace upon our national banner, that ferocious bird of prey, which, inherited from ancient Rome, betrays the iron Paganism that really lurks in our governmental system. And our election process—would to God, a holy reverence could be shed around its precincts. Solemn, next to the rites of the church itself, should be these rituals of freedom. The ballot box is the ark of our freedom's covenant—so should the surrounding space be a sanctuary. And the vote, the badge of independence, and none the less a badge of honor, because it is shared by all, and is so an emblem of equality, ought to be impregnated with its fitting superstition, as a little leaf of a great destiny.

The greatest problem, in a model Republic, is to make the governmental *will* the exact concentration of the diffusive mind and purpose in the general mass. As in the individual the will should execute the intention of the entire mind, so should the government represent the complete soul of the nation. Even should our government represent the pure conscientious part alone of the nation, such action might be unhealthy action and result in a still healthier re-action. Still more fearful is the danger, when the moral and Christian part of the community, in fright, disgust, or indolence, abandon the ballot and the election ground, to the possession of the intriguer and the depraved; and thus leave the conscience of the country unrepresented in the government of the country. Our

country's safety cannot spare a good man's independent, conscientious vote. Nay, I would even presume to suggest, not the opinion but the query, that as society is composed of the blended traits of both sexes, in which the stern energies of the one are softened and saved from barbarism by the softer virtues of the other, so might not our government be refined and civilized from much of its present ferocity, if the gentler half of the world possessed their share of right, to select their public as well as domestic lords? Our governmental spirit is too masculine; the representative too nearly of what society would be without the softening spirit of womanhood. And I venture to hint the query, whether the certainty of woman's presence would not soon transform the rabble disorder of our political election rooms, to the chaste propriety of a Lyceum, or a Church. I question, whether the mobocracy would rule in its present unwashed supremacy; whether the whiskey cellars would vomit up their florid-faced democracy to come, vote and conquer; and whether those great cruel abominations, which rear their fierce faces, in opposition to all the impulses of humanity, would long stand with *her* permission, the sympathies of whose heart are so often, and especially upon such subjects, far wiser than the hardened calculations of man's head. At any rate, I trust I may have awakened in your minds, the most serious question, whether it is not the worst part of our nature which is best represented in our government; and whether in our national men, the *will* does not really misperform the intentions of the entire soul.

As our Creator has organized man to be controlled by his own will, so he has instituted national government as a *divinely authorized* controller of a nation's actions. "*The powers*

that" legitimately "*be*," the Apostle assures us, "*are ordained of God*"; and resistance to their authority, is not only political, but moral treason. The apostle does not assume to prescribe any single form; nor even to lay down any decisive test, as to what legitimately constitutes "the powers that be;" but when that is an admitted point, that a rightful and legitimate government does exist, obedience is a *divine law*. And as the national government has not, like the individual, a legal magistracy over and above itself to protect its rights, and arbitrate its disputes, so it must, responsibly to the Almighty Ruler of all, possess the power to protect itself, and secure justice in international dealing. Hence, the magistrate is armed with the "*sword*", to execute even capital penalty upon the domestic foe, or prosecute war upon a foreign aggressor. These two exercises of the power of the "*sword*," stand upon precisely the same basis; a power not always or often necessary to be used, but always to be used when necessary. If either or both can be abolished, (a question which circumstances must decide), a step, a grand step, has been made in the millennial march. Nevertheless, beyond this power of the magistracy to wield the *sword* of self-preservation and justice, a nation and a government are bound, as an individual, by the laws of God. The obligation of obedience to a government, apostolical example has taught us, does not authorize us to obey man rather than God. If "*the power that be*," whose legitimacy even the right of revolution does not allow me to question, should require me to abjure Christianity, I must neither obey nor resist, but suffer. If a government should require me, as a military officer, to fight in an unjust war; I must send in at once my moral protest and my resignation. If a gov-

ernment require me, beyond its right of securing self-preservation and justice, to violate eternal right, or the law of God, such a requirement is null and I must disregard it. If I have ever taken any oath to support the Constitution, regardless of God's law, my conscience has been entrapped, and that oath is so far null. If called to repeat that oath, to support an unrighteous constitution, audibly and firmly, must I utter the reserve, "except it reverse the law of God;" and the government which would make that reserve a ban of ostracism upon me, is a Government of blasphemy.

In our model MAN-REPUBLIC, finally, we have seen, that the INTELLECT should be stored with all the treasures of knowledge, trained to the liveliest activity of thought, and quickened to the highest point of self-consciousness: of the HEART, the natural sensibilities should be exorcised from their great organic evils, and the moral sensibilities should be informed by an enlightened philosophy, and animated by a holy religion; while the governmental WILL, firm and energetic, the true representative and executive of the entire soul, should rule its constituent with a providential authority, and guide its destiny in the pathway of holy right and noble enterprise. Condense and enshrine this soul in the individual, within a manly and majestic form, and where in human history, will you find the embodiment of the picture I have drawn, save in *him*—our nation's model, as well as our nation's founder—WASHINGTON.

And now our Promethean task is done. Our man-made *man* is made. Yet not Promethean task: Prometheus formed the body—I the soul; he the real—I the ideal. But as the fire from heaven alone could give his body the inspiring soul, so the beams of an auspicious Providence, alone,

can supply my soul with a fitting body, and substantiate my ideal into a grand historic real. Dark, yet not wholly dark, are the omens of our day. Yet firm be our faith and fixed be our purpose. The individual may easily fancy himself overlooked of heaven; but when the contemplation expands over the range of a nation's breadth, and mounts to the summits of a nation's observatory, faith can easily feel that, at that lofty point, she is within the precincts of the very throne of the God of nations. Jehovah's great plan-work will not be marred; for time's great Apocalyptic drama shall yet wind off, in victory to the cause of man, and glory to the rule of God.

North American Indians.

BY SEBA SMITH.

When Lewis and Clark were among the Sioux Indians, in their celebrated expedition up the Missouri river in 1804, they went to see a large mound in the midst of a plain, about nine miles from the mouth of Whitestone River. Concerning the mound, the Indians held some curious superstitions. They called it "the mountain of little people, or little spirits;" and they believe it is the abode of little devils in human form, of about eighteen inches high, and with remarkably large heads; that they are armed with sharp arrows, with which they are very skilful, and they are always on the watch to kill those who should have the hardihood to approach their residence. There were traditions among the Indians that many had suffered from those little evil spirits; and among others, that three Maha Indians had been killed by them a few years previous to this visit by Lewis and Clarke, and the neighboring tribes were filled with such terror in consequence of this belief that they could not on any account be tempted to visit the hill.

No people make greater and more earnest and sincere sacrifices under religious emotions than the aborigines of this country. "I was lately owner of seventeen horses," said a Mandan Indian to Lewis and Clarke, "but I have offered them all to my *medicine*, and am now poor." This term *medicine* was used to imply the tutelary spirit, who, according to his belief, presided over his destiny, and to whom he paid his devotions. "He had in reality taken all his wealth, his horses, into the plain, and turning them loose, committed them to the care of his *medicine*, and abandoned them forever. The horses, less religious, took care of themselves, and the pious votary travelled home on foot.

It is remarkable, when we consider the great variety of tribes that spread over this continent, and their different languages and dialects, to observe among them all a great similarity in their principal religious

views and opinions; such a similarity as would seem to prove them to have been derived from one common origin. With regard to the religion of the tribes who inhabited the north-eastern part of the territory, now comprising the United States, the following account is given in Winslow's "Good News from New England," a little book published in 1632. "As they conceive of many divine powers, so of one whom they call Kiehtan, to be the principal maker of all the rest, and to be made by none. He, (they say), created the heavens, earth, sea, and all creatures contained therein. Also that he made one man and one woman, of whom they and we and all mankind came. But how they became so far dispersed they know not. At first they say there was no sachem or king but Kiehtan, who dwelleth above the heavens, whither all good men go, when they die, to see their friends, and have their fill of all things. His habitation lieth westward in the heavens, they say; thither the bad men go also and knock at his door, but he bids them *quachet*, that is to say, walk abroad, for there is no place for such; so they wander in restless want and penury. Never man saw this Kiehtan; only old men tell them of him, and bid them tell their children; yea, to charge them to teach their posterities the same, and lay the like charge upon them. This power they acknowledge to be good, and when they obtain any great matter, meet together and cry unto him; and so likewise for plenty, victory, &c sing, dance, feast, give thanks, and hang up garlands and other things, in memory of the same.

Another power they worship, whom they call Hobbamock. This, as far as we can learn, is the devil. Him they call upon to cure their wounds and diseases. When they are curable, he persuades them, he sends the same for some concealed anger a-

gainst them, but upon their calling upon him he can and doth help them; but when they are mortal, and incurable in nature, then he persuades that Kiehtan is angry and sends them, whom none can cure, insomuch as in that respect only they somewhat doubt whether he is simply good, and therefore in sickness never call upon him. This Hobbamock appears in sundry forms unto them, as in the shape of a man, a deer, a fawn, an eagle, &c but most ordinarily as a snake."

Some curious accounts of the belief of the Indians residing in the southern part of this country when it was first visited by Europeans, are recorded by Thomas Hariot, who was among those sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1535. His account is preserved in Captain Smith's History of Virginia. Hariot says the Indians "think all the Gods are of human shape, and therefore they represent them by images in the forms of men. Them they place in their temples, where they worship, pray, sing and make many offerings. They believe in the immortality of the soul when life is departing from the body, according to the good or bad works it hath done, it is carried up to the tabernacles of the gods to perpetual happiness, or to Popogusso, a great pit, which they think to be at the furthest parts of the world, where the sun sets, and there burns continually.

To confirm this, they told me of two men that had been lately dead, and revived again. The one happened but a few years before our coming into the country; of a bad man, which being dead and buried, the next day the earth over him being seen to move, he was taken up, and told them that his soul was very near entering into Popogusso, had not one of the gods saved him, and gave him leave to return again to teach his friends what they should do to avoid such torment.

'The other happened the same year we were there but sixty miles from us, which they told me for news; that one, being dead, buried and taken up as the first, showed that although his body had lain dead in the grave, yet his soul lived, and had travelled far in a long broad way, on both sides whereof grew more sweet, fair and delicate trees and fruits, than ever he had seen before. At length, he came to most brave and fair houses, near which he met his father, that was dead long ago, who gave him charge to go back to show his friends what there was to do, to enjoy the pleasure of that place, which when he had done he should come again.

"What subtilty soever be in their priests, this opinion worketh so much in the common sort that they have great respect to their governors, and as great care to avoid torment after death and to enjoy bliss. Yet they have divers sorts of punishments according to the offence, according to the greatness of the fact. And this is the sum total of their religion which I learned by having special familiarity with their priests, wherein they were not so grounded, nor gave such credit, but through conversing with us they were brought into great doubts of their own, and no small admiration of ours; of which many desired to learn more than we had the means for want of utterance in their language to express.

Mr. Hariot endeavored to give the Indians a more definite and rational idea of the true God, "whom they ignorantly worshipped," and of his revelations through the Scriptures.—"I told them," says he, "although the Bible I showed them contained all, yet of itself it was not of any such virtue as I thought they did conceive. Notwithstanding many would be glad to touch it, to kiss and embrace it, to hold it to their breasts, and heads, and stroke all their body over with it.

"Their king, Wingina, where we dwelt, would oft be with us at prayer. Twice he was exceedingly sick, and like to die; and doubting of any help from his priests, thinking he was in such danger for offending us and our God, sent for some of us to pray, and be a means to our God he might live with him after death. And so did many others in like case."

Heckwelder was present at the funeral of the wife of a noted Delaware chief. There was a hole made through the coffin, which they represented was "for the spirit of the deceased to go in and out at pleasure until it has found the place of its future residence. At dusk a kettle of victuals was carried to the grave and placed upon it; and the same was done every evening for the space of three weeks, at the end of which it was supposed that the traveler had found her place of residence."

Another instance of supplying food for the use of the dead is related by Lewis and Clarke. About four years before their expedition up the Missouri, Black-bird, a Maha chief, had died of the small-pox. He was buried on the top of a hill three hundred feet above the water, and a mound twelve feet in diameter and six feet high was raised over his body. During the whole four years the Mahas had from time to time carried supplies of provisions and placed them upon the grave of their deceased king.

An affecting account is given of the sufferings of this tribe of Mahas by the small pox. "They had become a military and powerful people, but when these warriors saw their strength wasting before a malady which they could not resist, their phrenzy was extreme. They burnt their village, and many of them put to death their wives and children to save them from so cruel an affliction, and that all might go together to some better country."

We will close this number with another quotation from Dr. Jarvis.—
 “Hapless natives. Like the mists which are exhaled by the scorching radiance of your summer’s sun, ye are fast disappearing from the earth. But there is a great Spirit above, who though for wise purpose he causes you to disappear from the earth, still extends his protecting care to you as well as to the rest of his creatures. There is a country of souls, a happier and better country, which will

be opened, we may charitably hope, to you, as well as to the other children of Adam. There is the atoning blood of the Redeemer, which was shed for you as well as the rest of mankind; the efficacy of which you have unwittingly continued to plead, and which may be extended in its salutary influence, even to those who have never called on, because they have never heard, *the name of the Son of God.*”

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

BY MISS H. E. MAXIN.

The daughter of the ruler lay
 Upon the couch of death;
 Her snowy bosom cold and still,
 Heaved by no fluttering breath:
 A mother’s joy, a father’s pride,
 With that young gentle girl had died.

The dark curls slept like raven plumes
 On her clear marble brow,
 And the fringed lash pressed softly down
 Upon her cheek of snow,
 Hiding the eye whose melting blue
 Seemedorrowed from the heaven’s own hue.

Beside her couch stood they whose hearts
 By deepest grief were torn,
 They who had watched her early years,
 Her girlhood’s radiant morn,—
 Who long had fasted, wept and prayed,
 That Death’s sharp arrow might be stayed.

Another stood beside her there
 In that still room of death,
 In all his saintly majesty—

Jesus of Nazareth;
 His eye unmet, his brow serene,
 A holy calmness on his mein.

The ruler clasped his hands in grief—
 “Weep not:” he mildly said,
 “For this is but a living sleep,
 Thy daughter is not dead.
 Weep not,—the maiden shall awake,
 And live again for thy faith’s sake.”

And as he spoke, he gently took
 Her white hand from her breast,
 Then paused, as loth to break a sleep
 So deep, so sweet, so blest;
 To call a soul, once freed from pain,
 Back to a sinful world again.

He spoke;—those lovely lids were raised.
 From their deep orbits of blue,
 Back came the flush of glowing life,
 Her pale cheek melting through;
 She lived again—she breathed—she smiled—
 The wond’ring parents clasped their child.

August, 1860.

SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS,

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We are on the sea shore—the rock-bound coast of our poet's own glorious State. It is the sunniest yet softest of summer mornings, when the glory of heaven seems descending to wed with the beauty of earth. Between us and the ocean stands a dark pine grove, but beneath and between the long branches, swayed by the fresh morning wind, we can see the gleam and dashing of the waves, and the sound they give forth, as they beat against the rocks, comes softened and rounded to our ear. What time and scene could be chosen so in harmony with our subject—the poetry of the volume before us!—now fresh and invigorating like the airs of morning, clear and cheering as the summer sunlight—now mournful and prophetic like the murmur of the solemn pines—and now, like the sea itself, rolling in upon us thought after thought of large volume and earnest power. In times of peace they come calm and continuous, with a steady, shoreward march, and with brightness on their crests; but when heaven is darkened by the exhalations of earth's wrongs and ills, when a stiff moral breeze is up and blowing, then they come dashing and surging, flinging their spray about, and making all tremble again with the great shock of their meeting.

The poetry of Whittier is eminently healthful and beneficent in its spirit. It exalts moral truth and sanctifies labor—it is the expression of a great humanity, and is ever in the truest harmony with nature. More perhaps than any other poet, Whittier is remarkable for the obviousness of his meaning and the directness of his thought. He decorates little by gild-

ing or garlanding, and conceals nothing in mists and shadows—he never loiters by the way, or suffers himself to be beguiled into pleasant and winding by-paths. He seldom seeks to address our highest, most cultivated comprehension—is not exclusively the companion of our exalted moods—his largest thought may be received by a child in knowledge—he is the poet of every day. He speaks to the hearts of the people in a language they never fail to understand—stirring or tranquillizing sweet or grand, it is always simple. His thoughts do not come to us by slow and subtle ways—they flash upon us—we meet them face to face, and we say: “Ah, we have known you before!”—in a dim, unformed state you have floated around us, and been the companions of our best hours, and, though you have taken form and new beauty since then, you are no strangers.”

The democratic principles of our poet are most shown in the Songs of Labor—the philanthropic and religious in the poems which follow: but all are characterized by an ardent love of freedom, a deep reverence for humility, and a great trust in God. Never were poet's gifts more heartily and unreservedly consecrated to the purposes of Heaven and the need of man. Wherever the poet may find himself—into whatever realms of imagination he may rise, into whatever depths of thought he may descend—he never loses himself in the mazes of vague conjecture, or passes beyond the atmosphere of prayer and praise, or sinks away from divine love and reliance; and the bonds of human fellowship are ever strong upon

his spirit. It is his intense humanity which makes his enthusiasm so contagious and inspiring. We read with glowing lips and kindling eyes—our thoughts rhyme to his thoughts—our hearts seem to throb to the measure of his verse, and leap to the bold outbursts of his impassioned feeling. But, then, his poems of contemplation and sentiment have about them an indescribable sweetness—a sort of Sabbath-quiet, most captivating and subduing. They succeed his stern and stormy lyrics of freedom and reform, like the morning song of birds after a night of tempest, or the evening harping of David after a day of battle.

But it is time we spoke of the volume before us more in detail.

THE DEDICATION is one of the sweetest poems in the book; yet there is in it a sort of half-mournful acceptance of life, which saddens us.—While yet in the prime of manhood, with the strength and heat of summer in his heart, and its generous fruits around him, he places himself amid the shadows and scant foliage, and pale few flowers of latest autumn. Thus:

"Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain;
But what I have I give to thee.
The o'er sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal
lea.

"Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
The dry and wasting row is between,
A sober after-growth is seen.
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved
maple wood."

Now this is very beautiful, but to reverse the old saying, there is in it "less truth than poetry." It is a needless anticipation—a taking of time by the forelock with a most uncalled-for and irreverent haste. The poet may have commenced his descent from the sun-bright summit of life, but while he fancies himself quite under the hill, he is yet on the

first slope, where the light is still golden, though more mellow than of old, the flowers warm with a richer than the early bloom, and where the abundant fruits of thought, labor and experience, are just ripening to his hand. He has yet to gird on the arms of his greatest power—the wells of deepest wisdom and the fountains of refreshment are along his future way—a way that broadens, and lengthens, and does not grow barren, and "bleak," and "wintry," but loses itself in light and rest, not in shadow and tempest. The great and faithful soul is never left to know a bare and cold and desolate season, but his going hence, after a large and earnest life, is like a glad and triumphant harvest-home—when he goes from the fields whereon he has toiled in weariness or in hope, in sunshine and in rain, without lingering and without haste, and when like generous sheaves, golden and fully ripe "his works do follow him."

Of the SONGS OF LABOR, we know not which to praise most; for in speaking of them, anything less than praise is quite out of the question. Spirit and form—the original idea, the scope given to it and the voice in which it is heard, all gratify and satisfy us. Perhaps THE HUSKERS is the most ballad-like and picturesque, but about all the others there is the true lyric sound and swing—a force and vitality which fill one with as genuine an enthusiasm for honest labor as the lays of Scott ever inspired for feats of arms and knightly encounters. Yes, all honor to the poet who has thus not only assigned to "hardy toil" the attractive grace of his healthful sentiment, and the beauty of Heaven's consecration, through the patient labor of Jesus,

"A poor man toiling with the poor,"

but claimed for it an almost royal dignity—pride, and courage, and be-

roic endurance, which put to shame the pretensions and achievements of warriors.

We must indulge ourselves in extracting a few favorite stanzas from **THE SONGS OF LABOR**. These from the **SHIP-BUILDERS** strike us as especially spirited and beautiful :

"Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why fingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lordly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

"God bless her! whenceso'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world."

The following verse from **THE SHOEMAKER** contains a truth sufficiently well known to some women and all poets:

"The foot is young; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet or on hearth.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hecate's foot bore the nectar sound
Among the old celestials!"

Here is a vivid home-picture from **THE DROVERS**:

"When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
Instead of birds are flitting;
When children through the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting:
While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear,
The ear of home shall listen."

Here is a verse from **THE FISHERMAN**, which Campbell would have been proud to own:

"Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sheep reef lurks below;
Where the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening until morn,
A thousand horns are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn."

We have always considered Whittier the happiest of poets in Scriptu-

ral figures and allusions. Here is one from the same poem, which charmed us greatly:

"Our wet hands spread the carpet
And light the hearth of home,
From our fish, as in olden time,
The silver coin shall come."

In **THE HUSKER** there are no verses that we can well detach. Its quaint and delicious pictures are seen best in a gallery by themselves. Yet we must break a stanza to give one rare and pleasant passage:

"Till broad and red as when he rose, the sun sank
down at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in bright-
ness passed."

The verse following may be given entire:

"And lo! as through the western pines, on mead-
ow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all afire be-
yond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into
one."

THE LUMBERMEN, the last, is perhaps the finest poem of the series. The following verse, in the description of the mountain-land where toil the lumbermen, of Maine, is one we greatly like:

"Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fallen leaves;
And a music wild and solemn
From the pine tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wing of night."

But this is, after all, a greater verse, for in so few lines it impresses us with a moral truth and delights us with an exquisite fancy:

"Cheerily on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre,
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike! with every blow is given
Freer sun and sky.
And the long-hid earth to Heaven
Looks, with wondering eyes!"

Among the poems which follow, **ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR**, is, certainly

one of our chief favorites. It is a succession of grand pictures—a sort of panoramic poem. Next we find **MEMORIES**—earlier written than the others we have mentioned, but unsurpassed by any in sweetness and quiet beauty.

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.—Ah, from no poem whatever, have we received so much of strength, and peace, and heavenly consolation! In the lone and weary night-time of the spirit, when thick darkness walls us round—in the hour of extremest agony, when the cry of the forsaken is breaking from our lips—in the strife with wrong, when the arm fails and the heart faints, because the oppressor is strong and the wrong-doer victorious for a season, what wondrous life and power, what renewals of the early faith, are in words like these:

“Unheard no burdened heart’s appeal
Means up to God’s inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye
Falls to the earth no sufferer’s tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower’s fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to heaven in vain;
God’s angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain.

O, weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night.

But not the less, gray Dothan shone
With sun-bright watchers, bending low,
That Fear’s dim eye beheld alone
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who like the seer of old,
Can see the helper God has sent,
And how life’s rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent.

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.”

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE is a poem of like character—bringing strength and healing from the primal fountains of life to whosoever will drink.

The tribute to his noble sister is

one of the few glimpses which the poet has given us of his home-relations and affections—and, perhaps, for that reason especially charming. But it is fine poetry, as well as gentle and touching sentiment.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS, from “Margaret Smith’s Journal,” is a quaint, mournful, and most musical poem, which chimes to one’s ears like distant vesper-bells.

ELLIOTT AND ICHABOD form a most striking contrast as they stand together in this volume. Both are elegiac poems, but that on Elliott is a terrific outburst of indignant grief, of fierce and fiery sorrow, which is more a defiance than a lament, and which peals out, and rings and rattles like a discharge of musketry over the grave of the Corn Law Poet; while Ichabod is a low and solemn dirge, wailing for shrouded honor and perished faith, and the broken promise of a lost manhood. There are strange and awful notes in the requiem, which tell you that the death was suicidal.

This wonderful poem, throughout the slow march of its subdued and solemn thought, teaches us the great truth, that genius, however lofty, unsurrounded and unsustained by a rich and beneficent life, is but a cold, and hard, and heaven-defying attribute—a tall pillar in a desert of sand, giving no shelter and casting little shade—a rallying point for tempests, and a mark for the lightning.

A bold and strong poem is that entitled **THE MEN OF OLD**. Of like character is **THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS**. Then follows **THE WISH OF TO DAY**, which once read must hymn on in the heart and brain ever after. And yet, it is the simplest of poems—gentle and serious, sorrowful, yet earnest—the yearning of a weary heart for the peace which the world cannot give, the pleading of a contrite spirit—the consecration

of a life. There seem tears upon the page, and low sighs breathe along the lines. We hear only the meek voice of resignation, unquestioning and unconditional. We see no longer the man struggling and resolving, but the submissive child, yielding his will wholly and forever, and hiding his tearful face in the bosom of his Father.

EVENING IN BURMAH is a thought-

ful and touching poem, suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Henry Martyn, the heroic young missionary. The opening stanza is truly grand:

"A night of wonder! piled afar
With ebon feet and crests of snow,
Like Himalaya's peaks, which bar
The sunset and the sunset's star
From half the shadowed vale below,
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,
And over them and down the sky,
Paled in the moon, the lightning's eye."

SONNETS ADDRESSED TO PICTURES.

BY MARTHA M. JACOBS.

I. TO A PORTRAIT OF JENNY LIND.

Sweet child of art! I gaze upon that brow
So fair, so mild, so calm, those earnest eyes,
That glance so rapt, so holy, in whose glow
The inspiration of the spirit hies.
And while I gaze, around me seem to float
The air-borne strains of thy sweet melodies,
And one by one each clear enchanting note,
Like tones of silver bells, around me rise.
In that calm face, so radiant and divine,
I trace the high resolve, the stern control,
Which prompted thee to lay on art's pure shrines,
Thy life, thy being, genius, heart and soul.
But never yet was such an offering vain,
Whate'er thou gavest, is given tenfold to thee again.

II. REVE AU BONHEUR.

"The dream of happiness." That picture wakes
Thoughts which I vainly hoped were lulled forever,
Mem'ries divine, of other, happier days,
Of hopes and prayers that will be answered—never.
Oh maiden, at those bright yet dreamy eyes,
Those softly-smiling lips that beam before me,
What floods of passionate remembrance rise;
And once again the vision floating o'er me,
Of her I loved so vainly, yet so well,
Ah! let me call thee, *Margaret*, and believe
Her angel spirit in that form doth dwell:
So true the pictured image, I would grieve
No more for her whose eyes each starry even,
Beam on me from the far and quiet heaven.
Detroit, Nov. 12, 1850.

SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MON. JACOB M. HOWARD.

The situation of France became critical in the extreme. The greater, and more rapid had been her prosperity; the more startling was the signal of her calamities. Could I alone remain indifferent, unconcerned? I who had been the companion of the monarch whom France still adored? I, who had followed him from the simple, unostentatious habitation of a general, into the palace of the consuls, and thence, to the imperial throne? I, in short, who, seated by his side, had reigned over the French by some modest virtues, as he had subdued them by high feats of arms, by achievements the glory of which no reverses can ever efface.

But, although the danger was apparent, there was nothing which could reasonably justify my fears. Alas! it was my destiny never to taste pure felicity in this world.

A report of Bonaparte's death obtained a momentary currency. I was inconsolable. To think only of the mortifying contradictions to which I had been subjected, one would have been surprised, perhaps, at the real feeling I manifested. What do I say? I found the sentiment of gratitude too sweet to my heart, to permit me to dispense with its obligation. What a moment was that when I was undeceived in regard to Mallet's rash and audacious attempt?—I had fondly imagined that Bonaparte would, perhaps, always remain invulnerable, but my grief was at its height, when I read the bulletins containing the news of so many disasters. I trembled for the lives of those who were most dear to me;* and, when I

reflected that the *elite* of France had fallen in that fatal expedition, my tears again flowed. Then indeed, did I sigh over the ambition of one man. But I could not pardon those who had led him into the abyss. My situation became the more painful, from the fact that I was under the imperious necessity to confine within my own bosom, all the pangs I experienced.

I pause for a moment over these sad narratives, to deplore the fate of so many brave men, who, in the midst of Scythian deserts, on the frozen banks of the Berezina, proved to the nations of the north that they were worthy, indeed to sustain the honor of France; especially, when such a general as Ney protected their retreat. Bonaparte was ignorant that another Arminius had destroyed a portion of his army by fire and sword. He ought to have followed the example of Augustus, who, when he had lost three legions in Germany, became so affected at the disaster, that he shut himself up in his palace, and permitted his beard and hair to grow. Smiting his brow in transports of grief, he exclaimed "*Varrus, give me back my legions.*"—Napoleon, on returning to the Tuileries, had the hardihood to say to his courtiers, rubbing his hands with an air of gayety—" 'Tis warmer here than on the banks of Berezina." Such was the man—(but he was my husband.)

times signs of joy, were visible in her countenance; and sometimes, after perusing the contents, she would remain in a state of depression and silent anguish, impossible to be described. It was painful in the extreme to witness her sufferings.—Speaking of her husband and son, she would say, "They were alive when the courier left, but perhaps, by this time nothing remains to me but to lament their loss." Thus did the unfortunate woman suffer from imaginary ills. To her, every moment was a punishment, the more cruel that she already foresaw the sad reverses which awaited him for whom she did not cease to put forth her most ardent prayers!

* Prince Eugene incurred great dangers in this fatal campaign. The Empress Josephine exhibited the most violent agitation whenever a courier arrived. While breaking the seals of the dispatches, her face would rapidly change color; some-

What were my feelings on learning the particulars of that horrible catastrophe!—a catastrophe which put France in mourning? After having poured my grief in the bosom of friendship, and dropped a tear to the memory of those of the Emperor's companions in arms who had, by their love for him, been drawn into the abyss, I became collected for an instant, and exclaimed aloud, "What a fearful precipice has Napoleon opened beneath his feet!"

At this cry of woe my blood froze within my veins: it was a thunderbolt to Napoleon; it resounded even beneath the vaults of the Louvre.—Sundry officious persons, whom he kept in his pay, made daily reports to him of all that was done or said by his former wife, and Malmaison was by no means exempted from the minute and secret police of Savary*—And yet I must do justice to that minister, charged with the execution of the orders of a mighty man. Never did he make a report unfavorable to me; and although certain courtiers, (for there were some at Malmaison,) permitted themselves to make a private revelation to the Emperor, Savary took care to show him that it was of little or no importance. Moreover he warned me to be on my guard.

Thus, my time was passing away in the enjoyment of a peaceful inde-

pendence;—days ever memorable—days of comfort and tranquillity, which I was afterwards forc'd to regret, when I saw them sacrificed anew to that thirst for glory which was fated to pursue me even into my retreat—even into the arms of my children!

The unshaken hope of durable prosperity never abandoned my husband. He received with pride the felicitations of his flatterers upon his happy return from Moscow—he was made dizzy by the least grain of *in-cense*. Had he possessed the talent to look into the future! * *

By forming a double line (of fortresses,) Napoleon then became impregnable on the frontier; he might still have strengthened himself there and defended himself successfully. Further, had he desired it, he might still have enjoyed an enviable degree of felicity and by his internal administration, enabled the French people to taste the sweet of a repose purchased by unheard of sacrifices, and himself have taken part in enjoyments wholly unknown to his heart.

One day—and that will forever be present to my memory—my surprise was at its height. I saw Napoleon approaching, Napoleon, who had so lately awed the world, sad, humbled by his sudden defeat; though he endeavored to dissemble his chagrin in the presence of her whom it pleased him to denominate his clear-sighted friend. I had already divined a part of his ills; his most secret thought seemed to be my own. I listened to him; I pitied him; and my pity enabled me to find a sort of a charm in sharing the burden of his woe. His aspect shocked me, my imagination transported me to those fields of battle where the most frightful death had swept down so many illustrious warriors. I could not help feeling a kind of shudder: but, though Napoleon was no longer any thing for me, personally, still my heart, naturally

* Josephine was frequently visited at Malmaison by M. De * *, who had become suspected by her husband in consequence of the most false and perfidious reports. On hearing that that person had obtained a situation at the Chateau, he became enraged, and ordered him to leave forthwith, and also directed that henceforth no strangers should be admitted into her service without his, Napoleon's sanction. Thus, from the 16th of December, 1809, to the 25th of March, 1814, the Empress Josephine was under perpetual surveillance. Towards the close of her life, she used to answer those who affected to pity her—"I desire nothing but Napoleon's prosperity, and I feel doubly happy in being able, by means of this last sacrifice which he has exacted from me to contribute to it. He wants an heir, and France seems to concur in that wish. May they both be happy, the father now, the son hereafter. As to myself, my prayer is that the Emperor may not see occasion to repent himself of his new alliance."

feeling and compassionate, experienced the sentiment of pity succeeding to that of consternation. The love which I had never ceased to bear him, and the most tender compassion were aroused to the utmost, when my husband informed me that he had begun to drink of the cup of woe. * *

My anguish almost conquered my reason. How much should I have been obliged to him, had he omitted to turn his eyes upon my pale and discomposed visage! But the conqueror of so many nations, who was now approaching the moment of his downfall, paid much less attention to this scene than he would have done under different circumstances; he attributed my grief to the coldness with which he had received the prayers I had addressed to him at the time of his undertaking that rash expedition. I had blamed him openly; I knew myself to be his better in matters of policy, because he was always erratic; and I always calm.—And had he more frequently followed the impulses of his own heart, when he was surrounded by all the evidences of his greatness, that generous, ambitious Napoleon, would not have been obliged to tremble before a woman.

Far from my uttering any complaint, he told me that henceforth he would repose in me his whole confidence; that he would listen to my advice. "It must be," said I, "that you have a very powerful foe; I know that profound politician—and I tell you, now, that you will not be able to escape from his blows. Your gigantic enterprise in the north is but the result of a secret combination.—How can you guard against a man (Talleyrand) who, in every cabinet in Europe, counts ministers who are subject to his control? You have rushed to your ruin by all the means in your power—by humiliating, and exposing to shame, a man who would

probably soon have become humbled in his own estimation." Here my voice failed me; I paused and shed tears, then suddenly recovering myself, I proceeded: "What you will lose, Bonaparte, is not merely a vain title, which you must one day renounce. But, to see the French people, thro' your fault, ravished of their conquests, and those glorious spoils of war, with which your valor, directing their arm, has enriched them—this will form the climax of your misfortunes! O, Napoleon, excuse the expression of my regrets!" I again shed tears; in vain I attempted to proceed; I had not the power. As to what concerned me personally, I had long since learnt that affliction was the lot of humanity. I submitted with confidence to the invisible ways of Providence. "Whether I live or die," said I to Bonaparte, "your destiny will not the less be accomplished. The guilty plots of the authors of our ills, will bring every kind of calamity upon your country. They will commit many crimes, but will gather no fruit from them, nor obtain any permanent success."

"These are precisely the reasons which determine me to continue the war," said my husband. "In this will I follow the example of Augustus. Besides, is not the effect of great misfortunes to communicate greater energy to the mind—to furnish to the intellect more solid and manly reflections? Such is my new position, that I must resume my communications with what there is most useful in the past. Of what use were it to me to utter sterile regrets, and admit the imprudence of my recent projects? Josephine you would extinguish in me the noble desire to conquer. You like the wisest of my ministers, want time to dissipate the dream which their imagination has a hundred times renewed since my first misfortune.—In my own opinion, and in theirs, Na-

pooleon must surpass himself.—Men do not think him so great, so formidable as he really is; he will not display all his strength until the stranger shall dare invade the soil of France. Then will he be on his feet; and woe to those whom I shall com-

pel to account for a war in which France shall pour out her blood and treasures!"

It is but too true that Bonaparte thus deceived himself at the very moment when the united powers of Europe were ready to burst upon him.

THE JEWISH RULER.

BY MISS LOUISA M. BRAWNER.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews—the same came to Jesus by night.—John c. iii.

DARKNESS encircled the land called Holy—night, with her train of shadows, mantled mount and hill and valley, and deep sea and placid lake and gurgling rivulet. There were no stars visible; the sweet sparkling things were hidden behind dense clouds that had been clustering in the heavens since the decline of day, and the fair, pale moon ventured not to glance from beneath her vapory mantle lest she should behold some devastation on earth, for a rude and terrible storm was portending. All nature appeared conscious of the approaching battle of the elements, and hushed their murmurings. Men, women, and children, birds, beasts and insects remained quiet and expectant. Soon the artillery of heaven disturbed the calm, and flash after flash of lurid flame illumined the vast concave and revealed the sea beneath—the cities, towns and villages, the hill sides and pleasant vales of blessed Palestine. Proudest among its proud places stood Jerusalem, her costly palaces, her stately towers, her splendid domes and spires and temples brightening under each successive gleam shot from the electric heavens. The reverberating thunder and the long streams of bril-

liant lightning were accompanied by thick and fast-falling rain-drops, as though an ocean above gave vent to its superfluous waves.

In an apartment of a rich and sumptuous dwelling of that eastern climate, sat one of its loveliest daughters, now ministering tenderly to a stately man who tossed upon a couch in all the restlessness of a troubled spirit, and anon gazing on the conflict without. The chamber was supplied with every luxury, and lighted lamps emitted a sweet and pleasant odor, while upon the forms of its occupants shone jewels of rare beauty and value, and robings from the most famed looms of the age. The storm continued an hour then the dark drapery fell from the blue vault, and the beautiful stars were disclosed to view one by one, like glittering gems, and the moon, gentle and smiling, scattered her rays until the expansive sky was flooded with mellow light, flowers—such flowers as bloom but in Eastern lands—floated up and filled the atmosphere with delicious fragrance; while everything seemed to whisper—

There's light to follow darkness's train.

There's joy for those who doubt and fear
 There's calm when threaten'g storms are done
 There's peace for all beneath the sun.

"Look up, my lord, the elements have stayed their contentions—look up I pray, and gladden the heart of thy handmaiden," murmured the lute-like tones of Serah, the wife of Nicodemus. "The gloomy clouds obscure the celestial orb no longer—all is bright now."

The ruler pressed his hand upon the heart that throbbed wildly beneath his costly robe of purple and fine linen, and sighing, replied, "There is no brightness in my soul! Serah, there is naught but darkness and gloom always. In halls of state, in synagogue or temple, at home by thy side, my adored tranquillity eludes me, and doubts of a future kingdom, thoughts of another life disturb my bosom."

"Hast thou heard the Nazarene?" questioned his beautiful listener, while to her face there sprang an expression of awe and reverence: "Hast thou hearkened to the great teacher whose fame has extended all over our lovely land, the ambassador of God, whose voice has been heard on Olivet's mount, in the garden, by the stream so dear to my heart, and elsewhere?" And there was that in the light of the speaker's beaming countenance, that told a Christian woman's undying faith in Him, who had gathered around him so many of her fair sisters.

"He is an impostor, Serah; he has deceived them and others—our Messiah is yet to come," spoke the ruler.

"Dost forget the miracles he has performed? There was no deception in the awakening of the noble brother of the fair sisters of Bethany from the slumbers of the grave—in the resuscitation of the only son of the widow of Nain, and the sweet childish daughter of Jairus, nor in the healing of poor wasted frames."

"Ah! Serah, can he heal the mind? Can this boasted one dispel the doubts and fears that have gathered in sad confusion in my aching bosom?" and the ruler hid his noble countenance amid the rich cushions of the sumptuous couch on which he had been seeking repose in vain.

His companion placed her soft hand on his head, and bending down whispered in his

ear. He rose from his pillow and flung his arm around her fair person, drew her to his side, and said, "Weary of thy presence, my loved one? Weary of aught so good and true? Sooner the golden sun forget his risings and declinings, the moon to gladden the earth with her smile, the stars to sparkle on heaven's robe, the blossoms we love, to fling their fragrance on the breeze, sooner all things forget their appointed destinies, than I remember not thy affection, thy truth, thy gentle devotion."

The Jewish wife bent modestly beneath the glance of her lord, cherished next to her God, and murmured, "Thanks, thanks—and now hearken to thy servant. Whose power bade the clouds disperse, and unarm'd the glory of the night-gems, stayed the rain and the swift-footed lightning, kept us here unscathed by the fiercely contending elements, reachest my hear and thine! Go to the Bethlemite and learn what thou wouldst of a future state."

There had long been a shadow on the brow of Nicodemus, a grief in his bosom unrevealed, and this shadow had deepened, this grief had grown heavier and darker, until his noble form bent under its influence. Amid the halls of state he remained gloomy and abstracted; and when he sought his rich and gorgeous dwelling, and encountered the soft caresses of his dark-eyed Serah, his troublous dreams increased, his mental inquietude became insupportable, and he longed in the bitterness of his spirit to die. Now he trembled beneath the music-words that greeted his ear, but he replied—

"Men will scoff at me, Serah—my people will denounce the traitor to the religion of his fathers." And he rose to his feet and paced the apartment impatiently, while his companion poured forth the language of condolence, though her full heart was overflowing with sadness for his anguish. Oh! woman—woman! what is thine not to do and suffer!

"Seek the one I have named, my lord; seek him to-night," she replied. His voice steals on the heart like the melodies of our minstrels, and each tone will bring thee peace."

"Not to-night—oh! not to-night can I seek peace," exclaimed the ruler. "The season of darkness is not a time to unveil the soul,"

"There is a flower, master," meekly answered the Jewess, "that unfolds its petals when all eyes are averted save his to whom its fragrance floats up. It pours its incense out in darkness and secrecy. Be like that plant and bare thy breast to the gaze of heaven."

What cannot the persuasions of the gentle and pure effect?

Nicodemus sought the abode of the Nazarene, and uttering his simple "Rabbi, Rabbi," was admitted to his presence. Fair as a woman's were the broad brow, the delicate cheek, and full orbs of that lowly one, while the long floating curls of radiant hair lent a wondrous beauty to the meek countenance. He spoke, and the ruler hearkened as to a strain of celestial minstrelsy—fear fled away,

doubts vanished, and to his heart there stole a thrilling sensation of perfect happiness. He knelt and worshiped in sincerity, and when the first faint streak of the early dawn became visible, he left the side of his angelic instructor and sought his proud home, thenceforth to live for that eternal and fadeless clime allotted to those who are "born again."

Jerusalem's pride has been humbled in the dust—centuries have sunk to their graves—nations have risen and fallen, but the power of the teacher still remains; it is glorious, illimitable.

He beholds us, he loves us, he hears us always; In the darkness of midnight, the brightness of day; Though his reign on the rude earth forever is past, From yon heaven arch'd o'er us, his blessings are cast.

FREE SCHOOLS.

BY S. S. RANDALL.

We regard it as imperative upon the State in its political capacity, that elementary instruction should be freely and equally dispensed to all institutions recognized and sustained by itself—open at all times to the rich and to the poor—"without money and without price;" that this institution should be in all cases adequate to the communication of that degree of knowledge at least, which shall enable the recipient intelligently and efficiently to perform all those duties which in the ordinary course of human events and the intercourse of society may devolve upon him, and to attain such further and higher acquirements as his ambition or inclination may require: and that by a proper preparation of a suitable number of teachers, thoroughly conversant with their profession, and well skilled in its practical details, an adequate inducement may be presented to the community at large to avail itself of their services and to bring within the schools thus

established every child of sufficient age to be benefitted by their instruction and discipline. Any system less ample and comprehensive than this will be found inefficient and unwise. Every child of proper age must be brought within the pale of instruction, or the great work of Universal Education is imperfectly and defectively performed. If but one neglected child of penury or misfortune is suffered to grow up in ignorance and vice in any of the ten thousand neighborhoods and school districts of our State, who shall answer for the harvest of crime and guilt, of desolation and wretchedness, which the misdirected energies of that one perverted mind may occasion? The strong arm of the law potent as it may be to *punish*, is yet impotent to *prevent* the most flagrant outrages upon the person and property of the citizen. Neither the security afforded by the general prevalence of knowledge and virtue, nor prompt interposition of the laws and their

ministers, nor the sufferings of the miserable culprit, nor the salutary terror of his punishment, can restore from the darkness of the grave the murderer's hapless victim, nor fill the void in the domestic circle caused by the lawless hand of rapine and violence. Nor can that community, which by a timely provision for the intellectual and moral culture of *all* its citizens might have prevented such a catastrophe, "but did it not," behold guiltless before God or man for the innocent blood thus shed.

But we are told that the liberty of the citizen must not be infringed, even for the attainment of the blessings of Universal Education—that no power exists which can compel an American freeman to educate his children against his will. The liberty thus challenged—the liberty of growing up in ignorance and in the unrestrained indulgence of lawless passion, in the midst of a civilized and christian community—is an anomalous and dangerous species of freedom. The maniac found at large in the streets of a populous city, with a deadly weapon in his possession, however peaceable might be his demeanor for the time being, or however strong his protestations against any infringement of his personal liberty, would speedily be placed under judicious constraint: and yet the equally revolting and dangerous spectacle of hundreds of youth, ripening for the gallows, the prison and the penitentiary, daily meets our eyes in the crowded thoroughfares of our great cities and large towns. Morally certain as we are that a few brief years, nay, perhaps a few brief month's or days only will intervene before the murderer's knife shall strike down some devoted victim, or the robbers reckless and desperate grasp, or the incendiaries torch be upon our cherished homes or valued treasures, we may not interpose to avert these calamities, and substitute the blessings of education in their stead, lest we violate the liberty of the citizen. When the deadly bolt has fallen, and consternation pervades the wondering crowd, and angry and excited passions are clamorous for speedy and condign retribution, and the doom of the man-slayer or the convict is sealed, we perceive too late that had the paternal care of the State been as eager and as efficacious to prevent, as it has shown itself prompt and

speedy to punish, these disastrous results had been spared. No, my friends—extensively as the blessings of education may be destined to prevail, and broadly and deeply as the seeds of virtue and goodness may be scattered and rooted, while there remains in any locality a single human being ignorant, depraved and unrestrained, rest assured that no effectual safeguard exists against the ravages of the destroyer. Like the sword of Dionysus, the weapon of violence and of blood hangs suspended by a single hair over all you value and all you love; and every good citizen is directly and powerfully interested in the reclamation of this one wandering outcast of humanity. When instead of one solitary child of vice, and want, and misery and degradation, "their name is legion," and they throng the avenues of all your great cities and towns—when countless thousands are annually expended in protecting society from their assaults, and in bringing them to justice, or providing for their support, and when in every passing breeze "the voice of our brothers blood calls from the ground" against the inefficiency of restrictions which operate only when no remedy can avail: surely the dictates of sound wisdom, and the suggestion of common prudence and humanity, alike demand that what the State, in the exercise of its conceded powers to watch over the public welfare, can do, should at once be undertaken and vigorously and judiciously prosecuted.

There are those among our opponents who claim an exemption from a general contribution for the purpose of extending the blessing of knowledge to all, upon the ground that they have already provided for the education of their own children, or are both able and willing to do so, at their own proper cost and charges: and that is for others to do the same, or omit it altogether as they may deem expedient. Let us examine for a moment, the strength and validity of this plea. My friend, you have a daughter that you value as the apple of your eye—whom you have nourished and cherished with all the fondness and warmth of parental love: whose fair and sylph-like form you would scarce permit "the winds of heaven to visit too roughly?" whose mind, under your vigilant supervision, has been made the receptacle of all high and ho-

ly and pure thoughts, and for whose future welfare you are tenderly and anxiously solicitous. While she remains under your protecting roof, and within the pale of your constant guardianship, happiness attends her every footstep, and peace and joy are the companions of her well-spent hours. But a day is coming when she must leave the hallowed sanctuary of home, and go forth to mingle with the world. There, the heartless seducer—the unprincipled fortune hunter—the empty and frivolous coxcomb—the subtle and malignant ruffian—the ignorant and degraded vagabond, and the brutal sot—await her coming, and lay their terrible snares for her destruction. Is it not a fearful time? Can you indeed look coolly on and watch the issue with a complacent eye, satisfied that you have done *your* duty, and that all will be well? Is the conduct and character of your neighbors—your fellow-men—in reality nothing to you, that you should not interest yourself in their education?

You have a son upon whose education no time, no pains, no expense has been spared. He, too, has been daintily brought up and vigilantly cared for. No vulgar child of poverty and degradation has been suffered to pollute the fair surface of his ingenuous and aristocratic mind. His companionship has been with the gentle and the well-born: his associates have been exclusively with the virtuous, the high-minded and the pure. All that the most eminent and successful instructors and the most ample store of ancient and modern lore could give him, has been freely and liberally bestowed, and he goes forth into the scenes of active life with a proud brow, a fearless heart and a cultivated mind. Surely, it were the height of presumption to expect that a father could do more. What is it

to him that the licensed vender of Alcohol lurks in his neighborhood with his well-filled dens of infamy and darkness? What is it to him that the gambler, the debauchee, the prostitute, the accomplished libertine, the unprincipled villain are abroad in the land, and they and such as they, are now the men who, a few short years since, as luckless and poor, but as yet innocent and unhardened boys, were pressed haughtily by as unworthy of his notice or regard? A few brief years have rolled on, and that fair-haired boy, in an evil hour, has yielded to the allurement of passion! The tempter has prevailed, and his swollen and bloated cheeks, his trembling limbs, his pestiferous breath, haggard and bloodshot eyes, tell that for him the drunkard's dishonored grave is rapidly preparing! Alas! my friend, had you, indeed, no interest in the education of your neighbor's children?

"A poor Irish widow," says Thomas Carlyle, "for her husband having died in one of the lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the charitable establishments of that city. At this charitable establishment, and then at that, she was refused—referred from one to the other—helped by none, till she had exhausted them all, till her strength and heart failed her, when she sank down in typhus fever, died and infected her lane with fever, so that seventeen other persons died of fever there in consequence. Would it not have been economy to help this poor widow? The forlorn Irish widow applies to her fellow-creatures as if saying, 'Behold, I am sinking, bare of help, ye must help me!' They answer, 'No—impossible: thou art no sister of ours.' But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus fever kills them. They actually were her brothers though denying it.'

SAYINGS OF PERIANDER.

In the full course of things when understood,
The useful never differs from the good;
To grow in wealth, though fair the face wears it,
Is often nothing but to grow in cares.
To wish for death is mean in any ill,
But to fear death, I trow, is meaner still.

So rule your spirit, that in fortune's strait,
A ready will may yield with ease to fate:
If, armed with power, you stand all men above,
Be prudent—power can never win true love.
If fortune smiles, be not with greatness drunk,
If fortune frowns, be not in sadness sunk,

WHEN THE AUTUMN WIND IS MOANING.

BY H. D. DUNNING.

When the Autumn wind is moaning
Thro' the sear and yellow leaves,
And I hear its sad complaining
To the melancholy trees ;
When I see the leaflets falling,
Rustling slowly to the ground,
With their low and mournful music,
Waking echoes to its sound ;

When thy sky is dark and dreary,
And I feel the sweeping blast,
That has gathered on the mountain,
And in fury hastens past,
When the Summer days are over,
And their glories all have fled,
And I hear the mournful dirges—
Mournful dirges for the dead ;

Then a strange, mysterious feeling,
Comes bewilder'd to my heart,
And my senses are o'erpowered
With the lessons they impart ;
For they teach me all is fading—
All is fading on the earth ;
And the beautiful and lovely
Soon will perish after birth.

Then I breathe a sigh of sorrow,
That the sunny hours have passed ;
That their music and their flow'rs
Were too beautiful to last ;
That the haunts of poet musing
Are untenanted and bare,
And the tuneful harps of nature,
All are silent in despair.

But I know this is a symbol
Of realities to come,
And our lives of joy and gladness,
Soon be ended 'neath the sun :
And the voice persuasive pleading,
Pleasant tones be heard no more,
And the heart's enchanted chamber,
Filled with sorrows they deplore.

And when our light is fading,
And the sombre night of gloom
Silently enshrouds our spirits,
And we're sleeping in the tomb ;
Then the mournful wind of Autumn
Will be heard by us no more,
But 'twill chant for us its dirges,
As for others oft before.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, OCT. 23.

SONNET.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

We do not see the beam is in our eyes —
The mote in others we at once detect ;
Thus both my banishment and earth-born sighs
I owe to this most blind and black effect.
Ah ! heavy beam which bears my soul to earth
That was before transported to blue heaven,
Makes darksome sorrow that was gleesome mirth,

Even with the beam cast out, condemned and
riven.
How much of sorrow may one false step make
That to the world at large seems little wrong ;
But do not thou most strong aggrievance take,
Nor coldly turn from this my prayer-writ song.
Though I must suffer, still I must, I know,
Let thy dear, gentle breast some pity show.

WILLIAM PENN, AND HIS TIMES.

BY REV. S. W. FISHER, OF CINCINNATI.

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, October 14, 1644. His father was Admiral Sir William Penn, a man greatly distinguished as a naval officer, both under Cromwell and Charles II. Living apart from the civil convulsions of the age; devoting himself with ardor to his own profession, he not only gained celebrity, but the honors of knighthood. The old sailor, reposing from the toils of his rough profession, upon the laurels so bravely won at the conquest of Jamaica, and in that terrible conflict with the Dutch fleet at Opdam, in 1665, remained until his death a favorite at the court of Charles.

His only son, William, springing from so goodly a stock, was destined by his father for civil life, in the expectation of a rapid advancement and a brilliant career. This expectation was disappointed; although that son in the end has attained a name and a fame, surpassing the highest wishes of his fond parent. In pursuance of this design, he gave to William the best education the kingdom afforded. After studying under teachers of eminence at Chigwell and Tower Hill, he was entered at Christ's Church College, Oxford, in his fifteenth year. Here he numbered among his associates the famous John Locke with whom we shall find his name associated in after life. He devoted himself to his studies, until the occurrence of an event, which, while it led to his expulsion, exerted a most important influence upon his future course. While at school he had been the subject of religious impressions, which at this time were greatly deepened by the preaching of an Oxford layman, Thomas Lee, a Friend. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, an order came down to Oxford, requiring the students to wear the surplice—an old custom which the sceptre of the Puritans had swept away. The usage was offensive to Penn and his associates, among whom was the afterwards celebrated Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland. Between these friends an attack was planned upon the newly robed collegians; in the execution of which they rushed

upon them and tore their surplices over their heads. Here at least is something thus early developed in this college boy, out of which subsequently came forth the full blown Quaker Confessor. Oxford, however, was not the place for such exhibitions, and the college authorities soon cooled the ardor of this surplice-rending spirit, by an edict of expulsion. * * *

I shall speak of him first as a Quaker Confessor. The period between 1625, when Charles I. ascended the throne of Britain, and 1688, when William and Mary reigned by right of Parliamentary election, is the most memorable in the history of England. The great Religious Reformation had been slowly working for a century in that island. The Word of God, now fully translated in that old Saxon garb which it still wears, had penetrated the masses, and elicited a vast amount of mental power. Under this sublime process of discipline minds were developing that were soon to reveal themselves as the Anaks of that age. There was opened an original continent of thought, as free, as exhilarating, as if that book itself had just been revealed. Under the darkness of the middle ages, before the Press and the Reformation had given this volume to the people, men groped with lanterns and torches over the world; now the sun shone out, and they traversed kingdoms, ascended mountains, sailed over oceans, everywhere mapping down the great features of truth, for all future time. As the discovery of this New World gave wonderful enlargement, stimulus and activity to the human mind, overturning ancient theories, revolutionizing commerce, awakening an amazing spirit of enterprise, and carrying its reforming energy into social and civil life; so did the Bible, when thus brought in contact with society, work with surpassing energy all through it, affecting, not merely the religious, but also the social, the civil, the commercial world.

And yet, just at this period, the nation was cursed with rulers utterly unable to under-

stand the mighty workings of the popular mind. The Stuarts were in the main destitute of that kingly *providence*, the noblest mental endowment of a true statesman, which through a comprehension of the present, anticipates the future and provides for it. They knew not man, least of all their own people. Ascending the throne in the person of a foolish pedant, they left it in that of a blind bigot. They attempted to arrest, when they should have directed; to repress utterly, when they should have guided the movement towards freedom. But the spring had come; the fountains were full; the snows of a long winter were dissolving; the impetuous stream swelled below, and chafed against the incumbent ice, until at length it rent its massive chasms with a voice of thunder, and down swept the broken fragments towards the sea. For a time these waters were arrested, under Charles and James. They piled the ice barrier high above, and deep below; but the angry river was not thus to be restrained. A part, sweeping off laterally, poured itself upon this continent, and spread fertility, over rising States; but the stream wrought and bored until it channelled an outlet, swept away that lofty barrier, and moved on triumphantly.

It was in the midst of this popular commotion that Quakerism arose. About the time of the beheading of Charles I., George Fox made his appearance. He was the great original of his people; the Primal Spring of their history. To him it was revealed, that instead of depending on external teaching, men were to listen to the responses of an inner oracle, and consult the spirit, the living light that ever shed its radiance around and within the soul. This inner light is the great principle of this denomination. Human teachings, even Scripture itself, although inspired, are only co-ordinate—supplementary, but not absolutely essential. Hence a learned ministry was useless. *THOU* and *THOU* were the proper terms of address. Taking off the hat was a show of courtesy utterly worldly, and might induce hypocrisy. Oaths were of no consequence; for if a man would not keep his word, would an oath bind him? These, and other things, like them, constituted their original, apparent and permanent peculiarities.

But we are not to suppose, that these things alone constituted the vital force and inward life of this Society. They were only the external signs of that which originated and sustained such a body of men, so distinct and peculiar. The original essence of Quakerism was an intense spirituality. In common with multitudes in that age, on whom the Bible had shone, they sought for a worship more spiritual than that which for centuries had chained the Christian world. They fled away from sumptuous rites, from gorgeous ceremonies, from a glittering, icy formalism; from a power which, in their view, usurped the throne of devotion, had converted worship into mummery, and the minister into a chattering priest—which, intruding within the social circle, had corrupted the simplicity of manners; coined artificial modes of speech, like the gilding of base metal, to give currency to worthlessness; and installed a supreme dictator in the seat of Conscience and Jehovah, the capricious goddess of Fashion. Outstripping the Puritans, who sought here for a qualified mean, they took refuge in a system of worship and life, from which all the attractions of form were totally excluded—in which silent communion with God, or spontaneous offerings of prayer and exhortation should exclude all prescribed rituals. They had seen the world enchanted by the outward, to the utter neglect of the inward life of religion. They distrusted a thing that had power to put aside the noblest interests of the life to come; that under the guise of devotion converted men into parrots, and under the plea of refinement of manners, turned society into a playhouse for apes and monkeys. They proclaimed war against it. In the stern simplicity of their churches and dwellings, in the total absence of all form in the conduct of their worship, in the directness of their speech, in their refusal to conform their dress to the caprices of fashion, and the consequent preservation for generations of the costume of the seventeenth century, they gave their testimony against the idol that had enslaved the world. This thirst for the truly spiritual in religion, this desire for sincerity in the intercourse of life, this earnest resolve to shake off the yoke of hypocrisy, will hence reveal to us the secret of their origin, their success and their con-

tinuance; it will suggest to us one reason why this system obtained such a mastery over a mind so vigorous and well-balanced as that of William Penn, and prepare us to do justice both to their character as a people, and to his, the most illustrious of them all.

It should also be remarked, that, in their origin, there was deep enthusiasm. The sect was born amid most extraordinary convulsions, in both the state and the church: and it was natural that it should at first partake of the intense earnestness of the age. There was much enacted then under the impulse of an inflamed imagination, which the after sober judgment of the society rejected. The interruption of public worship by violent outcries, and sometimes by the spinning wheel and distaff imported into the church—the manner in which individuals attempted to give an unmistakable sign of the nakedness of the people, and other things of a similar nature, were rather an index of the intense enthusiasm of their early life, than of the real character and matured principles of the society. In time, however, all such offensive peculiarities were either modified or removed. The fearful persecutions which soon fell upon them, turned their attention from others to themselves.* They were harried, pilloried, and cast into prison. Newgate was crowded with men and women, too conscientious to take the oath of allegiance, or pay fines wrongfully imposed. This terrible ordeal made them more respectful of the rights of others, and purged off the dross of their early professors.

Amidst this scene of wild licentiousness in the court, and the mad revelry of persecution among the people—when chapels were closed, clergymen of piety and learning by thousands were silenced, informers lurking in every corner, and green-eyed suspicion peering at men through their very windows—when gluttonous priests filled the pulpit, and the monarch passed unrebuked from the chamber of his mistress to the communion

table, it was not easy for a mind laboring under conviction of sin to hear truth adapted to its condition and enjoy the instructions of faithful pastors. And when Penn heard the truth preached by Thomas Loe, it was a grateful benediction unexpectedly bestowed. The truth thus heard sank into his soul, secured a response from his conscience, and a cordial embrace from his affections. He turned disgusted from the splendid dissoluteness of courts, he surrendered prospects, as bright for future civil advancement as opened before any man of his age and rank; he adopted the sentiments of his teacher respecting costume and address; he exiled himself from the house of a father he dearly loved; he endured imprisonment and contempt with unflinching fortitude. Now here are the great elements of a true Confessor. To constitute such an one, there must be deep truth and an enthusiastic ardor, alike in suffering for and advancing its interests. Penn had a deep, earnest spirit, which gathered strength from opposition—which obstacles rendered more impetuous—which neither favor nor threatening could turn aside from the chosen path. Soon after his conversion to Quakerism he is imprisoned for attending a meeting of Friends. A pardon is offered him. He firmly refuses it. "Religion," he says, "which is at once my crime and my innocence, makes me a prisoner to a mayor's malice, but mine own freeman." He meets his father. But the ceremony of the HAT he rejects. It goes against his conscience. Then comes the struggle between affection for his parent, reverence for his authority, and the loss of his inheritance, on the one side, and his conviction of the demands of religion on the other. Young Penn weeps in agony. The stern yet kind old admiral entreats, then threatens, and at last drives his only son from his door. He becomes a preacher. His energies seem to expand under persecution, and he traverses the land with the fire and zeal of an apostle. He is sent to the Tower for publishing a heretical pamphlet, and there writes, "No Cross. No Crown," a work by which he will live when his persecutors have passed into oblivion. He tells the Bishop of London, through whose interference he was imprisoned, "that his prison should be his grave before he

* The Conventicle Act was passed in 1664, and renewed in 1670. Of this infamous law, the Bishop of Peterborough declared publicly, that it hath done its business against all parties, except the Quakers; but when the Parliament sits again a stronger law will be made, not only to take away their lands and goods, but also to sell them for bond slaves.

would renounce his just opinions; for that he owed his conscience to no man." Before long he is again arrested, while preaching in Grace Street, and put on trial at the "Old Bailey." This trial is among the most memorable on the records of that age, scarcely yielding in interest to that of Baxter. It will be remembered, that the incarnation of malignancy then occupied the chief seat of justice—that Jeffries, with his ermine dragged in the blood of non-conformists, and wet with the tears of women and children, infused his own fierce spirit into most of the subordinate judges. Under such administration on the bench, the courts of justice became the vilest engines of oppression; crimes ceased to be measured by the eternal principles of rectitude; Justice bowed to the capricious humors of ermined sycophants; and Innocence finding no rest within this temple of human law, amid this wild sea of passion could only fly for refuge to the ark of Divine Law, commending itself to a power supreme over earthly courts. During this trial, Penn wished to overthrow the indictment by denying its legality, and demands the law for it. The recorder tells him it is "common law." Penn answers, "according to Coke, common law is common right, and common right is the great Charter privileges confirmed." The recorder remarked that "he is a troublesome fellow," and finally the Mayor cries out, "take him away, turn him into the Bail Dock." The jury nobly acquit him in spite of threats, and repeated attempts to starve them into a different verdict. But the prisoner and the jury are all fined for contempt of court, and sent to Newgate.

It was amid such trials, Penn exhibited in the early part of his course the rugged virtues of the Confessor. It was by such a discipline his intellect obtained its growth, his principles consistency, and his heart a knowledge of its own workings. Nor was he singular in this. The entire sect exhibited the most amazing fortitude. Conscientiously opposed to the payment of unjust fines, and the oath of allegiance, they became peculiarly obnoxious to the arts of informers and the injustice of courts, without the ability to avail themselves of those means of deliverance which sometimes opened to those less scrupulous. They languished in prisons, they

were despoiled of property, they died by hundreds from the infection of dungeons. If that was an age of gigantic vices, it was also an age of equally gigantic virtues; if that was an age when religion was derided, and the scoffer sat in the high places of power, it was also an age when the fine gold of christian character, came forth from the furnace in its most unsullied purity.

But turning from William Penn as a Confessor, permit me, before entering upon the discussion of that part of his life most interesting to us as Americans, to say a word respecting him as a preacher and author. His sermons are occasionally spoken of as full of power. But if we may judge from the appearance of the man and his style of writing, it seems to us that he must have been more instructive than persuasive—better adapted to enlighten the mind and triumph in its convictions, than to stir the heart by the electric flashes of deep emotion.

As an author he shows himself capable of excelling in beauty. But he cared little for ornament. Neither the genius of his faith, nor the rough controversy which raged about him, inclined or permitted him to cultivate the graces. His mind was more Roman than Greek, and his works show rather the massive thought and simple earnestness of the former, than the elaborate beauty and exquisite finish of the latter. With a perspicacious genius, that grasped strongly and saw clearly, he could set his thoughts forth vividly and logically. Far from being a profound metaphysician, he yet rose to distinguished excellence as a popular reasoner. And though no match for the dialectics and theological acumen of Baxter, he displays on the more general subjects that agitated the age, a reach of thought, a practical sagacity, that reminds you of Franklin, with this great excellence above the philosopher, of a vastly more elevated tone of religious feeling. His writings are voluminous. He sent forth pamphlet after pamphlet on the great questions that then absorbed the attention of his own people, and to some extent stirred the heart of Christendom. Those controversial works, popular indeed among his own society, are mainly unknown beyond it. Designed for that age and the controversies of that day, it is impossible to reinvest them with

their original interest. His work, however, "No Cross, No Crown," to which allusion has been made, has been destined to a longer life, a wider influence, as it embraces subjects of permanent interest to mankind in every stage of its progress. His writings on the "Liberties of Englishmen," and on "English Toleration," although admirable of their kind, have been cast into the shade, with other similar works of genius, by the light of that "holy experiment," which in this land has had its successful trial.

Certain it is, however, that the society of Friends, at that time, needed just such a sagacious, common sense mind, and that he acquired, and for years, wielded among them a most salutary, as well as a far extended influence. Fox, the original, the personification of Quakerism, was the man whose clamor roused the slumbering people, whose fervid eloquence won over the multitude. Penn arose, to give consistency to their opinions, to rear ramparts around their citadel; to exhibit with logical strength and no small show of learning, the foundations of their faith. If Fox raised the recruits, and kindled their zeal, Penn organized and disciplined them into a regular army. If Fox was the head, Penn was the light, so that without them both, there would have been no perfectness. This was the great service he rendered to Quakerism, and for this she cherishes his name among the noblest of her worthies, and the most potent of her men of might.

We come now to consider William Penn as the founder of a colony, and its first statesman. It was fortunate for our country and the world that this continent had so early a discovery. During the period intervening between this event, and the commencement of those troubles in England, which produced the great Revolution, adventurous spirits had surveyed much of its coast, entered its harbors and rivers, and diffused abroad a fair knowledge of its character. The wild dreams of the speculator, the enchanting visions of a western Eldorado, that stirred the breasts and led captive the imaginations of the first discoverers, had given place to the sober views of truth. Then as that great conflict advanced, this land opened itself as a secure theatre for the working out of those principles which

then heaved the foundations of society, and shook down many of its proudest columns. Opinions in the Father Land, were all in chaos; men knew not what they most needed, or knowing this, could not see an open pathway to its accomplishment. There the growth of those great principles which had taken root in multitudes of minds, was repressed by Ancient Forms, by a Lordly Hierarchy, by rich nobles, by the deep loyalty to Royal Government, generated by ages. But here the way was open. The field was new. Men must create governments for themselves. The parent government was too distant, and for a time too indifferent, to affect them deeply. Loyalty to Royalty, originally weakened by the very impulses that peopled the country, like the law of gravitation, diminished in a geometrical ratio, by distance, and the necessities of a new world. And hence, unobstructed by the gigantic power of the Past, the founders of our colonies could institute their great experiments in civil government, with a broad verge of liberty around them, in which to correct in the future, the mistakes and ignorance of the present. Never in all time has such a field opened; at such a period, to be sown with such seed. Persecution is our god-father. Intolerance was the best patron this country has ever known; better a thousand fold than the patronage of princes, and the benedictions of kings. It sifted the noblest sons of France upon our shores; it gave us the honest, cool, intellectual German; it drove hither the unbending magnanimity of Scotland; it scourged from their own fair shore the best blood of the free Englishman; nor did it refuse us warm hearts from the fast anchored isle of Erin. Intolerance, we bless thee for thy chains and scourge! Thou wert but the birth pangs, through which a nation sprang into being—a nation, on whose future, as on whose past, "exultation" is blazoned, and from whose expanding energies, illustrating the true sources of human improvement, the four old, hoary continents, may yet gather the materials for national renovation.

The idea of founding a colony, mainly for the development of civil and religious freedom, was not peculiar to Penn. He followed in the track of others. But to him is due the conception of a plan of Government, in

some respects more complete than any other then known: When once this scheme was formed, and his charter secured, emigrants came in crowds to share in the magnificent enterprise. The high character of Penn drew thousands around him, from the bosom of his own persecuted people, who longed, in sympathy with him, to try the experiment of a State founded on such broad christian liberty. They flocked also in companies from the heart of Germany, to place themselves under the banner of a man, whose presence among them in time past, had inspired a respect alike for his clear, manly intellect, and his open, christian heart. So large indeed was this emigration, and so regularly did the stream continue to swell, for many years after the first establishment of the colony, that it became to Penn a matter of heartfelt congratulation, that no single person, in the whole history of English colonization, had planted within the same time, so large and prosperous a colony, as that which long ere his death filled the rich valleys, and bordered the noble rivers of Pennsylvania.

It is impossible for me to do even partial justice to his character as a statesman, without presenting some of the main features of his Government. In the forefront of his scheme, there was an *unlimited toleration of religious opinions*. It is scarcely necessary for me to remark here, that in the early ages of the church, intolerance raved and gnashed its teeth; but it was always against the Christian, and by the Jew or Pagan. The Sanhedrim launched its thunderbolts against the disciples; Rome's imperial eagle wet her claws in their blood. Tolerant of all other opinions, the Mistress of the world, like the volcano at her feet, for more than two centuries vomited forth at ten different periods, flame and lava and ashes, upon the peaceful Christians. Then came a change. Constantine takes the persecuted to his bosom; builds for them churches and cathedrals; installs Christianity as the religion of the empire. But the spirit of Pagan Rome had not ceased to exist. It passed over into the Christian Government. It merely changed its costume, and soon revealed itself mighty for evil, both in the acts of the Eastern, and in time, in the fundamental code of the Western Church. Under these influences, the

nations were educated for centuries. The Reformation did not at once shed light on this subject. As it awakened thought; as it burst the bands of ecclesiastical authority; as it exalted the Bible above traditions, councils and Popes, translated and brought it home to the people, so it scattered the seed which in time should bring forth the perfect fruit of toleration: while, for the time being, it necessarily modified the code of persecution, by the very process of an enlightened discussion of the rights of conscience, involved in the withdrawal from the paganised usurpation of Rome, and the return to the original platform of Apostolic Christianity. But in the first stage of the controversy, the more obvious, vital, and grand truths of Revelation, were points upon which the deepest interest of the great champions of right centered; and it was not until the right to hold, avow and practice the great system of saving truth, as revealed in the Bible, was settled, that men gained the leisure to turn their thoughts upon the consequences of the principles thus established.

It was in the struggle of the popular mind, during the English Revolution, that this great element of liberty expanded, and worked most successfully. At the commencement of that struggle, the spirit of intolerance raged on all sides. Romanists, Episcopalians, Independents, Presbyterians, and even the Quakers in the first stage of their history, betray scarcely a conception of this great truth. Even in New England, where the elements of toleration were as generously sown as any where on earth, Williams and Hutchinson are driven into exile. But the struggle advances, and parties change sides—the weak axing strong, and the powerful descending to obscure positions—this truth received its development. Roger Williams first embraces the bright idea. The principle is settled in his clear, calm intellect, and Rhode Island, years before Penn or Baltimore had seen America, gained the immortal honor of being a State founded in the conscientious conviction of the wickedness of intolerance and the right of man to his own conscience.

In England, some of the strongest minds of that age grappled with the question. Locke wrote on it with great power. Milton illumined it by the splendors of his genius. Penn

published pamphlets and volumes in favor of it. He declares that "what we ask we must give." He traced the opposite systems of tolerance and intolerance down from the earliest history, and successfully showed, that the States most free, had been most stable. He goes into an examination of the ancient liberties of Britons, and declares that this or that sect of religion was not specified in the ancient government. And when he founded his colony, he resolutely incorporated these settled convictions into the fundamental frame-work of his political system. Carrying with him the hearts of multitudes smarting under the lash of conformity, he gave to the world the broad and full experiment of a perfect religious liberty.* No

* I have used the term "toleration," in this discourse, in its general and loose signification. Strictly, "toleration" implies a national church, a church constituted by the government as the authorized worship of the people, and sustained by the State. Thus England tolerates dissenters. She tolerates them in refusing to conform to the State church, but obliges them to contribute to the support of that church. But Penn went far beyond this; he, at a single stride reached the very position to which the spirit of religious freedom, existing in all the other States, gradually brought them. With him, as with us now throughout the Republic, the State recognised no one ecclesiastical body as privileged to be *the* church, before all others, nor did it tolerate any as a kind of necessary evil. It recognised all religious systems as deserving protection, while it conferred exclusive privileges upon none. This is the present position of all our States, and this is the doctrine of freedom of conscience. "Toleration" and "dissent," therefore, in the sense attached to them over the water, can be used here by no ecclesiastical body, in reference to an other, without incurring the charge of either surprising ignorance, or unparallelled stupidity.

tests, save that of the belief in the being of a God, barred men from the highest offices of State. No church, patronised by law, enjoyed an immunity or privilege, with authority to prey upon those out of its pale for subsistence. Men worshipped God, or refused to worship him, without a sheriff's writ upon their backs, or an informer's eye upon their actions. Wherever men chose to worship, they reared their temples; wherever they chose to enter them, they found no bristling bayonets marshalled to prevent them. This was the great law of religious liberty, dearer to man than even civil freedom, as the interests of the life to come are inconceivably more grand and momentous than those of this life. This law was made a chief column in his political fabric. He planted it so conspicuously, so firmly, that nothing but Revolution could wrest it from its place, and prevent its abiding to uphold the glorious dome of conscience and religion for all time.

He did this at a time when Britain was convulsed with the conflict of parties, and groaning under the rod of oppression. What Locke *thought*, Penn more than executed. What was heresy to millions, he established as a fundamental statute of his government. At a single stride, he took his position beside the few, in advance of the many. And for thus leading the van in this great war with ecclesiastical oppression, he will be honored, while men love truth and value freedom.

THE DYING BOY.

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed;
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an Angel
To take me up to him;

He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the Angels
That stand about the Throne,
'Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know that she is one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,

And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone.

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes.
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the Angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

There Never was an Earthly Dream.

There never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sun-rays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its way.

There never was a glad bright eye,
But it was dimmed by tears,
Caused by such griefs as ever dull
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower,
'Tis withered soon, and gone;
We gaze upon a star, to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not, in this changing world,
Plain misery for its dower;
The laurel on thy brow hath hid
From many a careless eye
The secret of the soul within,
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be
On earth a precious spring,
Whose waters to the favored lip
Unfailing we may bring.
All changeth on this troubled shore,
Or passeth from the sight,
O, for that world where joy and peace,
Reign as eternal light.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

II.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

III.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow,
You can hear him sawing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes
When the evening sun is low.

IV.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

V.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

VI.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

VII.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

VIII.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly, poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And waking, and thy labors done."

CHARLES LAMB.

We never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines by Charles Lamb; and yet, how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when Heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it had ever been since; and we verily believed that angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time, in a far off country-place, a girl, whose name we shall call Alice, lived with an aged and bed-ridden mother, dependent upon her exertions for their sole support.—And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempests the wind to the shorn lamb." And when better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness; in the foreground of which they place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch, at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing, only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that which is as a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil, engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet is not half long enough for all they have to do; breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams. Thus it was oftentimes with our heroine and yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lovely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours, listening to what seemed to her a gush

of sweet and prayerful music and not questioning but the songs of the good on earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in Heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard—but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since! Thy trust in Providence, that for *hersake* it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wing to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor one of those stern men, who without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime! a baneful error which has done much to plunge its unhappy victims into their present fallen condition; and yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew, that in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared not ask a longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern land-

lord, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or, spending her money on that pale-colored hood, she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping, or waking her grateful thanks, haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard—very hard—very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Wall?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, dear mother; with God's blessing we will keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die—"

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No, no—a blessing rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet! And then kissing her mother, but not saying a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning, seemed already breaking, she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but unselfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then rising noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of

the matter was, she had over-rated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy—thrice happy! are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the birds already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good-morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upward on her pale calm face, and listening to her gentle tone, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed with that quick-sight- edness of affection, which even the blind seem gifted with, in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how weary the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes, and yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love, to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened, that about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks—for of late she had indeed toiled beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said with himself, "It is ever thus with the poor, they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half-lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half-relenting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time

abotted her—aye, even if it were but one single day—but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing that I can do to help you my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing—unless indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow with a mournful smile: and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings, and Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of by-gone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings; falling asleep in the midst through weariness, for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on; but presently awoke again half-bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid gently.

"Asleep, dear mother! I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you my child!" said the widow; and a few minutes afterwards, Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage, if indeed she could be called so with half-closed eyes, and the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and

dreamed of Heaven. But all would not do and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed down upon her so heavily. And then opening the casement, she sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth.—How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her faded hands involuntary, and although no words were uttered, *her heart prayed!* We have called her in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But gradually as she sat thus in the pale star light, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toilworn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat first while at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, and then on her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles too in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings, again very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away at length upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was not dreaming; then gazed around the quiet apartment where all remained just as she had left it; but the task for which she had marked out four more weary days and

nights of toil, and feared even then not having time to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But after a little while the girl ceased to wonder, on remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night; guided by an unerring instinct she knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord, shamed out of his prejudices by the unlook-

ed for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and grateful thanks beside, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such miracles should have passed away. And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil! Only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and be sure that Heaven in its own good time will deliver you.

THE CONFLICTS OF MIND..

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON.

We cannot escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest-tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and everywhere she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word.—True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need aught but the sickle, but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of intolerance and disobedience—these are withering blasting curses, but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength.

What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses.—What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect.—Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics; or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint, if necessary, and struggle again.—If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let

it rest when weary, bid it walk when it can not run, but teach it that it must conquer. If after this discipline, your mind be feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations, but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The towering oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor and upward aspirations.

Difficulties develop resources. To prove this it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—Necessity is the mother of invention.—She levels forests, she rears cities; she builds bridges; she prostrates mountains; she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea; she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean; she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot treads round the zodiac.

Transport the savage from his woods to your island in the sea: show him her crowded harbors and her metropolis of thousand spires; point him to her proud trophies, and her glorious triumphs in earth and sky, bid him mark how she brings the fruits of all the earth to her table, and weaves the claims of her authority over every latitude. Then, would you describe the secret of all that his eye beholds, and his ear hears, tell him that Britain resolved to meet the difficulties that lay in her path from barbarism to civilization and refinement. This simple resolution sprang her arms and her arts, her science and her song.

I have said that difficulties call forth resources. How multiplied might be the illustrations. The resolution created the continental army and the continental Congress, and made discovered, discordant, and dependent States a united and powerful Republic. An inventive nation, unless she plan important enterprises, will find her arts and powers of but little use. Why does China exert so feeble an influence among the nations?—Not because her population is small—it is one third the population of the globe; not because they are idle—no men are more in-

dustrious; not because she has no arts—her manufactures are unsurpassed; not because she is unferule in expedients—she walls her territory to shut out invaders—she unites her rivers with artificial channels—she raises cities upon her waters—she divides her rocks into terraces, and makes them smile from base to summit with fairest fruits and flowers—she bridges her valleys with chains, and, as if disdainful the aid of nature, she rears her temples on mountains of her own construction. Is the answer found in providence? Nay. Is learning neglected? Not a nation in which it is so much encouraged. Yet should an earthquake sink her beneath the waves, what ocean would miss her sails? what land her treasures? what science her contributions? The great instruments to which we usually attribute the march of civilization, viz., gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, have all been known to China from remote ages.—Although she flashed powder from her "firepan in the face of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, yet, never plotting extensive conquests, she made no important use of the terrific instrument of war. Content with navigating along her coasts and inland waters, she kept her compass upon the land, and never daring to impress the world's mind, she confined her types to the stamping of almanacs."

As with the nation so with the individual. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave Cæsar his martial skill. The snow-clad Alps made Hannibal fertile in expedients, restless in command. Would you be illustrious? Plunge into difficulty, cross the Rubicon, bind your soul with strong cords of obligation, put on band after band,—the greater the difficulties, provided they do not paralyze, the greater the man.

There is scarce any difficulty that cannot be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such as only ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing.—Its possessor, relying on the extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to collect the materials which are

required to useful and magnificent effort — But there is something which is sure of success ; it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling a man cannot help but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course ; and if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to his subject. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation ; I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages. This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies, it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius in all ages makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light, than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*"—rolling his misfortunes forward as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent ; literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate, for ever that doctrine, so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general, "Man is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth, Man the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small ; but there are impulses within to which things external are as lava

to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvass ; Michael Angelo would have been a philosopher without a telescope, and Newton would have ascended the skies though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a gutter, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument had been substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show that the music is not in my violin, but in me.—" Then drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet as ever entranced delighted mortals.— Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument at best, and if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her ; do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet—

"I seek what's to be sought,
I learn what's to be taught,
I beg the least of Heaven."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in minds, originally, but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty events. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties ? Poverty ? Ignorance ? Obscurity ? Have they not all been overcome, by a host well-known to fame ? But perchance you climb untrodden heights.—Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insupportable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God amid the darkness of infidelity ? Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stake to beckon

you onwards. Are you destined to plant the gospel in heathen lands, an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine that you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success?—Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos, too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive, or divert, or daunt him; “This one thing I do,” &c.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, “I would go to Worms were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses,” and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which Heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest?—Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to ascend from poverty and obscurity to eminence and wealth? Ask the field or the Cabinet, any profession whatever, or either House of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance, and ten thousand voices shall respond in animating accents, no, no!

Difficulties are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it to one-half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded: gathering up the slain; destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy; preparing the way for escape, and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however resolve to stand its ground; and

though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected, every hand is placed upon a gun, every bayonet is directed against the foe, and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make efforts to escape from the disgrace of defeat, effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches, effort at planning some new enterprise, but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step making an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy, but very humble servant to the soul. She obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste. She is never more active than when fear (which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution) sways the sceptre over the inner man. Hence, difficulties are always magnified when viewed in the distance. The inner as well as the outer optics are subject to illusions. When upon some unknown coast, we view through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill-top. He only who says, “I can and I will,” sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! O how I like those words, “I can and I will!” They are words of magic: they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they level the mountains, fill the valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon banners, and like the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, “I will not let thee go until thou bless me,” inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolu-

tion into your sons; then though you put them unarmed, unfriended and unshod into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact a rich revenue from its billows; exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling, but so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependence in which they had been reared, and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the convictions that we can place reliance on our own souls. Under this conviction, whatever is done is done firmly. Next to a sense of the divine presence, there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human laws; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive sceptre—that territory is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains; into this no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance; it is celestial soil; it is guarded by the cherubic sword.

Unhappy wretch that does not rule in the counsels of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise. He becomes a vassal where he should be a king. Instead of heading an army, he can scarce control a finger. Pitiable being he who asks his fellow-mortals to legislate for him. What do they know of the soul? Were they by, in the laboratory of heaven, when God struck it off? or can they measure its apprehensions or its anguish? Can they see it cling to the cross, or attach itself to the throne, or cast anchor in the veil? Can they lift the curtain that hides eternity and travel up with it to see what will be its wants in unwasting ages? Poor ruined soul art thou that embarkest upon the shipwrecked reason of the world. Perplexed soul, who must obtain consent of his fellow

worms before he acts. To whom shall he go? This world is a great Babel, where chaos umpire sits,

"And by deciding, worse embroils the fancy."

Such a man resembles a boatman on a mighty river, where it divides into a thousand branches. A points to one and B to another of the diverging streams, and obey whom he pleases, the overwhelming majority is against him. Perplexed by the confused cries, every stroke of his paddle is feeble. He is a degraded mortal, whomever he be, that stoops to ask man, or minds, or waves, or mountains, or storms, or lightning, whether he may do his duty; and weak as he is degraded. Would you be unembarrassed?—Have but one will, viz., the will of God. Inquire what is duty, then do it; and though storms may rage around you, all will be calm within. From the counsels of your own soul you will come forth, as Gabriel, from the light, doing nothing rashly, nothing doubtfully, nothing feebly; and before you difficulties will sink.

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary. The greater the foe the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal. America honors Washington because he drove the giant forces of Britain. England awards to Wellington her highest praise because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim, as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! Methinks I hear him say, "O glorious gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost tax all my powers, because thou dost lead me to the arena, because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes, to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction, to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death, to the world and the flesh, to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds, to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life and honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

VOL. IV, No. 1, JAN. 1851.

OUR POSITION.

As we have before said, the Miscellany will not be the organ of any party or sect. But while we shall not be the exponent of a party, we shall not occupy a neutral position on the great principles and reforms which agitate the moral world. We shall try to occupy an independent position on all the popular movements of the times. We shall ever show our sympathy for any and all movements which we think calculated to advance man in virtue, knowledge, temperance, and liberty, while we shall try to awaken within him, love to God and desires for a holy life, and longings for immortality. The Bible, which we believe to be of the inspiration of God, is our standard in moral truth. We look to Christianity and the Christian church as the great instrument for the enlightenment and elevation of man. We hold that any man is a Christian who takes the Bible as his rule of life, and lives up to its holy requirements. The true church of God is composed of "living epistles read and known of all men."

We shall ever do what we can to unite the members of all branches of the Christian church in one common effort to reform and elevate the world. The present state of even our own country, calls loudly for the followers of Christ to act. Intemperance, licentiousness and profanity come in upon us like a flood. Is it not time for action? Human life is short at best, it becomes us, therefore, to work while we may.

Rev. Dr. Whedon's *Man, Republic*. It is seldom we meet with a production of equal power and freedom of thought. Prof. Whedon is one of the best thinkers of the age. He sees with the eye of a philosopher, and maintains his position with strong arguments, in a clear and forcible style. He asserts in this article, great principles which tower above all party considerations. We hope to be able to publish several articles from Dr. Whedon, the present year. Any who may wish to circulate this article, can be furnished with ten copies for \$1.00.

We shall have at least two steel plates in the year, more if possible. Our great

object, however, is to furnish a great amount of useful reading. All must recollect that the Miscellany contains more reading for a dollar, than most of the two dollar Magazines. As we now have a great circulation, we shall be constantly making improvements. We have now as will be seen, much more reading than before.

Now is the time for all who have not paid, to send in their dollar.

Postmasters have a right to remit money for subscribers to periodicals free of charge. Please remember this when you send your money to us. Postmasters generally prefer to have you write your own letters, as it saves them time.

As we gave notice, we expect that all whose time expired for which they have paid, with December, will send in their dollar for this year, on the receipt of this No. We must confine all to the advance system strictly.

We are enlisting, as *original* contributors, for the present year, the ablest writers in the Western States. The Miscellany will contain 30 Biographies of eminent men and women.

About one half of the present year will be original, and the balance will be made up from the cream of foreign and American Reviews, and other costly and rare works.

This number of the Miscellany commences its third year. In 1849 we started the Miscellany without a single subscriber, and closed its second year with a circulation of 6,000. On the commencement of this year we publish 10,000 copies.

We send this No. to many individuals in different parts of the West, with the hope that they will subscribe for it and act as agents among their friends. A good number might be obtained by a few hours labor, in any place. Send me four cash subscribers and you will be free. If you can get a large list, you may take out 25 per cent for your trouble. If you can afford to give your services to us in this way, we shall be thankful. We trust all who feel an interest in the education and advance of the West, will take an active part in the circulation of the Miscellany.

Wellman's Literary Miscellany,

CABBALA OF THE JEWISH DOCTORS.

Translated from Lib. II. Pars II. Tract. II. Sec. II. Art. II. of the Philologia Sacra of Solomon Glassius, S. T. D. Professor in the University of Jena, afterwards General Superintendent of the Churches in the Duchy of Saxe-Gotha, and Assessor of the Consistory.

BY N. WEST, JUN.

[Before introducing to the reader the Cabbala of the Rabbins as delineated in the excellent work from which the following portion is translated, we have thought it proper to exhibit a synoptical view of the whole article, for the purpose of setting before the mind the definite order according to which Glassius has treated his subject. This order is not found set forth in the original, which, had it so been, would have greatly assisted the scholar to obtain an accurate and comprehensive idea of the whole subject, without the trouble otherwise necessary. For the sake of having what follows clearly understood by the reader, we therefore, prefix the accompanying outline.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Distinction between the genuine and spurious Cabbala.

2. The two-fold employment of the word Cabbala.

DIVISION OF CABBALA.

Preliminary remarks explanatory of the views of some Rabbins.

I. GEMATRIA.

Mode 1. Letters taken numerically.

Mode 2. Letters taken quantitatively, (a) in reference to their own di-

mensions, (b) in reference to the dimensions of edifices.

II. NOTARJEON.

Mode 1. Examples of Rasche Theboth. Examples of Sophe Theboth.

Mode 2. Rashe Theboth applied differently. Metempsychosis. Pontifical Cabbala.

III. TEMURAH.

Mode 1. Letters taken anagrammatically.

Mode 2. Letters cabbalised, by (a) *Albam*, and by (b) *Athbask*.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The signification of the words as yet unintelligible to the reader will be explained in the course of the subsequent article. With respect to the translation we would just remark that we have followed the advice of Horace.—*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus, interpres*—assured that the most literal translator is not always the most faithful. Besides, any one at all acquainted with the character of the scholastic Latin of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, must be aware how uncombed and bungling in many parts a literal translation of such Latin would appear in our own vernacular. |

TRANSLATION.

What in the church of the Pontiffs are styled *Traditions*, is in the synagogue of the Jews called *Cabbala*, which word also signifies *Tradition*, or rather its correlative *Reception*, from CABBAL he received, *i. e.* either with his hands or in his mind. Properly speaking, *Masorah* signifies tradition. By no means do we, in this place, speak concerning the true Cabbala, the genuine and pure, which is nothing else than the mystical intellect of the Sacred Scriptures, but concerning the Judaic Cabbala, the spurious, impure old-womanish, and febrile. The word Cabbala is employed chiefly in a two-fold sense :

1. Concerning the law delivered in the presence of the people (*oretenus*) or in their hearing (*acroamatica*) which they say is the exposition of the written law, and which Moses learned from the mouth of God during the forty days and nights he dwelt upon the mountain of Sinai. This, they report, was subsequently recorded in the *Thalmud*, and that without it many ambiguous precepts of the law, obscure and sometimes conflicting, cannot be understood.

2. Concerning the more abstruse learning and mysteries of the Hebrews, which they, as well the more sober and ancient as the more recent and superstitious, discover in the writings of Moses and the Prophets, and this in various ways. Reuchlin, in the third book of the Cabbala, thus describes it. "Cabbala is nothing else (to speak Pythagorically) than Symbolical Theology, in which not only letters as well as names are the *signs* of things but the very things themselves, (*res rerum*)" This they call Cabbala, because these abstruse things were formerly held in secret, neither were they entrusted to every one, much less brought forth in writing for the benefit of the common

people, but only propagated successively, by oral tradition, among the wise. This latter Cabbala we will discuss a little more at length in this article, because it agrees with the allegorical exposition of the Sacred Scriptures in this respect, that each seeks for a sense beyond the mind and intention of the Holy Spirit, or of the Sacred Scriptures, although in other respects there is some difference. But in the first place let us examine more critically its method, and afterwards what ought to be determined concerning the whole subject will be discovered.

That a more accurate decision may be formed respecting the Cabbalistical method of interpretation, I will show, first, some of its divisions, and second, some examples. The distinctions which occur are chiefly these :

1. Certain Rabbins divide the Cabbala into *speculative* and *practical*. Of this, Elias Levita frankly confesses ; " *And I, indeed, am not worthy to explain its office, for on account of my sins, I have not learned that wisdom, and neither do I know nor understand the science of those holy ones.*" In Thisbi letter Koof.

2. Others divide it into a Cabbala of *numbers* and *names*. Mirand. Lib. III. Cabb. p. 64.

3. Others make five parts of it which they denominate *Restitutio*, *Combinatio*, *Oratio*, *Sententia*, and *Supputatio*. Reuchl. d. I.

4. Many from Proverbs 22 : 20, where it is said " have I not written to thee excellent things (*Shalishim*, which some render "*things triple*;" others, "*in a triple manner*") that I might make thee to know the certitude of the words of truth, (*Imray Emeth*, with which words they dignify their Cabbala, usually, as something written according to the way of truth) attach a triple meaning to

the Cabbala, a meaning which Reuchlin thus explains, "either a word is put for a word, a letter for a word, or a letter for a letter."

5. Others designate this triple Cabbala with these particular names, *first*, GEMATRIA; *second*, NOTARJEKON; *third*, TEMURAH. What is signified by these words we will show by examples, in order. The first species of Cabbala—GEMATRIA—is said to have taken its name from the Greek word *Geometria*, because it is employed mathematically, as it were, in the enumeration of numbers in letters or passages of Scripture, and from thence in the elimination of certain abstruse mysteries. In a word then, it is the mathematical consideration of letters and passages of Scripture. But since the science of mathematics is conversant as well with separate quantity, or number, as with continuous quantity or dimension, so also are there *two* distinct modes of Gematriaian Cabbala.

Mode 1. This considers the letters as placed numerically in the Sacred Text, and elicits a certain unerring doctrine from the number thus obtained. For example, in the first and last verse of the Old Testament Scriptures, Gen. I. 1. Mal. 4: 6—the letter *Aleph* occurs, in each, six times, from which the Rabbins gather cabbalistically that the world will endure 6000 years, since *Aleph* is the mark for 1000, which doctrine is a tradition of the family or school of a certain Elias, related in *Thalmud*, Tract, Sanhedr. Cap. II. In the same manner, the initial words of Moses, Gen. I. 1. "*Brachith Bara*," in the beginning he created, are expounded cabbalistically by these other words, "*Brosh Hashanah Nibra*," in the beginning of the year (formerly commencing from September) was created (the world) and in this way, that to each expression the same number, viz. 1116, arises

from the value of the Hebrew letters collected into one sum. So, also, in the words "*Yibo Shiloh*," *shiloh shall come*, Gen. 49: 10, Baal Turim finds the name of the Messiah, for these letters make in numbers 368 which number is in like manner contained in the word "*Mashiah*," the Messiah. In the book *Rachanath*, p. 35, the word "*Emeth*," *truth*, is explained cabbalistically by 91, and in this way the *true* God, the author and fountain of truth is shown to be signified;—thus, in Deut. 6: 4, 5, the name "*Yehovah*" appears thrice repeated, but this makes up the same number with the word "*Ahad*," 91, but "*Ahad*" signifies *unus, one*, and this testimony shows that the ancient Hebrews were not foreign to our doctrine of the most Holy Trinity, else why did they conjoin the name "*Yehovah*" thrice, repeated with the word *One*? *Helv. in vind. locor. Scriptur. ad Deut. Cap. 6.* Here belongs that passage in *Haggai* I: 8, where the word "*Eccabod*," *I will be glorified*, is written, but read "*Eccabodh*," in which by the defect of the letter *h* in the written word, they say the defect of *five* things in the second temple is to be noted, because the letter *h* is the mark of a *quinary*. These five things are the Ark of the Covenant, the Urim and Thummim, the *Supernal Fire*, the presence of God, and the Holy Spirit. So Zech. 3: 8. "*For behold I am about to lead forth my servant 'Zemach, the Branch.'*" What Branch? Ask the Rabbins. The *Zemach* of the Ancients! The numerical value of *Zemach* is 138 and such is just the value of "*Menachem*," *the consoler*. Moreover this name "*Menachem*" is numbered by the Cabbalists and *Thalmudists* among the names of the Messiah. Therefore the Chaldee has it translated "*Mash-c'a*," *the messiah*. So again in Gen. 25: 21. "*And Rebbecca 'Ishto*,"

his wife conceived." The Rabbins ask what did she conceive? The Cabbalist answers "*Ash vegash,*" fire and stubble, according to that in Obadiah 1 : 18, "*the house of Jacob shall be fire, and the house of Esau shall be stubble.*" Each of these expressions "*Ishto*" and "*Ash vegash*" contains in itself the number 707. As to the Cabbalistical method of divining, from Daniel 12th and Psal. 2nd, the destruction of the Turks. see Joh. Bap. Nay. Joh. Wolff. Tom. II. Sect. menorab. p. 888.

Mode 2. The second kind of **GEMATRIA** is again divided into simple and compound. The former considers the mathematical attribute (affectionem) or quantity of the simple letters, placed in the text. The latter considers the structure and dimension of entire edifices.

This first kind, certain of the Rabbinical Doctors denominate *Zuriith*, *figurative Cabbala*, to which pertain first, the reasons why certain letters in the Hebrew text are written in somewhat larger character than others, or, what is the same thing, why they exceed the others in quantity. For example, in Deut. 6 : 4, a majuscula (large letter) occurs both in the first word "*Shema*G," hear, and in the last word "*Aha*D," one. "*HEAR, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.*" By the first of these words, they say their minds are aroused to the consideration of the great doctrine in the text, as though the word "*Hear*" admonished them "*He that hath ears to hear let him hear!*" By the last, they wish it to be indicated that this Lord is the only eternal God throughout the four quarters of the globe (for D, Daleth, is the Hebrew letter for the number 4) that is, everywhere present in the whole world. The two majusculæ make, when united, a word which signifies a *witness*, as if Moses wished by this to teach, "*Hear, O Israel,*

even ye shall be a witness for me that seriously have I admonished you in reference to the only true and eternal God." Hence that passage in Isaiah 43 : 10. "*Ye shall be my witnesses saith the Lord.*" God, in turn, will be a witness against them if they do not hear, as in Micah. 1 : 2. "*Let the Lord God be witness against you.*" So the letter "L" in the word "*VayashLicam,*" hurled them out, is written as a majuscula in Deut. 29 : 28, where it reads "*and the Lord hurled them out into another land.*"

This majuscula is for the purpose of designating the greatness and severity of their projection, as well as that God will cast them off *eternally* (for this is the hidden meaning of "L," *LeoLam, for ever*) if they do not repent. This same word is written in Hebrew without the letter "Y" (the value of "Y" is 10) thus, "*VashLicam,*" for the purpose of indicating, also, that God at some time would tear away the TEN tribes from the body of the people, and on account of their idolatry and impiety *hurl* them into a foreign land, so that henceforth the body of the people might be perpetually dislocated, maimed, and ever remain imperfect. So the letter "R" in "*AhaR,*" another, as in Exod. 34 : 14, where it is said "*Thou shall not bow thyself down before AhaR, another,*" exceeds the other letters in quantity, for the purpose of indicating the grievousness of that sin by which homage is rendered to another God, and for the purpose of exciting the Jews to consider the difference between "*AhaR,*" another, and "*AhaD,*" one, as in that former passage, "*Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.*" Hence care must be had most studiously that no one serve a foreign or fictitious God.

An entire alphabet of these Majusculæ is laid down in the masorah. The Cabbalists have assigned the

particular reasons for each of the letters, some of which reasons are foolish and of not the least moment.

To the second kind of *Zuriith* or *figurative Cabbala* pertain the reasons why certain letters in the Hebrew text are written in somewhat smaller character than others, or what is the same thing, why they fall short of the others in quantity. For example in Gen. 2 : 4, the letter "H" is written as a *minuscule* in the word "BEHBBAREAM," in the to be created them, i.e. when the heavens and earth were created, indicating it will come to pass that all created things shall be *diminished* and perish. And as the letter H consists of broken and separable lines, so all created things shall be broken and separated, as it is written in Isa. 51 : 6. "*The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment.*" Others say that by this minuscule a transposition of a letter is intended so that from BEHBBAREAM may come BEABRAHAM, for Abraham, i. e. the world was created alone on account of the faithful who praise God because of his admirable work.

These minuscule are in number thirty-three, and are set forth in alphabetical order in the masorah, in the introduction given by Elias Levita, and also in the beginning of the final masorah.

To the *Zuriith*, or *figurative Cabbala* pertain the reasons why certain letters in the Hebrew text are *inverted* and others *suspended* upwards. For example, in Numb. 10 : 35, the word "BINSOA," in setting out, occurs. Here the N is inverted, the front being turned to the place of the back, and this is signified, that all the Israelitish hosts would be driven backward, just as the letter is turned back. Upon this passage the masorah remarks that there are nine verses which have the N inverted.

So in Judges 18 : 30, where it is read, "*And Jonathan the son of*

Gershom, the son of M^NSES," the N is suspended upwards, and the Cabbalists say that the writer was plainly unwilling to call Gershom the son of Moses, because it would have been dishonorable for Moses to have had an impious son, but was willing to call him the son of *Manasseh*. The letter N however they say is suspended as a sign that it may be considered either as present or absent, so that Gershom may be either the son of Manasseh or Moses—of Manasseh, on account of the imitation of his wickedness; of Moses on account of his generation or pedigree.

The Masorah relates that there are four such suspended letters. There are also some words in which the letter Ain is suspended. Job 38 : 13, 15. Psal. 80 : 14.

The second kind of GEMATRIA considers and measures the structure and composition of entire edifices, for indeed there is nothing in the Scriptures which is not redolent with profound wisdom and learning; or, as the Hebrews say, "*non est in lege vel unica litera a qua non maximi montes pendeant.*"

Therefore, they argue that even in the description of buildings there lurks something of mystery which they cabbalise into a christian sense, and this by Gematria, in various ways. For example, in Gen 6 : 15, the Ark of Noah is said to have been 300 cubits long, 50 cubits broad, and 30 cubits high. Here, the Cabbalist, in the first place divides the length by the height—300 by 30, which gives 10 the numerical value of the letter Y; then he annexes (not adds) to this the length itself, 300, which is the numerical value of the letter S; and, lastly, divides this length by the breadth, 300 by 50, which gives 6 the numerical value of the letter

V or U The numbers, then arranged according to this calculation will stand thus, 10, 300, 6, and their corresponding letters in Hebrew thus, Y, S, U, which are the Radicals of the name of Jesus. Hence, Noah's Ark was a type of Christ!

So, in 1 Kings 6: 2. the Temple of Solomon is reported to have been 60 cubits long, 20 cubits broad, and 30 cubits high. Here, the Cabbalist, in the first place, subtracts the breadth from the height—20 from 30—which gives 10, answering as before to Y; then this remainder he multiplies by the height—10 by 30—which gives 300, answering as before to the letter S; and lastly, by the same remainder he divides the length—60 by 10—which gives 6, the number answering to V or U—all which letters, when arranged as in the former case, constitute the Radicals of the name of Jesus. Hence, Solomon's Temple was a type of Christ!*

The second species of Cabbala—**NOTARJEKON**—is what we will now consider concerning this, Rabbi Elias says, in Thisbi, the real word is *Netarjekon* but pronounced *Notarjekon*, the letter N standing as the sign of the word, and in Aruch it is expounded to be *Notarjekon*, since one written letter is often the sign of the whole thing. But I have heard from the mouth of a certain cardinal that it is a Greek word. Also in the Roman language they call the Scribes *Notarii*, the employment of which word is among the Rabbins whence they derive the name for this species of Cabbala which has the same value

*The admirable ingenuity and tact displayed by the pious Hebrew—the very nails and snuffers of whose temple were sacred to him—in giving the mystical signification of these dimensions, and the pleasing emotions which such solutions originates, however fanciful it may be, are almost enough, we think, to redeem Cabbalistical science from the judgment of Glassius who pronounces it “old-womanish” and “febrile”. The very mode of procedure sets augury itself at defiance!—*Trans.*

as *Sapheruth*, and in German, *Katzleyisch*, for it is the custom of the Scribes to write two or three letters each one of which is considered as constituting a word. The modes of this species of Cabbala are principally two. The first is either by *Aphæresis*, or, as the Cabbalists say, by R. T. that is, *Rasche Theboth*, the beginnings of words, initial letters; or by *Apocope*, that is, as the Cabbalists say, by S. T. *Sophe Theboth*, the ends of words, final letters all which are accustomed to be marked by the Cabbalists with a Segholtau (a disjunctive accent) or three dots placed triangularly on the top. **Mode 1.** The following are examples of *Rasche Theboth*. In Gen. 22: 8. we have this, “*God will see or provide for himself &c.*” The Hebrew words are ALo HiM YiReH Lo.—From the initial letters of these words is Cabbalistically gathered the name of the victim, which Abraham offered to God in the stead of Isaac. From the words of Jacob, Gen. 49: 10 in which he speaks concerning the Messiah, thus, “*Schiloh shall come and to him*” &c., the Cabbalists gather, by uniting the initials of the Hebrew, the name of Jesus. The words are YaBo Schi LoH VeLo, which give us YSV or YSU, Jesus. The Y in Hebrew corresponds to our J, and V and U were anciently the same letter. In like manner from the words of Psal. 72: 17, “*His name shall flourish and men shall call him blessed,*”—YiNoN SheMo Vei Te Ba RCU—the very name to which the entire words expressly refer is formed by writing the initials. In Psal. 96: 11, the name YeHoVaH—Jehovah—is derived from the initials of the words which mean “*Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad*”—YiSMeHU HaShSha MaYiM VeTaGaL HaA-ReTs. This method of Cabbalising is said to have given to *Judæus Maccabæus* his name, for when about to

attack *Antiochus* and admonished by an angel to conduct himself manfully, trusting in God, he is said to have given to his fellow-soldiers in war the words in *Exod.* 5:11—"Who among the gods is like unto thee, *Jehovah*?" *Mi CaMoCaH BaALiM &c*—as a signal. These words were inscribed in an abbreviated form upon their banners in place of a military watchword, thus, M, C, B, in which signal since the common soldier superstitiously places the power of victory, yet that he might not understand the reasons of this mystical Scripture, the commander inserted *vowels* with the consonants for the sake of pronunciation, and read it thus *Ma Ca Bi*. Hence *Reuchlin* and *Mercerus* affirm that, ever after, he was considered a Jew, and called *Judæus Maccabæus*. *Reuchl. Lib. III. Cabbal. Mercer. in abbrev. Ebraeor. p. 67.* Here belongs the factitious name of God *AGLA*, concerning which *Galatinus*, in the fifteenth chapter of his second book, says, it is derived from the entire words *ATTaH, GiBBor, LeoLaM, ADoNaY, Thou, Strong, Ever, Lord*; and here the mystery of the Trinity is contained because *A* is the character expressing *unity*, *G* is that expressing a *ternary*, and *AL*, the remaining letters, signify the Strong God.

The following are examples of *Sophe Theboth*. The Cabbalists say that in the phrase *BARA ALoHiM LaaSo Th Gen. II. 3, God created to make, or adapt, the word AMeTh, truth*, is interwoven (see the *final* letters) according to *Psal. 119:160, "the beginning of thy word is truth—AMeTh"*—as though *Moses*, altogether the wisest Scriptor, desired to commend his book by this artificial disposition of letters, and, by some sign, to give intimation of the very truth itself taught him of God. In like manner, from the question proposed by the Hebrews to *Moses* concerning

the name of God (*when they say to me what is his name, what shall I tell them? Exod. 3:13*) the Cabbalists seek the answer, by combining certain of the final letters of the Hebrew words. The words are these—*LY MaH SHeMoV MaH*—that is, by taking the finals, *YHVH*—and by supplying the vowels *YeHoVaH—Jehovah*. So, *Juhac* is the name of the angel whose office it is to watch over men, a name taken from the final letters of these words, "*that they may guard thee in all thy ways*" &c. &c. *Psal. 91:11, CY MaLaCaYu YeTsaVeH LaC*, that is, *YUHC, YUHaC, Juhac*.

These two species of the first mode of *Notarjekon*, are, as was said, by means of *Aphæresis* and *Apocope*.—Others add a third which is by means of *Syncope*, so that from the middle letters of certain words, or from one medial and another final an entire word is constructed. Thus certain of the Rabbins delight themselves, Cabbalistically, with the Hebrew names for *husband* and *wife*. The Hebrew word for a man is *YSH* and for a woman *SHH*.^{*} These two words contain in themselves, they say, the author of marriage, the one conjoining the parties. The words differ, in composition, only in respect to the letters *Y* and *H*. These two letters when united make *YaH*, that is, *Jah*, the God of Peace. Now, the Rabbins say that God gave the *Y* to the man and the *H* to the woman that the union of both might produce the happiest result. For this was signified and intended, that as by the union of

^{*}It is impossible to accurately represent these two Hebrew words, by English letters, and at the same time exhibit the point of the solution. *Glassius* has all the Scripture words in *Hebrew*, and we have all along substituted the corresponding ones of our own language. But here we cannot, entirely, without hazarding the effect. In the Hebrew, this is one of the most inimitable conceits, one of the most ingenious attempts at Cabbalization.—The English letters, however, will afford some idea of it.—*Trans.*

these two letters YaH the God of Peace is seen, so by the union of man and woman, peace, happiness, and affection will be the result. So long as they remain really united in heart, YaH, the God of Peace, will protect them; but should their love become cold, their attachment broken, and quarrels and strife ensue, God takes away the Y from the *man* and the H from the *woman*, and there is nothing left in their union but SH! SH! *fire! fire!*

In marriages of this kind the fires of anger are rarely, if ever, extinguished, but burn "*ad inferni novissima!*" This kind of Cabbala is found in a book whose title is *Fasciculus myrræ a bundle of myrrh*, in Parascha, and is referred to by Rabbi Aben Ezra in his annotations on Proverbs 2:17.

Mode 2. This mode is a new application of *Rasche Theboth*. It is opposed to the former in this respect, that the single letters of a single word furnish single words of which these letters are the *initials*. Hence this mode is also denominatod *Rasche Theboth*. There is an example of it in Gen. 1:1. The first word of the Bible contains six letters, viz: BRASYT. These six letters are explained by six entire words of which these letters are the initials—*Bara, Rakiang, Arets, Shamim, Yam, Tehomoth*,—which signify *He created the expanse, the earth, the heavens, the sea, the abysses*. So Isa. 65:16.—"*He who blesses himself shall bless himself in the God AMeN*"—that is, in the God of Truth—"and he who sweareth shall swear by the God AMeN." Who is that God? The Cabbalists answer by their mode of interpretation in *Rasche Theboth*, Adonai Melec Neaman, *the Lord the Faithful King*. And thus Rabbi Solomon explains the proper name *Naphali* by words which signify, *Here, my earnest prayer was borne*

up before the Lord," and quotes Rabbi Elias, in Thisbi, on the word No-tarjekon. The word AMR which signifies word, and which agrees with the Chaldee epithet of the Messiah, found in the Chaldee Paraphrase of the old Testament, is resolved Cabbalistically in this way, to wit, the M, the *medial* letter, denotes the Messiah who is himself the *mediator*, having A in front, which is the initial of AB the Father, and having R behind, which is the initial of Ruach the Holy Spirit, because the mediator manifests to us as well the essence and will of the Father and Spirit; as his own, that is, the Eternal Trinity.—So in the word BRA,—he created, Gen. 1:1,—they discover the three persons of the Deity. A is the initial of AB the Father, B is the initial of Ban the Son, R is the initial of Ruach the spirit. The Son by whom all things were created, and who is before all things, is put in the *first* place, to whom immediately succeeds the Spirit, because these two persons are sent to point out or manifest the A the Father. And if any one, from these three letters, will join the last to the first, (this strictly belongs to that species of Cabbala called *metathesis*, concerning which hereafter) immediately he will have AB the Father. Then if he doubles the B by inserting A Dagesh Lene and unites it to the R, he will have the word BeBaR,—in or by the Son—for the Father created the heaven and earth by the Son. The doubling of the letter B denotes human nature assumed by the Logos, united to the Logos, sought for and found not without but within the Logos. So AYSH is the cognomen of Christ by way of eminence, that is, *the man*. Gen. 4:1 Exod. 15:3, who bears upon his shoulders Arets, *the earth*; Yam, *the sea*; Shamayim, *the heavens*; and he is Adonai, *the sustainer*; Yehovah, *the Lord*; Shaddai, *the omnipotent*;

and also Adam, *human nature*; Yesu, *Jesus*; Shalom, *peace*. And without this Y in his name nothing remains to us but ASH, *fire and destruction*! For if the Y be taken away we will have neither Jehovah nor Jesus, no God, no Saviour! With respect to the volutation of spirits—a thing which the Greek Platonists call Metempsychosis or Transmigration—the Cabbalists say that the soul of Adam passed (volutatem esse!) thro' the body of David, and thence to the Messiah. This, they think is indicated by the three letters of the name ADM (Adam) since by Rasche Theboth A signifies Adam himself, D signifies David and M signifies the Messiah—that is from Adam came David and from David came the Messiah. This volutation, or Hebrew Metempsychosis, they denominate "*Gilgul Naphshoth*," the "*Circuit of Souls*."—But all this is superstitious. Much more comely and elegantly do the Thalmudists sport in the Tract Sota, fol. 5. Man, they say, was called ADM because A is the initial of Apher which signifies *corruptibility*, D of Dam which signifies *vitality*, and M of Marah which signifies *bitterness*. Here they allude to the mortality of his nature and the calamity of his fall.

This same species of Cabbala runs down even among those belonging to the Pontiff's for Holocollus a Romish Theologian, in one of his lectures, speaking upon *Ave Maria*, says thus; EVA, the mother of our malediction is changed into AVE. The word consisting alone of three letters signifies a Trinity in Unity. A, the first letter of all, signifies God the Father, V, the Verbum Veritatis, the word of Truth, Eternitatem is that which is meant by E.* The Papists have

dreamt a similar dream in reference to the word ALLELUJAH, in which, by such a method of Cabbala that simple syllables may indicate entire words they find these mysteries; AL is *Altissimus*, the highest; LE is *Levatus est in crucem*; he was lifted upon the cross; LU is *Lugebant Apostoli*, the Apostles mourned; JAH is *Jam resurrexit*, now he is risen!!! Hol. Theol. Oxon. Lib. Sap. Cap. 17. lec. 195. Jacobus de Valentia Cabbalises in about the same way upon the letter of the sacred name of Jesus, concerning which Pererius, a Jesuit says, "*non probo quanvis multi eam amplectuntur*,"—I do not approve it although many embrace it. Vide Th. Morton. part 2. apol. cathol. lib. 5, cap. 5, p. 581.

The third species of Cabbala is called TEMURAH, that is, *permutation*; of which there are two principal modes. The first is by a simple metathesis or transposition of the letters; the second by an alphabetical revolution.*

Mode 1. An example of this mode is found in Psal. 21:1, "*The King shall joy in thy strength O Lord &c.*" —ISMaH, shall joy—where the Cabbalists say the word must be considered as having reference to the Messiah, as the sense is, for if the letters are transposed they will read MSiaH, *Messiah*. So in Exod. 23:23. God says, "*my angel, MaLACHi, shall go before thee.*" Who is that angel? The Cabbalists respond, by transposing the letters, that it is Michael, *Michael*! Others produce their delectable morsels respecting the creation of the world thus. When it is asked, as in Isa. 40:26, "*Who created all these?*" Mi Bara Elh—the answer is given by a short and beautiful metathesis Elohim Bara—the very words in Gen. 1:1. Here belongs also that passage in Isa. 61:3 "*to give unto them beauty for ashes.*"

*This is a poor attempt, a perfect failure in trying to ape the ingenuity of the Cabbalists —*Trans.*

The Hebrew words are Phear Ta-hath Apher.*

MODE 2. Of this mode which is said to be performed by alphabetical revolution, this is the explanation.—The entire Hebrew alphabet is divided into two equal parts, and the letters are written in two parallel lines, yet in such a way as that one part will be under the other in its *natural order* of sequence, thus:

A B G D H V Z Hh T Y C

L M N S Gn P Ts Q R Sh Th.

or in a *retrograde order*, thus:

A B G D H V Z Hh T Y C

Th Sh R Q Ts P Gn S N M L.

The first of these arrangements is called ALBaM. The second is called AThBaSh. These names are formed from the first four letters of each arrangement, as above, taken perpendicularly. The Alphabetical revolution takes places as follows.—The Cabbalists read one letter instead of another, an upper instead of its corresponding lower, and a lower instead of its corresponding upper. Thus they do as well analytically when by their adopted method they exhume a certain sense from the Scriptures, as synthetically, when by the same method they express their own thoughts to each other in private epistles lest

their meaning should be understood and read by others. Thus, in Isa. 7:6. mention is made of a certain TBAL (Tabeal) by which proper name the Cabbalists understand RMLA (Remalia) a son of a king of Israel. The process by which this result is arrived at is according to *Albam*. Thus, TBAL is the word given. In *Albam*, under the T we find the letter R, under B the letter M, under A the letter L, and above L the letter A. This gives the unforeseen answer. So in Jeremiah 25:26 the word ShShC (Sheshac) occurs, a name which is expounded by *Ath-bash*, the retrograde order of the alphabet, to mean BBL (Babel or Babylon). Above the Sh we find the letter B, and again it is B, and under the letter C we find L, which gives the word BaBeL, or Babylon, concerning which the prophet spoke.*

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Thus we have finished the translation of Glassius' short article upon the nature of the Jewish Cabbala.—We simply would add a few remarks in reference to the whole subject, founded on some general hints scattered throughout the work from which we have been translating. As was observed in the introduction, we must make a distinction between the learned Cabbala, or the mystical intellect of the Sacred Scriptures which is conformed to the analogy of faith, and that which our author regards as superstitious and febrile. The former, he thinks, may be approved or at least tolerated, but the latter must be remitted to its authors whom he considers superstitious men. Undoubtedly, there is much in this last species of Cabbala to remind us of our juvenile years, when under the tuition of some good old nurse, we

*This is one of the most beautiful instances of Temurah found in Scripture. The word *Phear* literally signifies a head-dress, a turban, a crown. Barnes translates it a "beautiful diadem." Jerome approached the entire expression of the Hebrew as near as he could in his latin translation. He renders it "*coronam pro cinere*,"—a crown for ashes. Alexander adopts his interpretation. Yitringa merely gives the sense, "*ornatum capitis pro cinere*"—an ornament of the head for ashes. The seventy have done worse than the latin. They read "*doxan anti spodov*." All the commentators have remarked upon this elegant paranomasia but confess that it is impossible to transfer it, as it stands in the original, into our language. The Cabbalists affirm that this and many such others in the Hebrew Scriptures make the veritable basis of that part of their science called Temurah.—*Trans.*

Glassius records some other examples of Hebrew anagrammatism, but as they cannot be represented in English we omit their consideration.—*Trans.*

*There are one or two other instances this species of Temurah, given by Glassius; but they are trifling and unimportant to be known.—*Trans.*

were taught to say, by *Albam*, (!) A was an Archer, B was a Butcher, C was a Crier, D was a Doctor &c. and by *Atkash* (!) A was an Apple-pie, B bit it, C cried for it, D danced for it &c. We are free to admit all this, and still more, as the history of Cab-balistical science informs us, we do not hesitate to record that much of it was abused to magical purposes.—It was on this account that Kirstenius made his sweeping conclusion against all Cabbala viz: that it is "*maledictæ essentiam*," and referred to the fact that many wore around their necks the five initial letters of the first five verses of Genesis, written upon the outside of parchment, and the five final letters inscribed upon the other side as an amulet of defence against danger. Neither do we omit to mention that it was from this very kind of Cabbala, employed upon the exposition of the Scriptures, abused it is true, sprang all those monstrous Eons of the various sects of Gnostics concerning which Neander and Gieseler have given us so complete an account. Fairness and candor require the statement of these facts. But is there no truth here? Is it all to be bundled together and trodden under foot of men, as unsavoury? Is it to be cast into the fire and burned? We cannot so think. Cicero has well said *Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non aliquid veri permisceat*, and may there not be much of truth mingled here? Surely we cannot say there is much of falsehood; there may be and certainly is much that is fanciful, and perhaps, as Glassius in the use of his caustic latin would say, "*anile*," old-womanish.—But all this will not warrant us in saying that there is no truth in these unique developements of the pious Jewish mind. It is far from doing justice to the subject to aver that the numerous apt allusions of the Cabbala, its innocent play upon words and

letters, and its veritable exposition of certain passages of Scripture, however fanciful, are impious and superstitious. There is enough, we believe, in this very despised Cabbala to convict the Jews, without possibility of reply, of their present wilful rejection of the true Messiah. In the Targum of Onkelos on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy, in the Jerusalem Targum, and in that of Jonathan Ben Uzziel written during the Babylonish captivity, it is said there are overwhelming evidences for the Messiahship of Jesus Christ, who has already appeared, and founded too upon some of the very expositions given in this article. See Nevills' "*Remarkable Testimonies from Rabbinical writers*."—The Cabbala has received an honorable mention in the elaborate work of Dr. Alexander upon the prophecies of Isaiah, in his comment upon the sixth verse of the seventh chapter.—The light he gets from the Cabbala seems to him to be of more value than all the suggestions of the continental commentators. G. R. Gliddon, author of "*Ancient Egypt*," regards it as extremely important to be known in the "*elucidation of some parts of the Hebrew Scriptures*."—What Glassius has given in his *Phil. Sac.* and which we have translated, is evidently only a specimen of the various modes of the science, a science which according to Tennemann, was systematised by Rabbi Akibha and his disciple Rabbi Ben Jochai—the spark of Moses—as early as the first, but not known, as such, to the Christians until the fifteenth century. Our design in this brief translation has been to present before the minds of any interested in this subject, a view of the real character of that method of interpretation which obtains among the pious Jews, exhibiting, in all honesty, its many defects, as well as its importance—a subject of which any

one knows but little, of which every one, we may say, has heard something, and to which the words of Virgil can be aptly applied.

"Cui non dictus hylas puer, et Itonia Delos?"

GOD BLESS THE HONEST LABORER.

BY FRANK WEBBER.

God bless the honest laborer,,
The hardy son of toil,
The worker in the clattering mills,
The deliver of the soil ;
The one whose brawny hands have torn
From earth her hoard of wealth,
Whose sole return from ceaseless toil,
Is nature's boon, sweet health.

Bless him who wields the ponderous axe,
Clad in his leathern mail,
That safe as warrior's panoply,
Guards from the soothing hail ;
That gushes from beneath each stroke;
Each mighty crushing blow,
Who seeks to lighten labor's toil,
Where ruddy fires glow.

Bless him who turns the matted sod,
Who with the early dawn,
Hastens to gather nature's store—
Hastes to the yellow corn !
Who plants in nature's bosom wide,
The fruitful golden grain,
And gives it to her guardian care.
The sunshine and the rain.

Bless him who lays the massive keel,
Who bends the trusty sail
That bids the ocean wanderer,
Safe battle with the gale ;
Who rears the tall and slender mast
Whence floats to every breeze,
The stars and stripes of liberty,
As rainbow o'er the seas.

Bless him whose ribbed palace rests
Upon the heaving sea,
Who scorns the dangers of the flood,
The breaker guarded lee ;
Who in the ocean cradle sleeps,
Calmly in storm fraught hour,
Unfearing that his bark will quail
Before the tempest's power.

Bless him who gives each beauteous thought,
A resting place, a name,
And twines its transient glories
With the fadeless wreath of fame ;
Who sends it forth on every breeze,
And bids it live to bless,
While ceaseless clicks the slender type,
And groans the printing press.

Bless all who toil. God's blessing rest
On them with double power
Whose honest brew the sweat drops deck
In every daylight hour.
Bless them though poor, and may they win
What wealth can never gain,
Contentment, with their lot on earth,
A balm for every pain.

Bless them, and may the workman's hand
That framed the giant earth,
That bid each star in glory shine,
That gave to seas their birth,—
Reserve on high a resting place
Within the realms of light,
For every honest son of toil,
When passed death's darksome night.

Written for Wellman's Miscellany.

THE INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAD.

BY H. W. BOOZER.

Supremely beautiful she stood
 In her unearthly queenly loveliness;
 Watching, with that strange listlessness
 Which oftentimes gently shrouds the dreaming soul
 E'en in its wakeful hours, the sick'ning lamp
 Throw out its dull and reddened glare around,
 Upon the scene within, displaying there
 Wealth in its splendor and profusion flung.
 The folds of silk hung loose and gracefully
 Over the sofa's soft luxurious length
 From which she just had risen, and the dress
 That threw its dark voluptuousness around
 Her dark and slender form, was satin wrought
 By curious strange device. The marble stand,
 Carved richly by the sculptor's skillful touch,
 Two golden goblets grac'd, fill'd up with wine
 Untasted there; and every thing around
 Spoke of the free extravagance that strews
 Itself so freely 'round the wealthiest. [claim'd
 But wealth was nought—'twas she alone that
 Superiority. Of all the multitude
 Of Israel's daughters, she alone convers'd
 With spirits; and, as dreamily she stood,
 One easily could see the mystery
 That like a halo strangely dimly hung
 Around her very being there. Her form
 Was very tall and spare. Her hair was dark,
 And its loose raven tresses, flowing, hung
 Unto her feet. Her face was very pale—
 Its features regular and calm and thin.
 And o'er her fleshless lip there sweetly play'd
 A smile. Her eye was fascinating, deep,—
 It was not piercing, but 'twas dreamy, soft
 And eloquently large. But sudden broke
 Approaching footsteps on her reveries,
 And Saul, the mighty king of Israel,
 In mask disguised, entered the unclos'd door,
 Follow'd by two attending warriors.

He sternly spoke.—“Tell me, is this the witch
 Of Endor, here I see?” To which she bow'd
 In assent. “I pray thee then,” he said
 In soften'd tone, “divine now unto me
 By the familiar spirit, and bring up
 Him I shall name to thee.” A cloud
 Pass'd o'er her hueless brow as he thus spoke.
 But calm and tranquilly she made reply.—

Knowest thou not what Saul has lately done,
 And would'st thou snare my life.” “I know it all,”
 The mask then spoke, “but I do swear to thee,
 Now by the living lord of Israel,
 No punishment shall come to thee for this.
 “Enough!” the woman said, “whom shall I new
 From out the spirit world bring up to thee.”
 He answered, “Samuel.”

Then solemnly
 And slow she led him to an inner room,
 And plac'd him there before a mirror, bright
 And magical, with rays from other worlds.
 See! see! she cried; and as she quickly wav'd
 Her wand over the bright and polish'd glass.
 A figure on its glistening surface rose—
 Dimly at first but bright, and brighter still
 It grew, until a perfect being stood
 In living glory there.

'Twas Samuel,
 But not like Samuel of former years;
 The form and feature still were there, the bright
 And penetrating eye. But 'twas a soul—
 A perfect image of its maker, God—
 Complete in its ethereal light and life,
 And Heavenly in its faultless beauty there.
 Saul gaz'd entranc'd—appal'd. The portals dark
 Of death were broken down, and he could see
 The form of him who had so lately pass'd
 On through.

The still mysterious silence then
 King Samuel broke. The words came richly out
 Like spirits' voices mingled—clear and full,
 And gently musical: and when his voice
 Rose high in woe—denouncing wrath, the words
 Seem'd stings launch'd through the thin and
 trembling air,
 Rebuking Saul for having troubled him
 To bring him up from with the dead, he told
 His speedy ruin, and the utter woe
 That hung so blackly o'er his wretched head.

Saul heard with mingled awe and fright.
 He groaned in agony and wretchedness of soul,
 And on the earth his tall and manly form
 Threw prostrate.
 Birmingham, O. Jan. 1851.

A LESSON IN MARRIED LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

If society ever be wholly corrupted, it will be by the idea that it is already so. Some cynics believe in virtue, sincerity, and happiness, only as traditions of the past, and by ridicule seek to propagate the notion. This vain and pedantic philosophy would turn all hearts to stone, and arm every man with suspicion against all others, declaiming against the romance of life, as empty sentimentalism: against the belief in goodness, as youth's sanguine folly; and the hope of pure happiness, as a fanciful dream, created by a young imagination, to be dissipated by the teaching of a few years' struggle with the world.

If this be wisdom, I am no philosopher, and I never wish to be one; for sooner would I float upon the giddy current of fancy, to fall among quicksands at last, than travel through a dull and dreary world, without confidence in my companions. That we may be happy, that we may find sincere friends, that we may meet the good, and enjoy the beautiful on earth, is a creed that will find believers in all hearts unsoured by their own asceticism. Virtue will sanctify every fireside where we invite her to dwell, and if the clouds of misfortune darken and deform the whole period of our existence, it is a darkness that emanates from ourselves, and a deformity created by us to our own unhappiness.

Yet this is not relating the little story which is the object of my observation. The axiom which I wish to lay down, to maintain, and to prove correct, is, that, married life may be

with most people, should be with all, and is with many a state of happiness. The reader may smile at my boldness, but the history of the personages I shall introduce to walk their hour on this my little stage, will justify my adopting the maxim.

M. Pierre Lavalles owner of a vineyard, near a certain village in the south of France, wooed and wedded Mlle. Julie Gouchard. Exactly where they dwelt, and all the precise circumstances of their position, I do not mean to indicate, and if I might offer a hint to my contemporaries, it would be a gentle suggestion that they occupy too much time, paper, and language in geographical and genealogical details, very wearisome, because very unnecessary. Monsieur Pierre Lavalles then lived in a pretty house, near a certain village in a vine-growing district of the south of France, and when he took his young wife home, he showed her great stores of excellent things, calculated well for the comfortable subsistence of a youthful and worthy couple. Flowers and blossoming trees shed odor near the lattice windows, verdure soft and green was spread over the garden, and the mantling vine "laid forth the purple grape," over a rich and sunny plantation near at hand. The house was small, but neat, and well furnished in the style of the province, and Monsieur and Madame Pierre Lavalles lived very happily in plenty and content.

Here I leave them, and introduce the reader to Monsieur Antoine Peron, notary in the neighboring village.

Let me linger over a notice of this

individual. He was a good man, and what is more curious an honest lawyer. Indeed in spite of my happy theory, I may say that such a good man, and such a good lawyer you could seldom meet. All the village knew him; he mixed up in every one's quarrels; not, as is usually the case, to make confusion worse confounded by a double-tongued hypocrisy, but to produce conciliation; he mingled in every one's affairs, not to pick up profit for himself, but to prevent the villagers, from running into losses and imprudent speculations; he talked much, yet, it was not to slander, but advice; he thought more, yet it was not over mischief, but on schemes of good; he was known to everybody, yet none that knew him respected him the less on that account. He was a little, spare, merry-looking man, that sought to appear grave when he was most inclined to merriment, and if he considered himself a perfect genius in his plans for effecting good, his vanity may be pardoned, because of the food it fed on.

M. Antoine Perron considered himself very ingenious, and if he had a fault, it was his love of originality. He never liked to perform any action in a common way, and never chuckled so gaily to himself, as when he had achieved some charitable end by some extraordinary means.

It was seven months after the marriage of M. Pierre Lavalles, M. Antoine Perron sat in his little parlor, and gazed with glad eyes upon the cheerful fire, for the short winter was just terminating. Leaning forward in his chair, he shaded his face with his hands, and steadily perused the figures among the coals with a most pleasant countenance. The room was small, neat, and comfortable, for the notary prospered, in his humble way, and seeking only comfort found it, and was content.

Suddenly a violent knocking at the

door aroused him from his reverie, and he heard his old servant rushing to open it. In a moment, two persons were ushered into the room, and the notary leaped to his feet in astonishment at the extraordinary scene before him. Had a thunderbolt cloven the roof, and passed through his hearth to its grave in the center of the globe, or had the trees that nodded their naked branches without the window commenced a dance upon the snowy ground, he had not been more surprised.

Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, and Madame Pierre Lavalles stood inside the doorway. Never had Monsieur Perron seen them before, as he saw them now. Like turtle-doves, with smiling eyes, and affectionate caress, they had lived in happy harmony during the seven months of their married life, and motherly dames, when they gave their daughters away, bade them prosper and be pleasant in their union, as they had been joyous in their love, pleasant and joyous, as neighbor Lavalles and his wife.

Now, Pierre stood red and angry, with his right arm extended, gesticulating towards his wife. Julie stood red and angry, with her left arm extended, gesticulating toward her husband. Eyes that had only radiated smiles, flashed with fierce passion, as the turtle-doves remained near the door, each endeavoring to anticipate the other in some address to the worthy notary. He, aghast and perplexed, waited for the *dénouement*.

"Madame," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "allow me to speak."

"Monsieur," said Madame Pierre Lavalles, "I insist—"

"But Madame, it is my —"

"But, Monsieur, I say I will."

"And yet I will."

"But no —"

"Madame, I shall."

"Then be careful what you do; M. Perron, M. Lavalles is mad."

Then the lady, having thus emphatically declared herself, resigned the right of speech to her husband, who began to jerk out in disconnected phrases a statement of his case. Seven days ago he had annoyed his wife by some incautious word; she had annoyed him by an incautious answer; he had made matters worse by an aggravated retort; and she had widened the breach by a bitter reply. This little squall was succeeded by a cool calm, and that by a sullen silence, until some sudden friction kindled a new flame, and finally, after successive storms and lulls, there burst forth a furious conflagration, and in the violent collision of their anger the seven months' married pair vowed to separate, and with that resolve had visited M. Perron. Reconciliation they declared was beyond possibility, and they requested the notary at once to draw up the documents that should consign them to different homes, to subsist on a divided patrimony, in loveless and unhappy marriage. Each told a tale in turn, and the manner of relation added fuel to the anger of the other. The man and the woman seemed to have leaped out of their nature in the accession of their passions. Pity that a quarrel should ever dilate thus, from a cloud the size of a man's hand to a thunder-storm that covers heaven with its black and dismal canopy.

Neither would listen to reason. The duty of the notary was to prepare the process by which they were to be separated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will arrange the affair for you; but you are acquainted with the laws of France in this respect?"

"I know nothing of the law," replied M. Pierre Lavalles,

"Madame," said the notary, "your wish shall be complied with. But you know what the law says on this head?"

"I never read a law book," sharply

ejaculated Madame Pierre Lavalles.

"Then," resumed the notary, "the case is this. You must return to your house, and I will proceed to settle the proceedings with the Judicatory Court at Paris. They are very strict. You must furnish me with all the documents relative to property."

"I have them here," put in the husband, by way of parenthesis.

"And the whole affair including correspondence, preparation of instruments, &c., will be settled in less than three months."

"Three months?"

"Three months. Yes, in less than three months."

"Then I will live with a friend at the village, until it is finished," said Madame Lavalles, in a decided, peremptory tone, usual with ladies when they are a little ashamed of themselves,—or any one else.

"Oh, very well, Madame,—oh, very well."

"Not at all well, Madame; not at all well, Monsieur," said the notary, with a solid, immovable voice. "You must live as usual. If you doubt my knowledge of the law, you will, by reading through these seven books, find that this fact is specified."

But the irritated couple were not disposed to undertake the somniferous task, and shortly left the house, as they had come, walking the same way, but at a distance of a yard or so one from another.

Two months and twenty-seven days had passed, when the notary issued from his house, and proceeded toward the house where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles dwelt. Since the fatal night I have described, he had not encountered them, and he now, with a bland face and confident head, approached the dwelling.

It was a pretty place. Passing through the sunny vineyards where the spring was just calling out the leaves, and the young shoots in their

tints of tender green were sprouting in the warmth of a pleasant day; the notary entered a garden. Here the flowers, in infant bloom, had prepared the earth for the coming season, for summer in her gay attire was tripping from the south, and as she passed, nature wove garlands to adorn her head, and wreaths about her arms. Early blossoms lent sweetness to the breath of the idle winds that loitered in this delightful spot, and the fair young primrose was sown over the parterres, with other flowers of spring, the most delicate and softly fragrant, that come to live their hour in modesty and safety, while the earth affords them room, and before the bright and gaudy bloom of a riper season eclipses their beauty, bidding them, blushing, close their petals.

Early roses twined on either side the porch, and as the notary entered, nothing struck him more than the neat and cheerful appearance of the place. A demoiselle ushered him into a little parlor, where Monsieur Pierre Lavalles and Madame Julie Lavalles, had just sat down to partake breakfast.

A small table was drawn up close to the open window, and vernal breezes found welcome in the chamber. A snowy cloth hung down to the well-polished floor, and tall white cups were placed upon it to rival it in purity and grace. Cakes of bread, such bread as is only had in France, with delicious butter, and rich brown foaming coffee frothed with cream, were spread before them, and a basket of fresh spring flowers, sparkling with dew and beautifully odorous, scented the whole chamber with a delicate perfume.

The husband and wife sat side by side, with pleasant looks, and so engaged in light and amiable conversation, that they hardly noticed the entrance of the notary. The storm had vanished and left no trace. Flushes of

anger, flashes of spite, quick breathings, and disordered looks—all these had passed, and now smiles, and eyes lit only with kindness, and bosoms beating with calm content, and looks all full of love, were alone to be observed.

When M. Antoine Perron entered, they started; at length, and then recollecting his mission, blushed crimson, looked one at another, and then at the ground, awaiting his address.

"Monsieur, and Madame," said the notary, "according to your desires I come with all the documents necessary for your separation, and the division of your property. They only want your signature, and we will call in your servant to be witness."

"Stay," exclaimed Madame Julie, laughing at her husband, "Pierre, explain to M. Perron."

"Ah, Monsieur Perron," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "we had forgotten that, and hoped you had also. Say not a word of it to any one."

"No, not a word," said Madame Julie. "We never quarreled but once since we married, and we never mean to quarrel again."

"Not unless you provoke it," said Monsieur Lavalles, audaciously. "But M. Perron, you will take breakfast with us?"

"You're a wicked wretch," said Madame Julie, tapping him on the cheek. "After breakfast, M. Perron, we will sign the papers."

"After breakfast," said M. Pierre Lavalles, "we will burn them."

"We shall see," said the notary. "Sign them or burn them. Madame Julie Lavalles, your coffee is charming."

After seven months' harmony, do not let seven days' quarrel destroy the happiness of home. Do not follow the directions of a person in a passion. Allow him to cool and consider his purpose.

RAPHAEL'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

I sat alone one winter's night—

A cheerful fire within the room—
Threw o'er the hearth a cheerful light,
But left the shade in deeper gloom

And while I traced the quivering beams
That danced along the lofty wall—
Long buried memories 'woke—and gleams
Of hopes and joys forgotten all—

Came hurrying back—distinct and clear
Sad contrasts with my actual life ;
Those dreams of love and beauty dear,
Those years with woe and sorrow rife !

Still deeper grew the shades of night—
Still louder wailed the winter's blast
Still dimmer fell the red fire light,
As thronged those spectres of the past.

Oh ! 'twas a dark and bitter hour !
In all the helplessness of grief
I wept—as memory's cruel power
Twined slowly o'er each treasured leaf.

Yet from the dust of buried time
There sprang one flower of fadeless hue
One blossom of a heavenly clime
Still moistened with its morning dew.

'Twas young ambition—strong and sure
Within my heart the passion sprang
Ambition mad and wild, but pure—
And this the song the syren sang.

1

Thy young life has been all sorrow.
When thy sad eyes close in sleep,
No bright visions of the morrow
Thro' thy dreams their vigils keep.

2

Thou hast loved and been beloved,
But that love is blighted now,
And a long sad tale is proved
By the shadow on thy brow.

3

Would'st thou find relief from sadness,
Would'st thou cheer the fellow on,
Would'st thou know thy heartfelt gladness
That results from duty done ?

4

Thou hast learned a bitter lesson,
Thou hast read life's history well,
Now go forth upon the mission,
And thy sad experience tell.

5

Oh speak of friendship broken,
Of deceit and of the grave ;
And the sad truth " fitly spoken—"
May from anguish many save."

6

Let thy song be as befitting
One whose errors are forgiven.
One who earthly cares forgetting
Rests his hope—his all in Heaven.

The mandate of that trumpet tone
Is haunting yet my lonely thought,
And if perchance one heart alone,
By my few warning words be taught

I am content—without a fear,
I now press onward to the strife,
Owning no secret thought too dear,
To lighten the dark path of Life.

July 10, 1850.

RAPHAEL.

TO A LADY.

Lady ! the dark, cold night
Of grief and sorrow,
That knows no cheerful light,
No sun-bright morrow —
Is gathering round my heart,
In gloom and tears;
That will not, cannot part,
For long, long years.

There is no resting-place,
Cold, dark and deep :
Where grief shall leave no trace,
And misery sleep.
Would I were slumbering there,
From life's sad dream,
The tempest's cold, bleak air,
My requiem.

THE WOLF CHASE.

During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this state, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, forgetting all the while time and distance in the luxurious sense of the gliding motion—thinking of nothing in the easy flight, but rather dreaming, as I looked through the transparent ice at the long weeds and cresses that nodded in the current beneath, and seemed wrestling with the waves to let them go; or I would follow on the track of some fox or otter, and run my skate along the mark he had left with his dragging tail until the trail would enter the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight, and it was on one of these occasions that I had a rencounter, which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous looking-over-my-shoulder feeling.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kenebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Your mind would wonder at the light that came glit-

tering from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusts branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the Kenebec, that like a jewelled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing that moved. Even the ringing of my skates on the ice echoed back from the Moccasin Hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice as I passed over it in my course seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within, but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness: my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. I thought how often the Indian hunter had concealed himself behind these very trees—how often his arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and his wild halloo had here rung for his victory. And then, turning from fancy to reality, I watched a couple of white owls, that sat in their hooded state, with ruffled pantalets and long ear-tabs, debating in silent conclave the affairs of their frozen realm, and wondering if they, "for all their feathers, were a-cold," when suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to

come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as if a fiend had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly, and not of spiritual nature—my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly doubled in speed to my own. By this great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.

"With their long gallop, which can tire
The deer-hound's hate, the hunter's fire,"

they pursue their prey—never straying from the track of their victim—and as the wearied hunter thinks he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they but waited for the evening

to seize their prey, and falls a prize to the tireless animals.

The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back, I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they never should see me, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came: I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn

on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near: for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except on a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close to my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping upon their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals getting more excited and baffled.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my fierce antagonists came so near, that they threw the white foam over my dress, as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap. Had my skates failed for

one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice, the story I am now telling would not have been told. I thought all the chances over; I knew where they would first take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died, and when there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dead colors of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

But soon I came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them, and then I would have protectors that would be peers to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described.

But even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine, without thinking of that snuffling breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sometimes the heart grows weary with the load

Of efforts fruitless grown, and withered hopes,
Of love that sought in vain to pour itself
Freely and fully forth into the hearts
Of others, God's appointed cups for love;
Sometimes the heart grows weary with the
sight [souls,
those whom God made men with living

Groveling, if not in crime, in vice—if not
In vice, in that rank emptiness and sloth
That rot souls piecemeal even ere they kill;
Sometimes the heart grows weary with the
din

Of wealth, and cry of want, and sullen laugh
Of holy sorrow curdling into hate,—
Ay, with that groan of universal woe
Where with the whole creation, as of yore,
Travailleth in pain together until now;
Sometimes the heart grows weary, very weary.

And then the Small Voice saith, "Sow in
 faith
 Sow the good seed! another after thee
 Shall reap. Hast thou not garnered many
 fruits
 Of others' sowing, whom thou knewest not?
 Canst tell how many struggles, sufferings,
 tears,
 All unrecorded, unremembered all,
 Have gone to build up what thou hast of good?
 Canst tell how many died, that thou shouldst
 pray
 All unrecorded, unremembered. . . Nay,
 Not unrecorded all, even though forgotten;
 The seed thou sowest, is it thine to say,
 'I will or will not sow it,' as it falls
 Ripe with all blessing from that fruitful cross,
 That tree of life, rich with His blood?"

"Up, man!
 Up, worthless one! up in God's strength! go
 forth!
 Go! treasure up for joy each smallest woe,
 Each baffled hope, each callous sneer each
 threat
 Of evil undeserved, each idle jest [smile
 Blasting the point of truth, each cold smooth
 Freedom the love that would be! Treasure
 these,
 I say; these be thy precious cross; by these
 Bless God if thou canst suffer for His sake!"

"Faint not. 'Tis much only to sow good
 seed.
 'Tis much to sow that which another reapeth.
 And many daily sow, marked well of God.
 Who, having sown, do faint, and He forgiveth!
 Yet is it more to sow, and not to faint.
 'In due time we shall reap, if we faint not;
 And 'they that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.'"

For Wellman's Miscellany.

The Voice of Freedom in Europe.

BY ALFRED G. OTIS.

A voice on the mountains, a voice by the sea,
 A voice of the millions that sigh to be free,
 On the shores of the Baltic its echoes sound out,
 And the vales of the South bring back the wild
 shout,
 Where garlands of flowers the Greek maids twine,
 And far on the banks of the beautiful Rhine;

Where the hunter comes out from his mountain cell,
 To roam o'er the hills where the chamois dwell,
 Where lonely and lovely the streamlets flow
 Mid the cliffs that are white with the Alpine snow;
 The spirit of man from its slumber is waking.
 On its ages of night the morning is breaking.

'Tis the old man's prayer as he stands by his grave,
 That his land may no more be the land of the slave
 'Tis the prayer of the youth in childhood's sweet
 hour,
 That God would cut off the fetters of power,

And man's stalwart form is armed for the fray,
 And his eagle eye gleams as he hastes away.

Like the wreck on the deep when the rocks are
 nigh,
 Like the foam of the surge that beats on high,
 The thrones of the despots tost and torn,
 By the march of the free shall down be borne.
 The wreck 'neath the wave, the foam to the shore.
 And the days of the tyrant are known a no more.
 ANN ARBOR, DEC. 29. 1850.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought be up and stirring
 Night and day;
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
 CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of action! aid and cheer them
 As ye may.
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow,
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray;
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say,
 What the unimagined glories of the day!
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray!
 Aid the dawning; tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it paper, aid it type;
 Aid it; for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play,
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wring to crumble
 Into clay,
 Lo! the right's about to conquer—
 CLEAR THE WAY!

With that right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey,
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 CLEAR THE WAY!

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BY RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

FROM the beginning of our intellectual history, women have done far more than their share in both creation and construction. The worshipful Mrs. Bradstreet, who two hundred years ago held her court of wit among the classic groves of Harvard, was in her day—the day in which Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton sung—the finest poet of her sex whose verse was in the English language; and there was little extravagance in the title bestowed by her London admirers, when they printed her works as those “of the Tenth Muse, recently sprung up in America.” In the beginning of the present century we had no bard to dispute the crown with Elizabeth Townsend, whose “Ode to Liberty” commanded the applause of Southey and Wordsworth in their best days; whose “Omnipresence of the Deity” is declared by Dr. Cheever to be worthy of those great poets or of Coleridge; and who still lives, beloved and revered, in venerable years, the last of one of the most distinguished families of New England.

More recently, Maria Brooks, called in *The Doctor* “*Maria del Occidente*,” burst upon the world with “Zophiel,” that splendid piece of imagination and passion which stands, the vindication of the subtlety, power and comprehension of the genius of woman, justifying by comparison, the skepticism of Lamb when he suggested, to the author of “*The Excursion*,” whether the sex had “ever produced anything so great.” Of our living and more strictly contemporary female poets, we mention with unhesitating pride Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs.

Oakes Smith, Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Welby, Alice Carey, “Edith May,” Miss Lynch, and Miss Clarke, as poets of a genuine inspiration, displaying native powers and capacities in art such as in all periods have been held sufficient to insure to their possessors lasting fame, and to the nations which they adorned, the most desirable glory.

It is Longfellow who says,

———“What we admire in woman,
Is her affection, not her intellect.”

The sentiment is unworthy a poet, the mind as well as the heart claims sympathy, and there is no sympathy but in equality; we need in woman the completion of our own natures; that her finer, clearer, and purer vision should pierce for us the mysteries that are hidden from our own senses, strengthened, but dulled, in the rude shocks of the out-door world, from which she is screened, by her pursuits to be the minister of God to us: to win us by the beautiful to whatever in the present life or the immortal is deserving a great ambition. We care little for any of the mathematicians, metaphysicians, or politicians, who, as shamelessly as Helen, quit their sphere. Intellect in woman, so directed, we do not admire, and of affection such women are incapable.—There is something divine in woman, and she whose true vocation it is to write, has some sort of inspiration, which relieves her from the processes and accidents of knowledge, to display only wisdom in all the range of gentleness, and all the forms of grace. The equality of the sexes is one of the

absurd questions which have arisen from a denial of the *distinctions* of their faculties and duties—of the masculine energy from the feminine refinement. The ruder sort of women cannot comprehend that there is a distinction, not of dignity, but of kind; and so, casting aside their own eminence, for which they are too base, and seeking after ours for which they are too weak, they are hermaphroditish disturbers of the peace of both.—In the main our American women are free from this reproach; they have known their mission, and have carried on the threads of civility through the years, so strained that they have been melodiously vocal with every breath of passion from the common heart. We turn from the jar of senates, from politics, theologies, philosophies, and all forms of intellectual trial and conflict, to that portion of our literature which they have given us, coming like dews and flowers after glaciers and rocks, in the hush of music after the tragedy, silence and rest after turmoil of action. The home where love is refined and elevated by intellect, and woman, by her separate and never superfluous or clashing mental activity, sustains her part in the life-harmony, is the vestibule of heaven to us; and there we hear the poetesses repeat the songs to which they have listened, when wandering nearer than we may go to the world in which humanity shall be perfect again, by the union in all of all power and goodness and beauty.

The finest intelligence that woman has in our time brought to the ministry of the beautiful, is no longer with us. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD died in New-York, at fifteen minutes before three o'clock, in the afternoon of Sunday, the twelfth of May, 1850. These words swept like a surge of sadness wherever there was grace and gentleness, and sweet affections. All that was in her life was womanly,

“pure womanly,” and so is all in the undying words she left us. This is her distinction.

Mrs. Osgood was of a family of poets. Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, whose abilities are illustrated in a volume of “Poems and Juvenile Sketches” published in 1830, is a daughter of her mother; Mrs. E. D. Harrington, the author of various graceful compositions in verse and prose, is her youngest sister; and Mr. A. A. Locke a brilliant and elegant writer, for many years connected with the public journals, was her brother. She was a native of Boston, where her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a highly accomplished merchant. Her earlier life, however, was passed principally in Hingham, a village of peculiar beauty, well calculated to arouse the dormant poetry of the soul; and here, even in childhood, she became noted for her poetical powers. In their exercise she was rather aided than discouraged by her parents, who were proud of her genius and sympathized with all her aspirations. The unusual merit of some of her first productions attracted the notice of Mrs. Child, who was then editing a Juvenile Miscellany, and who foresaw the reputation which her young contributor afterwards acquired. Employing the *nomme de plume* of “Florence,” she made it widely familiar by her numerous contributions in the Miscellany, as well as, subsequently, for other periodicals.

In 1834, she became acquainted with Mr. S. S. Osgood, the painter—a man of genius in his profession—whose life of various adventure is full of romantic interest; and while, soon after, she was sitting for a portrait, the artist told her his strange vicissitudes by sea and land; how as a sailor-boy he had climbed the dizzy maintop in the storm; how, in Europe he followed with his palette in the

rack of the flute-playing Goldsmith :
and among the

Antres vast and deserts idle,
Sough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven.

of South America, had found in pictures of the crucifixion, and of the Liberator Bolivar—the rude productions of his untaught pencil—passports to the hearts of the peasant; the partizan, and the robber. She listened, like the fair Venetian; they were married, and soon after went to London, where Mr. Osgood had sometime before been a pupil of the Royal Academy.

During this residence in the Great Metropolis, which lasted four years, Mr. Osgood was successful in his art-painting portraits of Lord Lyndhurst, Thomas Campbell, Mrs. Norton, and many other distinguished characters, which secured for him an enviable reputation—and Mrs. Osgood made herself known by her contributions to the magazines, by a miniature volume, entitled “The Casket of Fate,” and by the collection of her poems published by Edward Churton, in 1839, under the title of “A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New-England. She was now about twenty-seven years of age, and this volume contained all her early compositions which then met the approval of her judgment. Among them are many pieces of grace and beauty, such as belong to joyous and hopeful girlhood, and one, of a more ambitious character, under the name of “Elfrida”—a dramatic poem, founded upon incidents in early English history—in which there are signs of more strength and tenderness, and promise of greater achievement, though it is without the unity and proportion necessary to eminent success in this kind of writing.

Among her attached friends here—a circle that included the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hosford, the Rev. Ho-

bart Canter, Archdeacon Wrangham, the late W. Cooke Taylor, L. L. D., and many others known in the various departments of literature—was the most successful dramatist of the age, James Sheridan Knowles, who was so much pleased with “Elfrida,” and so confident that her abilities in this line, if duly cultivated, would enable her to win distinction, that he urged upon her the composition of a comedy, promising himself to superintend its production on the stage. She accordingly wrote “the Happy Release, or the Triumphs of Love,” a play in three acts, which was accepted, and was to have been brought out as soon as she could change slightly one of the scenes, to suit the views of the manager as to effect, when intelligence of the death of her father suddenly recalled her to the United States, and thoughts of writing for the stage were abandoned for new interests and new pursuits.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood arrived in Boston early in 1840, and they soon after came to New-York, where they afterward resided; though occasionally absent, as the pursuit of his profession, or ill health, called Mr. Osgood to other parts of the country.—Mrs. Osgood was engaged in various literary occupations. She edited, among other books, “The Poetry of Flowers, and Flowers of Poetry,” (New-York, 1841,) and “The Floral Offering,” (Philadelphia, 1847,) two richly embellished souvenirs; and she was an industrious and very popular writer for the literary magazines and other miscellanies.

She was always of a fragile constitution, easily acted upon by whatever affects health, and in her latter years, except in the more genial seasons of the spring and autumn, was frequently an invalid. In the winter of 1847-8, she suffered more than ever previously, but the next winter she was better, and her husband, who

was advised by his physicians to discontinue, for a while, the practice of his profession, availed himself of the opportunity to go in pursuit of health and riches to the mines of the Pacific. He left New-York on the fifth of February, 1849, and was absent one year. Mrs. Osgood's health was variable during the summer which she passed chiefly at Saratoga Springs, in the company of a family of intimate friends; and as the colder months came on, her strength decayed, so that before the close of November, she was confined to her apartments. She bore her sufferings with resignation, and her natural hopefulness cheered her all the while, with remembrances that she had before come out with the flowers and the bracing airs, and dreams that she would again be in the world with nature. Two or three weeks before her death, her husband carried her in his arms, like a child, to a new home, and she was happier than she had been for months, in the excitement of selecting its furniture, brought in specimens or patterns to her 'bed-side.' "*We shall be so happy!*" was her salutation to the few friends who were admitted to see her; but they saw, and her physicians saw, that her life was ebbing fast, and that she would never, never again see the books and green fields for which she pined, nor even any of the apartments but the one she occupied of her own house. I wrote the terrible truth to her, in studiously gentle words, reminding her that in heaven there is richer and more delicious beauty, that there is no discord in the sweet sounds there, no poison in the perfume of the flowers there, and that they know not any sorrow who are with Our Father. She read the brief note almost to the end silently, and then turned upon her pillow like a child, and wept the last tears that were in a fountain which had flowed for every

grief but hers she ever knew. "I cannot leave my beautiful home," she said, looking about upon the souvenirs of many an affectionate recollection; "and my noble husband, and Lily and May!" These last are her children. But the sentence was confirmed by other friends, and she resigned herself to the will of God.—The next evening but one, a young girl went to amuse her, by making paper flowers for her, and teaching her to make them: and she wrote to her these verses—her dying song:

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you none can say
Save only the All-seeing.

*I'm going through the Eternal gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And it is sweet to go.*

MAY 7TH, 1850.

At the end of five days, in the afternoon of Sunday, the twelfth of May, as gently as one goes to sleep she withdrew into a better world.

On Tuesday, her remains were removed to Boston, to be interred in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. It was a beautiful day, in the fulness of the spring, mild and calm, and clouded to a solemn shadow. In the morning, as the company of the dead and living started, the birds were singing what seemed to her friends a sadder song than they were wont to sing; and, as the cars flew fast on the long way, the trees bowed their luxuriant foliage, and the flowers in the verdant fields were swung slowly on their stems, filling the air with the gentlest fragrance; and the streams, it was fancied, checked their turbulent speed to move in sympathy, as from the heart of Nature tears might flow for a dead worshipper. God was thanked that all the elements were ordered so, that sweetest incense, and such natural music, and reverent aspect of the silent world, should wait upon her, as so many hearts did, in this last

journey. She slept all the while, nor waked when, in the evening, in her native city, a few familiar faces bent above her, with difficult looks through tears, and scarcely audible words, to bid farewell to her. On Wednesday she was buried, with some dear ones who had gone before her—beside her mother and her daughter—in that City of Rest, more sacred now than all before her made it, to those whose spirits are attuned to Beauty or to Sorrow—those twin sisters, so rarely parted, until the last has led the first to Heaven.

The character of Mrs. Osgood, to those who were admitted to its more minute observance, illustrated the finest and highest qualities of intelligence and virtue. In her manners, there was an almost infantile gaiety and vivacity, with the utmost simplicity and gentleness, and an unflinching and indefectable grace, that seemed an especial gift of nature, unattainable, and possessed only by her and the creatures of our imaginations whom we call the angels. The delicacy of her organization was such that she had always the quick sensibility of childhood. The magnetism of life was round about her, and her astonishingly impressible faculties were vital in every part, with a polarity towards beauty, all the various and changing rays of which entered into her consciousness, and were refracted in her conversation and action. Though, from the generosity of her nature, exquisitely sensible to applause, she had none of those immoralities of the intellect, which impair the nobleness of impulse—no unworthy pride, or vanity, or selfishness—nor was her will ever swayed from the line of truth, except as the action of the judgment may sometimes have been irregular from the feverish play of feeling. Her friendships were quickly formed, but limited by the number of genial hearts

brought within the sphere of her knowledge and sympathy. Probably there was never a woman of whom it might be said more truly that to her own sex she was an object almost of worship. She was looked upon for her simplicity, purity, and childlike want of worldly tact or feeling, with involuntary affection; listened to, for her freshness, grace, and brilliancy, with admiration; and remembered, for her unselfishness, quick sympathy, devotedness, capacity of suffering, and high aspirations, with a sentiment approaching reverence. This regard which she inspired in women was not only shown by the most constant and delicate attentions in society, where she was always the most loved and honored guest, but it is recorded in the letters and other writings of many of her most eminent contemporaries, who saw in her an angel, haply in exile, the sweetness and natural wisdom of whose life elevated her far above all jealousies, and made her the pride and boast and glory of womanhood. Many pages might be filled with their tributes, which seem surely the most heartfelt that mortal ever gave to mortal, but the limits of this sketch of her will suffer only a few and very brief quotations from her correspondence.—Unquestionably one of the most brilliant literary women of our time is Miss Clarke, so well known as "Grace Greenwood." She wrote of Mrs. Osgood with no more earnestness than others wrote of her, yet in a letter to the "Home Journal," in 1846, she says:

And how are the critical Cæsars, one after another, "giving" in to the graces, and fascinations, and soft enchantments of this Cleopatra of song. She charms lions to sleep, with her silver lute, and then throws around them the delicate net-work of her exquisite fancy, and lo! when they wake

they are well content in their silken-prison.

'From the tips of her pen a melody flows,
Sweet as the nightingale sings to the rose'.

"With her beautiful Italian soul—with her impulse, and wild energy, and exuberant fancy, and glowing passionateness—and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond-tree casting off its blossoms, she flings abroad her heart-tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen now before the people. Heaven bless her, and grant her ever, as now, to have laurels on her brows, and to browse on her laurels! Were I the President of these United States, I would immortalize my brief term of office by the crowning of our Corinna, at the Capitol."

And about the same period, having been introduced to her, she referred to the event:

"It seems like a 'pleasant vision of the night' that I have indeed seen 'the idol of my early dreams,' that I have been within the charmed circle of her real presence, sat by her very side, and lovingly watched the shadow of each feeling that moved her soul, glance o'er that radiant face!"

And writing to her:

"Dear Mrs. Osgood, let me lay this sweet weight off my heart—look down into my eyes—believe me—long, long before we met, I loved you, with a strange, almost passionate love. You were my literary idol: I repeated some of your poems so often, that their echo never had time to die away; your earlier, bird-like warblings so chimed in with the joyous beatings of my heart, that it seemed it, could not throb without them; and when you raised 'your lightning glance to heaven,' and sang your loftiest song,

the liquid notes fell upon my soul like baptismal waters. With an 'intense and burning,' almost unwomanly ambition, I have still joyed in your success, and gloried in your glory; and all because Love laid its reproving finger on the lip of Envy. I cannot tell you how much this romantic interest has deepened,

"Now I have looked upon thy face,
Have felt thy twining arms' embrace,
Thy very bosom's swell
One moment leaved this brow of mine
On song's sweet ource, and love's
pure shrine,
And music's magic cell!"

Another friend of hers, Miss Hunter, whose pleasing contributions to our literature are well known, probably on account of some misapprehension, had not visited her for several months, but hearing of her illness she wrote:

"Learning this, by chance, I have summoned courage once more to address you—overcoming my fear of being intrusive, and offering as my apology the simple assertion that it is my heart prompts me. Till to-day pride has checked me: but you are 'very ill,' and I can no longer resist the impulse. With the assurance that I will never again trouble you, that now I neither ask nor expect the slightest response, suffer me thus to steal to your presence, to sit beside your bed, and for the last time to speak of a love that has followed you through months of separation, rejoicing when you have rejoiced, and mourning when you have mourned. You know how, from childhood, I have worshipped you, that since our first meeting you have been my idol, the realization of my dreams; and do not suppose that because I have failed to inspire you with a lasting interest, I shall ever feel for you a less deep or less fervent devotion. The blame or misfortune of our estrangement I have always regarded as only

mise. I know I have seemed indifferent when I panted for expression. You have thought me unsympathizing when my every nerve thrilled to your words. I have lived in comparative seclusion; I have an unconquerable reserve, induced by such an experience; and when I have been with you my soul has had no voice.

"The time has been when I could not bear the thought of never regaining your friendship in this world—when I would say 'The years! oh, the years of this earth-life, that must pass so slowly!' And when I saw any new poem of yours, I experienced the most sad emotions,—every word I read was so like you, it seemed as if you had passed through the room, speaking to others near me kindly, but regarding me coldly, or not seeing me. But one day I read in a book by Miss Bremer, 'It is a sad experience, who can describe its bitterness! when we see the friend on whom we have built for eternity, grow cold, and become lost to us.—But believe it not, thou loving, sorrowing soul—believe it not! continue thyself only, and the moment will come when thy friend will return to thee. Yes, *there* where all delusions cease, thy friend will find thee again, in a higher light,—will acknowledge thee and unite herself to thee forever.' And I took this assurance to my heart. We may meet in heaven, if not here. I shall not go to see you, though my heart is wrung by this intelligence of your illness. So good-bye, darling! May good angels who have power to bless you, linger around your pillow with as much love as I shall feel for you forever.

"March 6, 1859."

I have been permitted to transcribe this letter, and among Mrs. Osgood's papers that have been confided to me are very many such, evincing a devotion from women that could have

been won only by the most angelic qualities of intellect and feeling.

It was the custom in the last century, when there was among authors more of the *esprit du corps* than now, for poets to greet each other's appearance in print with complimentary verses, celebrating the qualities for which the seeker after bays was most distinguished. Thus in 1729, we find the *Omnium Opera* of John Duke of Buckingham prefaced by "testimonials of authors concerning His Grace and his writings;" and the names of Garth, Roscommon, Dryden, and Prior, are among his endorsers. There have been a few instances of the kind in this country, of which the most noticeable is that of Cotton Mather, in whose *Magnalia* there is a curious display of erudition and poetical ingenuity, in gratulatory odes. The literary journals of the last few years furnish many such tributes to Mrs. Osgood, which are interesting to her friends for their illustration of the personal regard in which she was held. I cannot quote them here; they alone would fill a volume, as others might be filled with the copies of verses privately addressed to her, all through her life, from the period when, like a lovely vision, she first beamed upon society, till the last season, in which the salutations in assemblies she had frequented were followed by saddest inquiries for the absent and dying poetess. They but repeat, with more or less felicity, the graceful praise of Mrs. Hewitt, in a poem upon her portrait:

She dwells amid the world's dark ways
Pure as in childhood's hours;
And all her thoughts are poetry.
And all her words are flowers.

Or that of another, addressed to her:

Thou wouldst be loved? then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything, which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.

Be with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

Among men, generally, such gentleness, and sweetness of temper, joined to such grace and wit, could not fail of making her equally beloved and admired. She was the keeper of secrets, the counsellor in difficulties, the ever wise missionary and industrious toiler, for all her friends; she would brave any privation to alleviate another's sufferings; she never spoke ill of any one; and when others assailed, she was the most prompt of all in generous argument. An eminent statesman having casually met her in Philadelphia, afterward described her to a niece of his who was visiting that city:

"If you have opportunity do not fail to become acquainted with Mrs. Osgood. I have never known such a woman. She continually surprised me by the strength and subtlety of her understanding, in which I only looked for sportiveness and delicacy. She is entirely a child of nature, and Mrs. ———, who introduced me to her, and who has known her many years I believe, very intimately, declares that she is an angel. Persuade her to Washington, and promise her everything you and all of us can do for her pleasure here."

For her natural gaiety, her want of a certain worldly tact, and other reasons, the determinations she sometimes formed that she would be a housekeeper, were regarded as fit occasions of jesting, and among the letters sent to her when once she ventured upon the ambitious office is one by her early and always devoted friend, Governor ———, in which we have glimpses of her domestic qualities

"It is not often that I waste fine paper in writing to people who do

not think me worth answering. I generally reserve my 'ornamental hand' for those who return two letters for my one. But you are an exception to all rules,—and when I heard that you were about to commence *housekeeping*, I could not forbear sending a word of congratulation and encouragement. I have long thought that your eminently *practical* turn of mind, my dear friend, would find congenial employment in superintending an 'establishment' What a house you will keep! nothing out of place, from garret to cellar—dinner always on the table at the regular hour—everything like clock-work; and wo to the servant who attempts to steal anything from your store-room! wo to the butcher who attempts to impose upon you a bad-joint, or the grocer who attempts to cheat you in the weight of sugar! Such things never will do with you! When I first heard of your project, I thought it must be Ellen or May going to play housekeeping with their baby-things, but on a moment's reflection I was convinced that you knew more about managing for a family than either of them—certainly more than May, and I think, upon the whole, more than even Ellen! Let Mr. Osgood paint you with a bunch of keys in your belt, and do send me a daguerreotype of yourself the day after you are installed."

She was not indeed fitted for such cares, or for any routine, and ill health and the desire of freedom prevented her again making such an attempt until she finally entered "her own home" to die.

There was a very intimate relation between Mrs. Osgood's personal and her literary characteristics. She has frequently failed of justice, from critics but superficially acquainted with her works, because they have not been able to understand how a mind capable of the sparkling and graceful

trifles, illustrating an exhaustless fancy and a natural melody of language, with which she amused society in moments of half capricious gaiety or tenderness, could produce a class of compositions which demand imagination and passion. In considering this subject, it should not be forgotten that these attributes are here to be regarded as in their feminine development.

Mrs. Osgood was, perhaps, as deserving as any one of whom we read in literary history, of the title of improvisatrice. Her beautiful songs, displaying so truly the most delicate lights and shadows of woman's heart, and surprising by their unity, completeness, and rhythmical perfection, were written with almost the fluency of conversation. The secret of this was in the wonderful sympathy between her emotions and faculties, both of exquisite sensibility, and subject to the influences of whatever has power upon the subtler and diviner qualities of human nature. Her facility in invention, in the use of poetical language, and in giving form to every airy dream of breath of passion, was astonishing. It is most true of men, that no one has ever attained to the highest reach of his capacities in any art—and least of all in poetry—without labor—without the application of the "second thought," after the frenzy of the divine afflatus is passed—in giving polish and shapely grace. The imagination is the servant of the reason; the creative faculties present their triumphs to the constructive—and the seal to the attainable is set, by every one, in repose and meditation. But this is scarcely a law of the feminine intelligence, which, when really endowed with genius, is apt to move spontaneously, and at once, with its greatest perfection. Certainly, Mrs. Osgood disclaimed the wrestling of thought with expression. For the

most part of her poems cost her as little effort or reflection, as the epigram or touching sentiment that summoned laughter or tears to the group about her in the drawing-room.

She was indifferent to fame; she sung simply in conformity to a law of her existence; and perhaps this want of interest was the cause not only of the most striking faults in her compositions, but likewise of the common ignorance of their variety and extent. Accustomed from childhood to the use of the pen—resorting to it through a life continually exposed to the excitements of gaiety and change, or the depressions of affliction and care, she strewed along her way with a prodigality almost unexampled the choicest flowers of feeling: left them unconsidered and unclaimed in the repositories of friendship, or under fanciful names, which she herself had forgotten, in newspapers and magazines,—in which they were sure to be recognized by some one, and so the purpose of their creation fulfilled. It was therefore very difficult to make any such collection of her works as justly to display her powers and their activity; and the more so, that those effusions of hers which were likely to be most characteristic, and of the rarest excellence, were least liable to exposure in printed forms, by the friends, widely scattered in Europe and America, for whom they were written. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, the works of Mrs. Osgood with which we are acquainted, are more voluminous than those of Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Norton. Besides the "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," which appeared during her residence in London, a collection of her poems in one volume was published in New York in 1846; and in 1849, Mr. Hart, of Philadelphia, gave to the public, in a large octavo illustrated by our best

artists and equalling or surpassing in its tasteful and costly style any work before issued from the press of this country, the most complete and judiciously edited collection of them that has appeared. This edition, however contains less than half of her printed pieces which she acknowledged; and among those which are omitted are a tragedy, a comedy, a great number of piquant and ingenious *vers de société*, and several sacred pieces, which strike us as among, the best writings of their kind in our literature, which in this department, we may admit, is more distinguishable for the profusion than for the quality of its fruits.

Mrs. Osgood's definition of poetry that it is the rhythmical creation of beauty, is as old as Sydney; and though on some grounds objectionable, it is, perhaps, on the whole, as just as any that the critics have given us. An intelligent examination, in the light of this principle, of what she accomplished, will, it is believed, show that she was, in the general, of the first rank of female poets; while in her special domain, of the Poetry of the Affections, she had scarcely a rival among women or men. As Pinckney said,

Affections were as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours—

Her feelings had the fragrant and freshness of young flowers.

Of love, she sung with tenderness and delicacy, a wonderful richness of fancy, and rhythms that echo all the cadences of feeling. From the arch-mockery of the triumphant and careless conqueror, to the most passionate prayer of the despairing, every variety and height and depth of hope and fear and bliss and pain is sounded, in words that move us to a solitary lute or a full orchestra of a thousand voices; and with an *abandon*, as suggestive of genuineness as that which sometimes made the elder Kean seem

"every inch a king." It is not to be supposed that all these caprices are illustrations of the experiences of the artist, in the case of the poet any more than in that of the actor: by an effort of the will, they pass with the liberties of genius into their selected realms, assume their guises, and discourse their language. If ever there were

Depths of tenderness which showed when
woke,
That woman there as well as angel spoke,

they are not to be looked for in the printed specimens of woman's genius, Mrs. Osgood guarded herself against such criticism, by a statement in her preface, that many of her songs and other verses were written to appear in prose sketches and stories, and were expressions of feeling suitable to the persons and incidents with which they were at first connected.

In this last edition, to which only reference will be made in these paragraphs, her works are arranged under the divisions of *Miscellaneous Poems*—embracing, with such as do not readily admit another classification her most ambitious and sustained compositions; *Sacred Poems*—among which, "The Daughter of Herodias," the longest, is remarkable for melodious versification and distinct painting; *Tales and Ballads*—all distinguished for a happy play of fancy, and two or three for the fruits of such creative energy as belongs to the first order of poetical intelligences; *Floral Fancies*—which display a gaiety and grace, an ingenuity of allegory, and elegant refinement of language, that illustrate her fairy-like delicacy of mind and purity of feeling; and *Songs*—of which we shall offer some particular observations in their appropriate order. Scattered through the book we have a few poems for children, so perfect in their way as to induce regret that she gave so little

attention to a kind of writing in which few are really successful, and in which she is scarcely equalled.

The volume opens with a brief voluntary, which is followed by a beautiful and touching address to The Spirit of Poetry, displaying the perfection of her powers, and her consciousness that they had been too much neglected while ministering more than all things else to her happiness. If ever from her heart she poured a passionate song, it was this, and these concluding lines of it admit us to the sacredest experiences of her life :

Leave me not yet ! Leave me not cold and lonely,

Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path !
Leave not the life that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath !
Thou that, when others knew not how to love me,

Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst breathe thy flowers of light around,
above me,

To woo and win me from my grief's control ;
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavish'd upon thine and thee ;
By all the lays my simple lute was learning
To echo from thy voice, stay with me still !
Once flown—alas ! for thee there's no returning !

The charm will die o'er valley, wood and hill.

Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd Spring's sweet bloom within my heart ;

Ah, no ! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wrong'd thine altar,

With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit ! deaf, and dumb, and blind ;

Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers ;
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours ;
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty

Still to beguile me on my dreary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darken'd day ;

To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false and vain
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain !
Leave me not yet !—Leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of Paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining—
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight !

“*Laborare est Orare*,” will be admitted to all collections of poetical specimens ; and it deserves such popularity, for a combination as rare as it is successful of common sense with the form and spirit of poetry :

Pause not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;

Hark, how Creation's deep musical chorus . .
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“*Labor is worship* !”—the robin is singing ;
“*Labor is worship* !”—the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart,

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth ;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth :

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon,

Labor is glory !—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us

Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow :

Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow ;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labor is health ! Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping !

How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride
sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides,
Labor is wealth--in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon
floweth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Dreop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee:

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond
thee;

Rest not content in thy darkness--a clod!
Work--for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!--all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

In illustration of what we have said
of Mrs. Osgood's delineations of re-
fined sentiment, we refer to the po-
ems from pages one hundred and eleven
to one hundred and thirty one,
willing to rest upon them our praises
of her genius. It may be accidental,
but they seem to have an epic relation,
and to constitute one continuous his-
tory finished with uncommon ele-
gance and glowing with a beauty
which as its inspiration in a deeper
profound than was ever penetrated by
messengers of the brain. The third
of these glimpses of heart-life--all
having the same air of sad reality--
exhibits, with a fidelity and a peculiar
power which is never attained in such
descriptions by men, the struggle of
a pure and passionate nature with a
hopeless affection:

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
When young romance made Eden of the
world;

When bird-like Hope was ever on the wing
(In thy dear breast how soon had it been
furled!)

Had we but met when both our hearts were
beating

With the wild joy, the guileless love of
youth--

Thou a proud boy, with frank and ardent
greeting,

And I a timid girl, all trust and truth!

Ere yet my pulse's light, elastic play
Had learn'd the weary weight of grief to
know,

Ere from these eyes had passed the morning
ray.

And from my cheek the early rose's glow;

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt
and fear,

Ere Hope came back with worn and wounded
wing,

To die upon the heart it could not cheer;

Ere I love's precious pearl had vainly lavish'd
Pledging an idol deaf to my despair;

Ere one by one the buds and blooms were
ravish'd

From life's rich garland by the clasp of
Care.

Ah! had we then but met!--I dare not listen
To the wild whispers of my fancy now!

My full heart beats--my sad, droop'd lashes
glisten--

I hear the music of thy boyhood's vow!

I see thy dark eyes lustrous with love's mean-
ing,

I feel thy dear hand softly clasp mine own;
Thy noble form is fondly o'er me leaning--

It is too much--but ah! the dream has
flown.

How had I pour'd this passionate heart's de-
votion,

In voiceless raptures on thy manly breast!
How had I hush'd each sorrowful emotion,

Lull'd by thy love to sweet, untroubled rest,

How had I knelt hour after hour beside thee.
When from thy lips the rare scholastic lore

Fell on the soul that all but deified thee,
While at each pause I, childlike, pray'd for
more.

How had I watch'd the shadow of each fee-
ling,

That mov'd thy soul--glance o'er that radi-
ant face,

"Taming my wild heart" to that dear reveal-
ing,

And glorying in thy genius and thy grace!

Then hadst thou loved me with a love abiding,
And I had now been less unworthy thee,

For I was generous, guileless, and confiding,
A frank enthusiast, buoyant, fresh, and free!

But now--my loftiest aspirations perish'd
My holiest hopes a jest for lips profane,

The tenderest yearnings of my soul uncher-
ish'd,

A soul-worn slave in Custom's iron chain!

Check'd by those ties that make my slightest
sigh,

My faintest blush, at thought of thee, a
crime--

How must I still my heart, and school my eye,
And count in vain the slow dull steps of
Time!

Wilt thou come back? Ah! what avails to
ask thee

Since honor, faith, forbid thee to return!
Yet to forgetfulness I dare not task thee,

Least thou too soon that easy lesson learn!

Ah ! come not back, love ! even through Memory's ear

Thy tone's melodious murmur thrills my heart--

Come not with that fond smile, so frank, so dear :

While yet we may, let us for ever part !

Reluctantly I bring to a close these paragraphs—a hasty and imperfect tribute, from my feelings and my judgment, to one whom many will remember long as an impersonation of the rarest intellectual and moral endowments, as one of the loveliest characters in literary or social history. Hereafter, unless the office fall to some one worthier, I may attempt from the records of our friendship, and my own and other's recollections, to do such justice to her life and nature, that a larger audience and other times shall feel how much of beauty with her spirit left us.

This requiem she wrote for another little thinking that her friends would so soon sing it with hearts saddened for her own departure.

The hand that swept the sounding lyre
With more than mortal skill,

The lightning eye, the heart of fire,
The fervent lip are still.

No more in rapture or in wo,
With melody to thrill,

Ah ! nevermore !

Oh ! bring the flowers she cherish'd so,
With eager child-like care ;

For o'er her grave they'll love to grow,
And sigh their sorrow there ;

Ah me ! no more their balmy glow
May soothe her heart's despair,

No ! nevermore !

But angel hands shall bring her balm
For every grief she knew,

And Heaven's soft harps her soul shall calm
With music sweet and true ;

And teach to her the holy charm
Of Israel anew,

For evermore !

Love's silver lyre she played so well,
Lies shattered on her tomb ;

But still in air its music spell—
Floats on through light and gloom,

And in the hearts where soft they fell,
Her words of beauty bloom

For evermore !

THE AVENGER STAYED.

It is to the East that the romantic imagination most delights to wander—to the lands of nature's throne—to vineyards, and palm groves, and fields of roses, and the stream covered with the lotus ; but if a land be romantic in proportion as it differs from all that is common-place and usual, romance should take up her abodes in the Arctic circle.

There the phenomena occasioned by the temperature are of a description almost supernatural :—refraction entirely prevents the eye from mea-

suring distances ; some things appear close at hand, which are far distant ; all at once, by some mist, a line of a coast, nearly out of sight before, is brought apparently within gun-shot ; at another time the sky itself becomes a mirror, in which are distinctly reflected objects far below the horizon : objects are perpetually changing in apparent form, as if the whole were enchanted. There are high mountains of ice,—ice-bergs rising hundreds of feet above the sea ; there, winter, in apparent mockery of man, forms temples, domes, minarets, pal-

aces, with their spires, and porticos, and columns. The flashing auroras dart from ice to ice; there are stupendous ice-bridges stretching over frightful chasms; winter, compared with which all other winters are undeserving the name; and a summer which, for the short period of its duration, surpasses the effects even of a tropical summer; one long day, without a night, in which the sun drives round the Heaven without decline, and in which plants spring up, flower, seed, and a new species appears, in a period almost incredibly short.

This land, where nature appears to our ideas most unnatural was inhabited by a race of men, whose whole employment consisted in fishing, in hunting the arctic animals, and in procuring oil and blubber; their whole amusement in gluttony, when the means were in their power; and their whole religion in some confused ideas of the Great Spirit, whose only priests were the conjurers or necromancers.

The first man whose heart was touched by Christian pity for these outcasts from the rest of the world, was the celebrated Hans Egede.—He quitted his home, and the comforts of civilized life, to dwell in the midst of savages, who, in return, gave him nothing but insult. For seventeen years, this devoted man and his associates laboured without a single convert; and during the greater part of that time, the natives lost no opportunity of making him as uncomfortable as possible; but afterwards he saw enough to repay his toil. He had till then preached only the fall of man, and such parts of Christianity as he considered should be first understood; but he resolved to change his method, and taking all these things for granted, he preached a Saviour crucified; and, as if in honour to such preaching, from that hour

converts came rapidly into the Christian church.

The Danes have since kept a mission there, although on a very inadequate scale, and many excellent men have been employed in it; among them was Hans Egede Saabye, a grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede: his diary is full of interesting information, conveyed in a most simple and Christian style. The following is an instance of peculiar interest, in which, beneath the sacred influence of the Spirit of Christ, the heart of the lion became the heart of the lamb:—

It has ever been a fixed law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a man was murdered with circumstances of great atrocity, in the presence of his son, a boy of about thirteen years of age; he was too young to defend his father, but he did not forget the debt which was due to the murderer. He had quitted that part of the country, and for five-and-twenty years the secret fire burnt within his bosom, waiting only for a fit opportunity to burst forth: the murderer was a man high in influence, with many around him to defend him, and the avenger was afraid to attack him; but he finally succeeded in persuading a number of his relations to accompany him, and they passed with him over to the province of the murderer, who lived near Saabye, for the purpose of executing their vengeance.

The Greenlanders occupy their houses in the winter only: they quit them for their short summer, and return the following winter to any which may be unoccupied; for a house does not always belong to any particular family, but to the first comers. There was no house in which the son could enter, as they were full, except one that belonged to Saabye; this he ask-

ed for ; and Saabye, although he knew the purpose for which he had come with his relations, took no notice of it at that time, but granted his request.

They soon took possession, and the son went afterwards to thank Saabye for his kindness, and very frequently repeated his visits : he apologized for their frequency at one of them, by saying, " You are so amiable, I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks afterwards, he said, " I should like to know something about that GREAT LORD OF HEAVEN, who, you say, created all things, and some of my relations wish to learn too." His request was granted, and it appeared that ten or twelve who had come with him wished for instruction : a catechist was sent to live with them, and their progress was very satisfactory ; the son, in particular, often left his fishing for the purpose of receiving instruction, and he soon resolved to ask for baptism.

As the spring advanced, his desire increased : and, in the month of May, he went to Saabye to solicit it, when the following conversation passed between them :—

Kunnuk (this was his name.) Will you baptize me ? You know that I am obedient. I know God ; and my wife, as well as I, wishes to become a believer.

Saabye. Yes, you know God ; you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy ; but he desires also that you shall obey him.

K. I love him ; I will obey him.

S. If you wish to obey him, you must kill nobody. You know that you have often heard his command, " Thou shalt do no murder."

(He appeared affected, and silent.)

S. Hear me, good *Kunnuk* ! I know that you have come here with your relations to avenge the murder of your father ; but this you must not

do, if you wish to become a believer.

K. (agitated.) But he murdered my father ! I saw it, and could not help him ; I must now punish him for his crime.

S. You grieve me !

K. How ?

S. That you will murder.

K. Only him who deserves to die.

S. But the GREAT LORD OF HEAVEN says, " Thou shalt not."

K. I will not—only him.

S. But you must not kill even him. Have you forgotten how often during this winter you have heard his command—" Revenge not thyself, neither, give place to wrath ; vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord ?"

K. Shall, then, the wicked murder with impunity ?

S. No, that he shall not ; God will punish him !

K. When ?

S. Perhaps in this world, but certainly at the day of judgment, when he will reward every one according to his deeds.

K. That is so long ; my countrymen and relations will blame me, if I do not avenge my father ?

S. If you did not know the will of God, I should say nothing ; but now I must not be silent.

K. This is hard ! What shall I do then ?

S. You shall not kill him : you shall even pardon him.

K. Pardon him ! your doctrine is very difficult.

S. It is not mine, it is Christ's !

(He sighed, without replying.)

S. Perhaps your father was not innocent ; he, too, may have killed somebody.

K. I do not know that. I only know this man deserves to die.

S. Well ! kill him ; but remain an unbeliever, and expect that one day one of his children may kill you.

K. You are amiable no longer—you speak hard words.

S. Kunnuk, I love you, and therefore wish that you may not sin against God, who has caused you to be instructed, who will do justice to your adversary.

K. Stay—I will speak to my relations.

His relations urged him to the revenge, and that for days together; and it could have been no common resolution which could resist their influence. Saabye visited them; and without taking any notice of the peculiar subject, he read to them parts of the Scriptures, and also hymns, which lead the heart to peaceful and forgiving thoughts. Some days after, Kunnuk went again: in his manner, his countenance, every thing, indicated a violent struggle. "I will," said he, "and I will not; I hear, and I do not hear; I never felt so before." "What will you, and what will you not?"—"I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him; I have no ears, and yet I have ears." "When you will not forgive, then your unconverted heart speaks, and would dissuade you; when you *will* forgive, then your better heart speaks: which will you do?" "I was so moved when you spoke yesterday, then my heart wished to obey." "See, then," said Saabye, "ought you not to feel that it is the voice of your heavenly Father speaking in your heart?" He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus, his forgiveness, his prayer for the murderers: a tear sparkled in his eye. "Yes, that was praiseworthy, but he was better than we." "Yes, infinitely better; but if we have a good will, God will give us strength.

But now you shall hear how a man like you and me can pray for his murderers. (He then read the martyrdom of Stephen). Kunnuk dried his eyes, and said, "The wicked man! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so

moved: but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again."

How nearly did his experience resemble that of the Apostle, and of every Christian. "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death.

He soon returned with a joyful countenance, speaking the peace of his heart. "Now," said he, "I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven: my wicked heart shall be silent. Did you not perceive how moved I was as you read to me about Him on the cross, how he prayed for his murderers, 'Father forgive them? Then I vowed in my heart I will forgive, and I have forgiven. Now I hope that I (and my wife, who has never hated,) may be baptized.'—His request was granted: the day arrived; he gave an account of his faith with simplicity and sincerity; tears trickled from his eyes as he knelt down to receive baptism; when the service ended, he said, 'Receive me now as a believer; we will love each other.' The congregation replied, 'Yes;'" and they left the church in company, as persons having one Lord, one faith, one baptism!

Some days afterwards he sent the murderer of his father the following message:—"I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear." He even invited him to a visit, and received him in a most friendly manner. He was invited to return the visit, which he did alone, contrary to the advice of his friends; but mark the conduct of the heathen murderer, contrasted with that of the forgiving Christian; as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his Kajak, for the purpose of drowning him. He soon stopped out the water; but said, with a smile, "Ah! he is still afraid,

though I will not harm him!" | ed a more entire and noble triumph
Scarcely has Christianity ever effect- | in an unregenerate heart.

For the Miscellany.

"THERE I BURIED LEAH."

BY RAPHAEL.

Not by the grave of "Rachel," long departed;
Not by that "lone tree" in the wilderness—
But by the side of "Leah," the true-hearted,
There let the hallowed earth the cold form
press.

Thou, who in life wast lonely and uncher-
ished—

Who bore the secret grief, writ on thy brow,
Of love unnoticed—joyous hopes all perish-
ed—

Justice, tho' long delayed, is near thee now.

Thy name, with tones of fondness never
coupled,

Is the last word his dying lips will speak;
Thy form, the last that o'er his vision troubled,
The holy calmness of his soul must break.

No visions of his long-lost early treasure,
Can do away the memory of thy love;
Beauty and grace no longer give him pleasure,
And in the perfect, cloudless bliss above—

Blest in the smile of God—the peace of
heaven—

Thou, with the "best beloved," shalt ever
share

All the affection ever asked or given—
All the devoted love denied thee here.

What though on earth deprived of the true
glory

Of woman's happiness—a husband's love?

What though the loneliest—aye, the bitterest
story

Of human grief, it was thy lot to prove?

What though the kind caress—the words of
pleasure,
Were for the chosen one—the earthly blest;
Thy spirit chastened—robbed of its chief
treasure—

Grew holier, fitter for the coming rest.

And death was but a kind release from ser-
row,

A pleasant sleep for a sad, weary heart;
And in the last dread hour thou could'st not
borrow

One tearful sigh—one wish—but to depart.

And thou art gone; but he will soon be with
thee—

He whom thou lovedst with a trusting heart;
The best beloved sleeps far, but he is nigh
thee,

Thine own in death—never from thee to part.

That far-off grave, which shadowed every
pleasure,

Is hid—forgotten in the present strife;
The cherished dream—the heart's peculiar
treasure—

Fades, with all else, before an ending life.

Thank God that it is so!—in every bosom

Are records of an unrequited love—

The ashes of a crushed, a blighted blossom—

Thank God, for we shall all be one above,

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS CAREER.

Greater men than Dean Swift may have lived. A more remarkable man never left his impress upon the age immortalized by his genius. To say that English history supplied no narrative more singular and original than the career of Jonathan Swift is to assert little. We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small. Before the eyes of his contemporaries Swift stood a living enigma. To posterity he must continue forever a distressing puzzle. One hypothesis—and one alone—gathered from a close and candid perusal of all that has been transmitted to us upon this interesting subject, helps us to account for a whole life of anomaly, but not to clear up the mystery in which it is shrouded. From the beginning to the end of his days Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.

Swift was born in the year 1667. His father who was steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin, died before his birth and left his widow penniless. The child, named Jonathan after his father, was brought up on charity. The obligation due to an uncle was one that Swift would never forget, or remember without inexcusable indignation. Because he had not been left to starve by his relatives, or because his uncle would not do more than he could, Swift conceived an eternal dislike to all who bore his name and a haughty contempt for all who partook of his nature. He struggled into active life and presented himself to his fel-

low men in the temper of a foe. At the age of fourteen he was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, and four years afterward as a *special grace*—for his acquisitions apparently failed to earn the distinction—the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him. In 1688, the year in which the war broke out in Ireland, Swift, in his twenty-first year, and without a sixpence in his pocket, left college. Fortunately for him, the wife of Sir William Temple was related to his mother, and upon her application to that statesman the friendless youth was provided with a home. He took up his abode with Sir William in England, and for the space of two years labored hard at his own improvement and for the amusement of his patron. How far Swift succeeded in winning the good opinion of Sir William may be learnt from the fact that when King William honored Moor Park with his presence he was permitted to take part in the interviews, and that when Sir William was unable to visit the King his *protege* was commissioned to wait upon His Majesty, and to speak on the patron's authority and behalf. The lad's future promised better things than his beginning. He resolved to go into the church, since preferment stared him in the face. In 1692 he proceeded to Oxford, where he obtained his Master's degree, and in 1694, quarreling with Sir William Temple, who coldly offered him a situation worth £100 a year, he quitted his patron in disgust and went at once to Ireland to take holy orders. He was ordained, and almost immediately afterward received the living of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor,

the value of the living being about equal to that of the appointment offered by Sir William Temple.

Swift, miserable in his exile, sighed for the advantages he had abandoned. Sir William Temple, lonely without his clever and keen-witted companion, pined for his return. The prebend of Kilroot was speedily resigned in favor of a poor curate for whom Swift had taken great pains to procure the presentation; and with £80 in his purse the independent clergyman proceeded once more to Moor Park. Sir William welcomed him with open arms. They resided together until 1699, when the great statesman died, leaving to Swift, in testimony of his regard, the sum of £100 and his literary remains. The remains were duly published and humbly dedicated to the King. They might have been inscribed to His Majesty's cook for any advantage that accrued to the editor. Swift was a Whig, but his politics suffered severely by the neglect of His Majesty, who derived no particular advantage from Sir William Temple's "remains."

Weary with long and vain attendance upon Court, Swift finally accepted at the hands of Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In the year 1700 he took possession of the living at Laracor, and his mode of entering upon his duty was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He walked down to Laracor, entered the curate's house, and announced himself "as his master." In his usual style he affected brutality, and having sufficiently alarmed his victims, gradually soothed and consoled them by evidences of undoubted friendliness and good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others; his praise assumed the appear-

ance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature." "The ruling trait" of Swift's character was morbid eccentricity. Much less eccentricity has saved many a murderer in our days from the gallows. We approach a period of Swift's history when we must accept this conclusion or revolt from the cold-blooded doings of a monster.

During Swift's second residence with Sir William Temple he had become acquainted with an inmate of Moor Park very different to the accomplished man to whose intellectual pleasures he so largely ministered. A young and lovely girl—half ward, half dependant in the establishment—engaged the attention and commanded the untiring services of the newly-made minister. Esther Johnson had need of education, and Swift became her tutor. He entered upon his task with avidity, condescended to the humblest instruction, and inspired his pupil with unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift was not more insensible to the simplicity and beauty of the lady than she to the kind offices of her master; but Swift would not have been Swift had he, like other men, returned everyday love with ordinary affection. Swift had felt tender impressions in his own fashion before. Once in Leicestershire he was accused by a friend of having formed an imprudent attachment, on which occasion he returned for answer, that his "cold temper and unconfined humor" would prevent all serious consequences, even if it were not true that the conduct which his friend had mistaken for gallantry had been merely the evidence "of an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and catching at such opportunities of amusement as most readily occurred." Upon another occasion, and within four years of the Leicestershire

pastime, Swift made an absolute offer of his hand to one Miss Waring, vowing in his declaratory epistle that he would forego every prospect of interest for the sake of his "Varina," and that "the lady's love was far more fatal than her cruelty." After much and long consideration Varina consented to the suit. That was enough for Swift. He met the capitulation by charging his Varina with the want of affection, by stipulating for unheard-of sacrifices, and concluding with an expression of his willingness to wed, "*though she had neither fortune nor beauty*," provided every article of his letter was ungrudgingly agreed to. We may well tremble for Esther Johnson, with her young heart given into such wild keeping.

As soon as Swift was established at Laracor it was arranged that Esther who possessed a small property in Ireland, should take up her abode near to her old preceptor. She came, and scandal was silenced by a stipulation insisted upon by Swift, that his lovely charge should have a matron for a constant companion, and never see him except in the presence of a third party. Esther was in her seventeenth year. The vicar of Laracor was on his road to forty. What wonder that even in Laracor the former should receive an offer of marriage, and that the latter, wayward and inconsistent from first to last, should deny another the happiness he had resolved never to enjoy himself? Esther found a lover whom Swift repulsed, to the infinite joy of the devoted girl, whose fate was already linked for good or evil to that of her teacher and friend.

Obscurity and idleness were not for Swift. Love, that gradually consumed the unoccupied girl, was not even this man's recreation. Impatient of banishment, he went to London and mixed with the wits of the age. Addison, Steele, and Arbuth-

not became his friends, and he quickly proved himself worthy of their intimacy by the publication in 1704 of his *Tale of a Tub*. The success of the work, given to the world anonymously, was decisive. Its singular merit obtained for its author everlasting renown, and effectually prevented his rising to the highest dignity in the very church which his book labored to exalt. None but an inspired madman would have attempted to do honor to religion in a spirit which none but the infidel could heartily approve.

Politicians are not squeamish.—The Whigs could see no fault in railery and wit that might serve temporal interests with greater advantage than they had advanced interests ecclesiastical; and the friends of the Revolution welcomed so rare an adherent to their principles. With an affected ardor that subsequent events proved to be as premature as it was hollow, Swift's pen was put in harness for his allies, and worked vigorously enough until 1709, when, having assisted Steele in the establishment of the *Tatler*, the vicar of Laracor returned to Ireland and to the duties of a rural pastor. Not to remain, however! A change suddenly came over the spirit of the nation.—Sacheverell was about to pull down by a single sermon all the popularity that Marlborough and his friends had built up by their glorious campaigns. Swift had waited in vain for promotion from the Whigs, and his suspicions were roused when the Lord-Lieutenant unexpectedly began to caress him. Escaping the damage which the marked attentions of the old Government might do him with the new, Swift started for England in 1710, in order to survey the turning of the political wheel with his own eyes, and to try his fortune in the game. The progress of events was rapid. Swift reached London on the

9th of September ; on the 1st of October he had already written a lampoon upon an ancient associate ; and on the 4th he was presented to Harley, the new Minister.

The career of Swift from this moment, and so long as the government of Harley lasted, was magnificent and mighty. Had he not been crotchety from his very boyhood, his head would have been turned now. Swift reigned ; Swift was the Government ; Swift was Queen, Lords, and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all. The Tories had thrown out the Whigs and had brought in a Government in their place quite as Whiggish to do Tory work. To moderate the wishes of the people, if not to blind their eyes, was the preliminary and essential work of the Ministry. They could not perform it themselves.—Swift undertook the task and accomplished it. He had intellect and courage enough for that, and more. Moreover, he had vehement passions to gratify and they might all partake of the glory of his success ; he was proud and his pride reveled in authority ; he was ambitious, and his ambition could attain no higher pitch than it found at the right hand of the Prime Minister, he was revengeful, and revenge could wish no sweeter gratification than the contortions of the great who had neglected genius and desert, when they looked to them for advancement and obtained nothing but cold neglect. Swift, single-handed, fought the Whigs. For seven months he conducted a periodical paper, in which he mercilessly assailed, as none but himself could attack, all who were odious to the Government and distasteful to himself. Not an individual was spared whose sufferings could add to the tranquillity and permanence of the Government. Resistance was in vain ; it was attempted, but invariably with one effect—

the first wound grazed, the second killed.

The public were in ecstasies. The laughs were all on the side of the satirist, and how vast a portion of the community these are, needs not be said. But it was not in the *Examiner* alone that Swift offered up his victims at the shrine of universal mirth. He could write verses for the rough heart of a nation to chuckle over and delight in. Personalities to-day fly wide of the mark ; then they went right home. The habits, the foibles, the moral and physical imperfections of humanity, were all fair game, provided the shaft were tipped with gall as well as venom.—Short poems, longer pamphlets—whatever could help the Government and cover their foes with ridicule and scorn, Swift poured upon the town with an industry and skill that set eulogy at defiance. And because they did defy praise, Jonathan Swift never asked, and was ever too grand to accept it.

But he claimed much more. His disordered yet exquisite intellect acknowledged no superiority. He asked no thanks for his labor, he disdained pecuniary reward for his matchless and incalculable services—he did not care for fame, but he imperiously demanded to be treated by the greatest as an equal. Mr. Harley offered him money, and he quarreled with the Minister for his boldness.

During Swift's visit to London in 1710 he had regularly transmitted to Stella, by which name Esther Johnson is made known to posterity, an account of his daily doings with the new government. The journal exhibits the view of the writer that his conduct invariably presents. It is full of tenderness and confidence, and not without coarseness that startles and shocks. It contains a detailed and minute account, not only of all that passed between Swift and the

government, but of his changeable feelings as they arose from day to day, and of his physical infirmities, that are commonly whispered into the ear of the physician. If Swift loved Stella in the ordinary acceptation of the term, he took small pains in his diary to elevate the sentiments with which she regarded her hero. The journal is not in harmony throughout. Toward the close it lacks the tenderness and warmth, the minuteness and confidential utterance, that are so visible at the beginning. We are enabled to account for the difference. Swift had enlarged the circle of his female acquaintance whilst fighting for his friends in London. He had become a constant visitor, especially, at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was about twenty years of age, and had the same christian name as Stella. Esther Vanhomrigh had great taste for reading, and Swift, who seems to have delighted in such occupation, condescended, for the second time in his life, to become a young lady's instructor. The great man's tuition had always one effect upon his pupils. Before Miss Vanhomrigh had made much progress in her studies she was over head and ears in love, and, to the astonishment of her master, she one day declared the passionate and undying character of her attachment. Swift met the confession with a weapon far more potent when opposed to a political foe than when directed against the weak heart of a doting woman. He had recourse to raillery, but finding his banter of no avail, endeavored to appease the unhappy girl by "an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem." He might with equal success have attempted to put out a conflagration with a bucket of cold water. There was no help for the miserable man.

He returned to his deanery at the death of Queen Anne with two love affairs upon his hands, but with the stern resolution of encouraging neither, and overcoming both.

Before quitting England he wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh, or Vanessa, as he styles her in his correspondence, intimating his intention to forget everything in England and to write to her as seldom as possible. So far the claims of Vanessa, were disposed of. As soon as he reached his deanery he secured lodgings for Stella and her companion, and reiterated his determination to pursue his intercourse with the young lady upon the prudent terms originally established. So far his mind was set at rest in respect of Stella. But Swift had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his plans before Vanessa presented herself in Dublin, and made known to the Dean her resolution to take up her abode permanently in Ireland. Her mother was dead, so were her two brothers; she and her sister were alone in the world, and they had a small property near Dublin, to which it suited them to retire. Swift, alarmed by the proceeding, remonstrated, threatened, denounced—all in vain. Vanessa met his reproaches with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and warned him of the consequences of leaving her without the solace of his friendship and presence. Perplexed and distressed, the Dean had no other resource than to leave events to their own development. He trusted that time would mitigate and show the hopelessness of Vanessa's passion, and in the meanwhile he sought, by occasional communication with her, to prevent any catastrophe that might result from actual despair. But his thoughts for Vanessa's safety were inimical to Stella's repose. She pined and gradually sunk under the alteration that had taken place in Swift's

deportment toward her since his acquaintance with Vanessa. Swift, really anxious for the safety of his ward, requested a friend to ascertain the cause of her malady. It was not difficult to ascertain it. His indifference and public scandal, which spoke freely of their unaccountable connection, were alone to blame for her sufferings. It was enough for Swift. He had passed the age at which he had resolved to marry, but he was ready to wed Stella provided the marriage were kept secret and she was content to live apart. Poor Stella was more than content, but she overestimated her strength. The marriage took place, and immediately afterward the husband withdrew himself in a fit of madness, which threw him into gloom and misery for days. What the motives may have been for the inexplicable stipulations of this wayward man it is impossible to ascertain. That they were the motives of a diseased, and at times utterly irresponsible, judgment, we think cannot be questioned. Of love, as a tender passion, Swift had no conception. His writings prove it. The coarseness that pervades his compositions has nothing in common with the susceptibility that shrinks from disgusting and loathsome images in which Swift reveled. In all his prose and poetical addresses to his mistresses there is not one expression to prove the weakness of his heart. He writes as a guardian—he writes as a friend—he writes as a father, but not a syllable escapes him that can be attributed to the pangs and delights of the lover.

Married to Stella, Swift proved himself more eager than ever to give to his intercourse with Vanessa the character of mere friendship. He went so far as to engage her affections for another man, but his attempts were rejected with indignation and scorn. In the month of

August of the year 1717 Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house and property near Cellbridge. Swift exhorted her to leave Ireland altogether, but she was not to be persuaded. In 1720 it would appear that the Dean frequently visited the recluse in her retirement, and upon such occasions Vanessa would plant a laurel or two in honor of her guest who passed his time with the lady reading and writing verses, in a rural bower built in a sequestered part of her garden. Some of the verses composed by Vanessa have been preserved. They breathe the fond ardor of the suffering maid, and testify to the imperturbable coldness of the man. Of the innocence of their intercourse there cannot be a doubt. In 1720 Vanessa lost her last remaining relative—her sister died in her arms. Thrown back upon herself by this bereavement, the intensity of her love for the Dean became insupportable. Jealous and suspicious, and eager to put an end to a terror that possessed her, she resolved to address herself to Stella, and to ascertain from her own lips the exact nature of her relations with her so-called guardian. The momentous question was asked in a letter, to which Stella calmly replied by informing her interrogator that she was the Dean's wife. Vanessa's letter was forwarded by Stella to Swift himself, and it roused him to fury. He rode off at once to Cellbridge, he entered the apartment in which Vanessa was seated, and glared upon her like a tiger. The trembling creature asked her visitor to sit down. He answered the invitation by flinging a packet on the table, and riding instantly away. The packet was opened; it contained nothing but Vanessa's letter to Stella. Her doom was pronounced. The fond heart snapped. In a few weeks the hopeless, desolate Vanessa was in her grave.

Swift, agonized, rushed from the world. For two months subsequently to the death of Vanessa his place of abode was unknown. But at the end of that period he returned to Dublin calmer for the conflict he had undergone. He devoted himself industriously again to affairs of State. His pen had now a nobler office than to sustain unworthy men in unmerited power. We can but indicate the course of his labors. Ireland, the country not of his love, but of his birth and adoption, treated as a conquered province, owed her rescue from absolute thralldom to Swift's great and unconquerable exertions on her behalf. He resisted the English government with his single hand, and overcame them in the fight. His popularity in Ireland was unparalleled even in that excited and generous-hearted land. Rewards were offered to betray him, but a million lives would have been sacrificed in his place before one would have profited by the patriot's downfall. He was worshiped, and every hair of his head was precious and sacred to the people who adored him.

In 1726 Swift revisited England, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, and published, anonymously as usual, the famous satire of *Gulliver's Travels*. Its immediate success heralded the universal fame that masterly and singular work has since achieved. Swift mingled once more with his literary friends, and lived almost entirely with Pope. Yet courted on all sides he was doomed again to bitter sorrow. News reached him that Stella was ill. Alarmed and full of self-reproaches, he hastened home to be received by the people of Ireland in triumph, and to meet—and he was grateful for the sight—the improved and welcoming looks of the woman for whose dissolution he had been prepared. In March, 1727, Stella being sufficiently re-

covered, the Dean ventured once more to England, but soon to be summoned to the hapless couch of his exhausted and most miserable wife. Afflicted in body and soul, Swift suddenly quitted Pope with whom he was residing at Twickenham, and reaching his home was doomed to find his Stella upon the verge of the grave. Till the last moment he continued at her bedside, evincing the tenderest consideration, and performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick chamber. Shortly before her death, part of a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard. "Well, my dear," said the Dean, "if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella's reply was given in fewer words. "*It is too late.*" "On the 28th of January," writes one of the biographers of Swift, "Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," the second victim of one and the same hopeless and consuming passion.

Swift stood alone in the world, and for his punishment was doomed to endure the crushing solitude for the space of seventeen years. The interval was gloomy indeed. From his youth the Dean had been subject to painful fits of giddiness and deafness. From 1736 these fits became more frequent and severe. In 1740 he went raving mad, and frenzy ceased only to leave him a more pitiable idiot. During the space of three years the poor creature was unconscious of all that passed around him, and spoke but twice. Upon the 19th of October, 1745, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle from the sight of man, and released the sufferer from his misery, degradation, and shame.

The mystery of Swift's amours has yet to be cleared up. We explain his otherwise unaccountable behavior

by attributing his cruelty to prevailing insanity. The carrier of Swift was brilliant, but not less wild than dazzling. The sickly hue of a dis-tempered brain gave a color to his acts in all the relations of life. The storm was brewing from his child-

hood; it burst forth terribly in his age, and only a moment before all was wreck and devastation, the half-distracted man sat down and made a will, by which he left the whole of his worldly possessions for the foundation of a lunatic asylum.

A CHANGE.

With this No. we take our leave of the friends and patrons of the Miscellany. We regret the necessity of severing the connection of so many thousands of dear friends, but change seems to be the order of this life.

Some two years since we commenced the publication of this periodical with less than ten dollars, and without the promise of a single subscriber. Notwithstanding the great feebleness of its commencement it now has a much larger circulation than any periodical ever published in the North West. There has been a great demand, with a large class in the West for a literature of a higher and more substantial character than is generally urged upon them in the shape of the Ladies' Book, and kindred Magazines, devoted to what is termed *polite* and *light* literature.

The object we have had, has been, to furnish in a cheap form a literature calculated to develop the mind, and advance it in knowledge and virtue. We are glad to say that many have come forward nobly in support of the work. Our greatest difficulty has been poverty. We have been compelled for the want of means, to act as editor, publisher, clerk, and agent, on account of which we have been able to devote but two or three days to the editing of each number. If our subscribers had generally paid us promptly, we should have been able to give the Literary department due time, but under the circumstances, it has been impossible. Under these circumstances, having an opportunity, we have concluded to dispose of our interest in the work.

We are happy to announce that we have sold the Miscellany to Luther Beecher, Esq., a gentleman of wealth and influence. With such facilities as Mr. Beecher possesses, the Miscellany, within one year from this time, may have a circulation of 50,000. We cannot express the joy we feel in the fact that the Miscellany has fallen into the hands of an individual who has his thousands to sustain a periodical destined to do more than any other to spread over this country a healthy literature. With our feeble means we have had fears that we might fail in the work. Mr. Beecher will improve the Miscellany in every way. He will employ as contributors the best writers of the day. He will also visit the World's Fair, and while in Europe will engage the first order of foreign correspondents.

Mr. Quinby, the partner of Mr. Beecher, has been for a year past, employed in the office of the Miscellany, and understands all branches of the business, and possesses talents which eminently qualify him to edit the Miscellany and conduct its business.

We consider this the most favorable time for the friends of a pure literature to exert themselves in this cause that has ever happened. We hope that all who care for the higher interests of the west, will visit their friends and get up a club. Some one should get up a club in every town. We hope that postmasters will aid in this work, as they are perfectly safe in so doing.

We know that the Miscellany is now on as firm a basis as any periodical in the United States. We will here state, that its gene-

ral character is to be as before, with the additional subject of temperance, which is one of vital interest. Rev. H. D. Kitchell and other prominent men will write for this department. Mr. Kitchell is a writer of great power, and will do justice to the subject. We hope, that not only the Sons of Temperance, but all who feel an interest in the cause, will give their influence to the Miscellany. We will close this farewell by simply saying that though we never expected to reap a compensation in dollars and cents for what we have suffered for two years past, in establishing this work, we shall be fully rewarded, in the fact that we have set in motion a periodical which is destined to do more in forming Western character than any other.

J. K. WELLMAN.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE MISCELLANY.

The Miscellany has changed hands as seen in the valedictory of its former Editor, but while it is no longer under his supervision, all the great principles which before made the Miscellany deservedly popular will continue to govern its present conductor. With very few promises and a most retentive memory, so far as these promises are concerned; and with pecuniary ability to sustain the work; and some knowledge of what the public need, and what the moral and virtuous desire; we enter upon the duty of publishing with an earnest purpose of sustaining all the character which the Miscellany now possesses and if possible to increase its popularity, with the assistance of an excellent class of correspondents. Former contributors it is hoped will feel an interest still in the Miscellany and sustain it by their continued efforts. We may not be able to keep our good craft always in trim, at least until we become familiar with her "quarter," as we have heretofore been before the mast. But having seen others do this thing and firmly believing that what has been done can be done again, we shall not stop short of a most vigorous effort to make the Miscellany all that its friends have desired. Our work is really and intrinsically a literary work, and whilst we shall aim to retain every feature of it which shall add lustre to the real litera-

ture of the day, we shall have a specific object in view constantly—the benefiting the world, as well morally as intellectually. Whatever is noble and God-like we wish to aid, as far as we possibly can. We shall not try to make an ostentatious show of humility. God has made us of the same material as others and we believe that in endeavoring to elevate and bless our fellows, we shall have His smile, as well as the countenance of every friend of man, and we enter upon our work with faith that talents improved, will be more and more developed. We will assure our readers that the work is now settled on a firm basis, and will be sustained; we will afford any and all the privilege of assisting in sustaining a noble enterprise, not being so selfish as to *desire* to be found alone in this good work.

All will be sure of receiving their numbers, and receiving them after the April number the first of the month. Please bear this in mind. Our promises must be—shall be redeemed. If not come down upon us, friends, with scorching, withering words. Until then we will be satisfied with the gentle showers of your gold.

Q.

A WORD ABOUT THE PUBLISHERS:

The senior, Mr. Beecher, is well known to business men throughout the country, and all who know him will be assured that the fiscal concerns of the Miscellany, will be under the eye of a master. Besides this he is a "Beecher," which is another term for universal genius.

Mr. Beecher is expected to spend some months in Europe, visiting places of interest and attending the World's Fair, where he will not only secure facilities for his now prosperous mercantile business, but get something to embellish and enrich the Miscellany. He will secure a plate representing that world's wonder—the extensive and beautiful building, constructed purposely for the world's fair, and a description of this and all that is interesting connected with it, from an able pen. The plate and description can probably reach here soon enough for the May number.

Q.

MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

CURRAN, THE IRISH ORATOR.*

The next year after the exertions of Grattan had secured the independence of the Irish legislature, and just as the great question of reform began to loom up in the political horizon, there entered parliament another man, whose name is imperishably connected with the history of Ireland, JOHN PHILIP CURRAN. Of a slight and ungainly figure, there was nothing about him to overawe a legislative assembly.—Grattan was the Colossus of debate.—Curran, like a skillful gladiator, played round the arena, and sometimes thrusting himself into the lists in the lighter armor of his wit, carried off the victory where his giant ally would have been less successful. But, in truth, this was not his proper theatre. He came into the Parliament-house in the evening, after having been all day in court. He was then jaded in body and mind, and chose rather to listen than to speak. As Grattan was most at home in parliament, Curran was most in his element at the bar.—It was in the Four Courts that he rose above all other men; that he won the reputation of being the most eloquent advocate that Ireland had ever produced.

But it is on other accounts that Cur-

ran deserves a more minute sketch in this history. He represents, perhaps more than any of his celebrated countrymen, the Irish character—a nature compounded of imagination and sensibility. Though of less kingly intellect than Grattan, he was of a warmer temperament, and more fitted to be a popular idol.

Curran sprang from the people.—He was born at Newmarket, an obscure town in the county of Cork, in 1750—being thus four years younger than Grattan. On the father's side he descended from one of Cromwell's soldiers. Passing his childhood in the country, he was thrown much among the people. He loved to recall the days when he played marbles in the street of Newmarket, or assumed the part of Punch's man at a country fair. He loved to visit the peasants in their cabins, and to listen to their tales. There he saw the Irish character—its wit, its humor, its sensibility to mirth and tears. There too, in those rough natures, which appear so sullen and savage, when brought face to face with their oppressors, he found the finest and tenderest affections of the human heart. There too he found a natural poetry and eloquence. He was a constant attendant at the weddings and wakes of his neighborhood. It was customary at that time to en-

* From the "Irish Confederates," by Henry M. Field, in the press of Harper & Brothers.

poor hired mourners for the dead, and their wild and solemn lamentations struck his youthful imagination. In after-years, he acknowledged that his first ideas of eloquence were derived from listening to the laments of mourners at the Irish burials.

When transferred to Trinity College in Dublin, he became distinguished chiefly for his social powers. Full of the exuberant life of youth, overflowing with spirits, and fond of fun and frolic, he was always a welcome companion among the students.

His mother had designed him for the church. When he came out of college, his tastes took another turn. But his mother never got over her disappointment at his not being a preacher: Not even his brilliant reputation at the bar and in parliament, could satisfy her maternal heart. She lived to see the nation hanging on the lips of this almost inspired orator.— Yet even then she would lament over him, "O Jacky, Jacky, what a preacher was lost in you!" Her friends reminded her that she had lived to see her son one of the judges of the land. "Don't speak to me of *judges*," she would reply, "John was fit for any thing; and had he but followed our advice, it might hereafter be written upon my tomb that I had died the mother of a bishop."

But not one as yet knew that he had extraordinary talent for eloquence. Indeed he did not suspect it himself. In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school-fellows "stuttering Jack Curran." It was not until many years after, while studying law at the Temple, that he found out that he *could speak*. After his fame was established, a friend dining with him one day, could not express his admiration of Curran's eloquence, and remarked that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Curran, "it was not, it was born twenty-

three years and some months after me." But when he had made the important discovery of this concealed power, he employed every means to render his elocution perfect. He accustomed himself to speak very slowly to correct his precipitate utterance.— He practiced before a glass to make his gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One piece he never was weary of repeating, the speech of Antony over the body of Cæsar. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar as a model of eloquence.

And while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, no man's eloquence ever issued more freshly and spontaneously from the heart. It was always the heart of the man that spoke. It was because his own emotions were so intense, that he possessed such power over the feelings of others.

His natural sympathies were strong. Like every truly great man, he was simple as a child. He had all those tastes that mark a genuine man. He loved children. He sympathized with the poor. It was perhaps from these popular sympathies that he preferred Rousseau among the French writers, and that his friendship was so strong with Mr. Goodwin.

His nature was all sensibility. He was most keenly alive to gay, or to mournful scenes. He had a boyish love of fun and frolic. He entered into sports with infinite glee. In these things he remained a child to the end of his days; while to sensibility to tears he had the heart of a woman. Thus to the last hour of life, he kept his affections fresh and flowing.

He had the delicate organization of genius. His frame vibrated to music like an Eolian harp. He had the most exquisite relish for the beauties of poetry. He was extravagantly fond of works of imagination. He devoured romances. And when in his reading

he met with a passage that gratified his taste, he was never weary of repeating it to himself, or reading it to the friends who came to see him.

In conversation, perhaps the most prominent faculty of his mind was fancy—sportive, playful, tender and pathetic. His conversation was a stream which never ceased to flow. His brilliant imagination, and the warmth with which he entered into everything, gave it a peculiar fascination. Byron said that Curran had spoken more poetry than any man had ever written. In a circle of genial friends, after dinner, his genius was in its first action. His countenance lighted up, and his conversation, beginning to flow, now sparkled, now ran like wine. Flashes of wit played round him. Mirth gleamed from his eye and shot from his tongue. He had an endless store of anecdote, to which his extraordinary dramatic talent enabled him to give the happiest effect. He told stories, and hitting off the point of Irish character by the most exquisite mimicry, he “set the table in a roar,” following perhaps with some touching tale which instantly brought tears into every eye. “You wept,” says Phillips, “and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature, who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing if you chose, to become your auditor.”

The wit of Curran was spontaneous. It was the creation of the moment—the electric spark shot from a mind overcharged with imagery and feeling. In this it differed from the wit of another great Irishman. Sheridan had more of the actor about him. His brilliant sayings were prepared beforehand. He aimed at display in the receptions at Holland House as much as when writing a comedy for Drury-lane.

Perhaps no foreigner who has vis-

ited England, has had a better opportunity of seeing its distinguished men than Madame De Stael. She was constantly surrounded by the most brilliant society of London. Yet even in that blaze of genius, she was most struck, as she often told her friends, with the conversational powers of Curran. This too, was in 1813, when his health had sunk, and his spirits were so depressed, as to make it an effort to support his part at all in society.

From the vivacity of his conversation, one would hardly have suspected the depth and seriousness of his character. In talking with ladies, or with young persons, his mind was remarkable for its constant playfulness. A gleam of sunshine illuminated his whole being. Yet those who knew him intimately were aware that he was subject all his life to constitutional melancholy. Like many other men celebrated for their wit, his gaiety alternated with deep depression. The truth was that he sympathised too intensely with the scenes of real life to be uniformly gay. In his country he saw so much to sadden him, that his feelings took a melancholy tone.—The transition was often instantaneous from humor to pathos. His friends, who saw him in his lighter moods, were surprised at the sudden change of his countenance. “In grave conversation, his voice was remarkable for a plaintive sincerity of tone”—a sadness which fascinated the listener like mournful music.

In his eloquence appeared the same transitions of feeling and variety of talent. He could descend to the driest details of law or evidence.—Thomas Addis Emmet, who, though younger, practiced at the same bar, says that Curran possessed a logical head. From this he could rise to the highest flights of imagination, and it was here, and in appeals to the feelings, that he was most at home. Some-

times his wit ran away with him. His fancy was let off like a display of fireworks. It flew like a thousand rockets, darting, whizzing, buzzing, lighting up the sky with fantastic shapes.

By turns he could use the lightest or the heaviest weapons, as suited the object of his attack. Where ethereal wit or playful irony were likely to be thrown away upon some gross and insensible subject, he could point the keenest edge of ridicule, or the coarsest invective, or the most withering sarcasm.

When dissecting the character of a perjured witness, he seemed to delight in making him feel the knife.—His victim, at such a time, appeared like an insect whom he had lauced with a needle, and was holding up to the laughter and scorn of the world. Thus, when treating the evidence of O'Brien, a hired informer, who had come on the stand to swear away the lives of men whom the government had determined to sacrifice, Curran apostrophized the patriotic individual, "Dearest, sweetest, Mr. James O'Brien," exposing the utter rottenness of his character in a tone of irony, until the man, who had a forehead of brass, was forced to slink back into the crowd, and to escape from the court.

So in his place in parliament, when exposing the corruption of the officers of government, he did not spare nor have pity. A swarm of blood-suckers had fastened on the state, who were growing fat from draining the life of their unhappy country. Curran proclaimed the immaculate virtue of "those saints on the pension list, that are like lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, but they are arrayed like Solomon in his glory."—The extent to which this corruption had gone was incredible. "This polyglot of wealth," said Curran, "this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human

chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbly herself that she may be exalted." The road to advancement at that day in Ireland, to the peerage, to the judicial bench, was to betray the country. Curran branded those who thus came into power by one of the strongest figures in English Eloquence. "Those foundlings of fortune, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination."

At the bar he often indulged in sallies of wit, and thus conciliated the attention of the court. His delicate satire, his comical turns of thought, convulsed the court with laughter.—Then suddenly, his lip quivered, his sentences grew slow and measured, and he poured forth strains of the deepest pathos, as he pictured the wrongs of his country, or lamented the companions of other days, the illustrious departed, "over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland had been shed." His voice excelled in the utterance of plaintive emotions, and the homage which had been paid to his eloquence by mirth, was now paid in the sound of suppressed weeping, which alone broke the death-like stillness of the room. In pleading for one on trial for his life, it subsided toward the close and sunk away in tones of solemnity and supplication. Thus would he say, "Sweet is the recollection of having done justice in that hour when the hand of death presses on the human heart! Sweet is the hope which it gives birth to! From you I demand that justice for my client, your inno-

cent and unfortunate fellow-subject at the bar; and may you have it for a more lasting reward than the perishable crown we read of, which the ancients placed on the brow of him who saved in battle the life of a fellow-citizen!"

But the trait which appears most conspicuous in the public efforts of Curran, and which made him the idol of his countrymen, was his enthusiastic love of Ireland. Says his biographer, "Ireland was the choice of his youth, and was from first to last regarded by him, not so much with the feelings of a patriot, as with the romantic idolatry of a lover." In early life he had learned to love the Irish peasantry, and no lapse of time could chill his affection. No temptation of office could seduce him from the side of the poor and the oppressed. He knew their noble qualities, and his bosom burned at the wrongs which they suffered.

One of his first causes at the bar was pleading for a Catholic priest who had been brutally assaulted by a nobleman. Such was the fear of incurring the displeasure of a lord, that no one dared to undertake the prosecution, until Curran stepped forward, then a young lawyer. His effort was successful. Not long after, the priest was called away from the world. He sent for Curran to his bedside. Gold and silver he had none. But he gave him all in his power, the benediction of a dying man. He caused himself to be raised up in his bed, and stretching out his trembling hands to place them upon the head of the defender, invoked for him the blessing of the Almighty. Such scenes as this, while they excited the enthusiasm of the Catholic population throughout Ireland for the young advocate, who had dared to defend a priest of their proscribed religion, at the same time strengthened his determination to

make common cause with his countrymen in their sufferings.

It is melancholy to reflect that efforts so great for the liberty and happiness of Ireland, were not crowned with complete success. But the patriotism and the courage were not less noble because overborne by superior power. It is the honor of Curran that he loved Ireland in her woe, and loved her to the last. Toward the close of life he said, "To our unhappy country, what I had, I gave. I might have often sold her. I could not redeem her. I gave her the best sympathies of my heart, sometimes in tears, sometimes in indignation, sometimes in hope, but often in despondence."

[From *Dickens's Household Words.*]

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A traveller, from journeying

In countries far away,

Repassed his threshold at the close

Of one calm Sabbath day;

A voice of love, a comely face,

A kiss of chaste delight,

Were the first things to welcome him

On that blessed Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,

Before its friendly blaze,

And conjured up mixed memories

Of gay and gloomy days;

And felt that none of gentle soul,

However far he roam,

Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,

The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,

With eager, earnest tone;

"I long to press them, and to mark

How lovely they have grown;

Twelve weary months have passed away

Since I went o'er the sea,

To feel how sad and lone I was

Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 'tis needful," said

The fair and faithful wife,

The while her pensive features paled,

And stirred with inward strife;
 "Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
 I ask it as a boon;
 Our children are reposing, love;
 Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
 She pressed him to partake;
 He sat down blithely at the board,
 And all for her sweet sake;
 But when the frugal feast was done,
 The thankful prayer preferred,
 Again affection's fountain flowed;
 Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
 I'm in an ardent mood;
 My soul lacks pure aliment,
 I long for other food;
 Bring forth my children to my gaze,
 Or ere I rage or weep,
 I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
 Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask;
 Be patient, husband dear.
 A stranger, one auspicious morn,
 Did send some jewels here;
 Until to take them from my care,
 But yesterday he came,
 And I restored them with a sigh:
 —Dost thou approve or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
 Shouldst breathe such words to me;
 Restore to man, resign to God,
 Whate'er is lent to thee;
 Restore it with a willing heart,
 Be grateful for the trust;
 Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
 Let us be ever just."

She took him by the passive hand.
 And up the moonlit stair,
 She led him to their bridal bed,
 With mute and mournful air;
 She turned the cover down, and there,
 In grave-like garments dressed,
 Lay the twin children of their love,
 In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
 Which God has deigned to own;

The precious caskets still remain,
 But, ah, the gems are flown;
 But thou didst teach me to resign
 What God alone can claim;
 He giveth and he takes away,
 Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,
 The mother drooped apart,
 While all the woman's sorrow gushed
 From her o'erburdened heart;
 And with the striving of her grief,
 Which wrung the tears she shed,
 Were mingled low and loving words
 To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
 He veiled each breathless face,
 And down in self-abasement bowed,
 For comfort and for grace;
 With the deep eloquence of woe,
 Poured forth his secret soul,
 Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
 In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
 "I learn this lesson still,
 God gives, and God can take away,
 Blest be his holy will!
 Blest are my children, for they live
 From sin and sorrow free,
 And I am not all joyless, wife,
 With faith, hope, love, and thee."

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF
 CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-
 aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged
 and well-situated house exercises a
 moral as well as a physical influence
 over its inmates, and makes the mem-
 bers of a family peaceable and con-
 siderate of the feelings and happiness
 of each other; the connection is ob-
 vious between the state of mind thus
 produced and habits of respect for
 others, and for those duties and obli-
 gations which no law can enforce.—
 On the contrary, a filthy, squalid,
 noxious dwelling, rendered still more
 wretched by its noisom site, and in
 which none of the decencies of life

can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others, or for the law.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

We descended by a steep path into the plain, and, passing a pool of stagnant water surrounded by a mass of long dank weeds, rode through a few low thorny bushes, and reached the margin of the lake. There was a hard pebbly strand, strewed here and there with drift wood; bare trunks of trees, withered and dry, covered with a coating of salt; small lumps of some bituminous substance were scattered over the beach; we afterwards, found several other pieces floating on the water. The water itself was clear and limpid, and the sun was reflected from its surface with a dazzling glare; viewed from this point the Bahr Lutho, as the Arabs call it, lost nothing of its gloomy aspect. Girt, on our left hand, by the dark range of Moab, a continuation of the craggy heights we had just quitted formed the barrier on the right, their black bituminous cliffs rising abruptly from the lake, which stretched far before us into the distance, till its leaden hues were blent with the hazy blue of the horizon—waste, water crag, monotonous blue sky, the sole components of the cheerless landscape.

Heated and fatigued, we prepared for a general bath; at least our private party, for the pilgrims determined to reserve their energies for the sacred Jordan—the Lake of Sodom being held by them in horror and abomina-

tion, utterly unadapted to the ends of cleanliness or comfort, as we afterwards ascertained to our cost. The bad odor in which the lakes was held did not, however, deter us, and having called a halt, we plunged like young ducks into the liquid element—Paulo clucking like an old hen on the bank. We plunged! Disastrous was the plunge. Rapidly enough head after head popped up from the execrable waters—hair matted, eyes smarting, and tongues burning from the intense sulphurous bitter saltiness of the detestable liquid in which we were immersed; water it was not, nor bitumen; nor salt, nor sulphur, but a disgusting compound of all four—a hogshhead of it would serve as an emetic for all Asia Minor, and leave some gallons to spare against the next epidemic.—You could neither sink in it nor swim in it. Talk of a fly in molasses, or a wasp in a barrel of tar—I can find no parallel for a bath in the Dead Sea.

I brought home a bottle of it, and sickened some scores of my acquaintance. But the suffering of my companions were a trifle to what I felt; cut and maimed in consequence of my superior horsemanship, I jumped into the water as raw as a beefsteak, and jumped out of it as if I were flayed alive; however, let me be just to this abominable mixture; if I smarted for it, my wounds were well cauterized and completely skinned over, the cure was perfect to a miracle. We dressed with the comfortable sensation of men who had been well coated over with mutton suet—stiff, greasy, and extremely out of sorts, with a tingling, creeping feel over the skin and remounting, turned our steps to the fords of the Jordan. Crossing the plains towards the right, we reached the banks of the river, which far below the level of the plain—the dense thicket of bushes, shrubs and trees that grow out of its waters in many places scarcely out-topping the bank,

The stream is very rapid and the water muddy. Leaving the river to follow its meanderings, we arrived by a shorter path at the celebrated fords, where tradition tells us the host of Israel trod dryshod through the depths, as the flood retired before the ark of God; nor is it improbable that here John the Baptist was baptising, and that here our blessed Lord, as he came out of the waters, received the public seal of his ministry, "when the Holy Ghost in a bodily shape like a dove came upon him, and a voice from heaven which said, "Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased."

At this part of the river the banks are low and nearly on a level with the stream; here, also, the river is comparatively broad, and shaded by trees which grow in great abundance along its margin; near the bank the water is shallow, but the current exceedingly rapid; on both sides, the stream is bordered by a dense thicket, with a few open intervals; the Jordan willow is found in great luxuriance. The ford of the Jordan being the grand termination of our expedition, our pilgrims, who had taken only a devotional wet at Mar Saba, now prepared, with infinite gusto, for a solemn ablution in the sacred river. The Arabs had driven our horses into the water, and were swimming with them in great glee; we, too, got ready for a bath, anxious to wash off the nastiness of the Dead Sea. Scarcely were we denuded of our scanty clothing, when, to our dismay, we found ourselves surrounded by the body of pilgrims, who had unexpectedly debouched from the bushes, uniformly arrayed in white.—Not having any idea that it was customary to dress for the occasion, and propriety forbidding us to intrude in a state of nature on so worshipful a company, we retired, with no small repugnance, to a more secluded, but less favorable spot up the banks.

The scene was highly amusing — horses floundering and snorting midway in the stream; Arabs displaying their copper-colored limbs as they disported themselves amongst the tiny waves; pilgrims, in bridal array, ducking and diving, grubbing for snail shells and green pebbles in the bottom of the stream. Handkerchiefs, caps and unknown articles of apparel, male and female, were washed in the holy river, all consecrated habiliments from that day forth. Some long sighted devotees had brought beads and glass armlets from Jerusalem, to be transformed into amulets and relics, by immersion in the Jordan; more bottled the water in large tin flasks; others plucked willows from the river side; and a few took substantial logs, to be manufactured into trinkets of divers sorts, consecrated all by contact with the waters. In fact, pleasure, profit and devotion were curiously blended together—the maxim that "no man can serve two masters" being carefully kept out of sight.

Propriety, I think I said, compelled our party to retire to a little distance from the place where the scene I have been endeavoring to describe was enacted; but propriety played one at least of her votaries an unworthy trick. I was following a companion across the river; he had gained the opposite side, when the current caught me suddenly, and giving up the glory of the enterprise, might and main I was obliged to strike out for the bank I had just left. However, the river god being unpropitious, I was hurried incontinently down the stream, and finally deposited on a shingly bank. (I blush to record it) nearly at the feet of the fair pilgrim who represented the gentler sex among our body.—Here the water was too shallow to swim, and the current too rapid to permit my coming to an anchor by any other expedient than that of holding on by the bottom with both hands.—

My feet were pointed at the lady, and my nether man bumping uneasily against the stony shelf on which I was so deplorably stranded, added bodily torment to mental anguish.—What was to be done? Decency, of course, forbade my getting on my legs and retiring like a Christian bled, while necessity forced me to hold hard, as a meander downwards to the sea of Sodom might be attended with very serious consequences, even if I escaped shipwreck in my involuntary voyage.

So there I lay covered as well as adverse circumstances would admit of, in the muddy water, my face scorched by a blazing sun, and my antipodes threatening momentarily to come assunder, from the incessant jerking of the inexorable stream. The fact is I was in the "centre of a hobble."—And how did the fair lady take it?—This was the unkindest cut of all. Oh! for the propriety, the delicacy, nay the sympathy of woman! She positively looked on as if nothing extraordinary was the matter; I might as well have been a log of wood; she neither regarded my helpless condition nor expressed commiseration for my perplexity; perhaps she thought, poor simple woman, it was a way we Europeans had, and that, after the custom of my country, I was paying my respects to the venerated object of our mutual pilgrimage. Be that as it may, there lay unhappy I, a martyr to my modesty; while she, for whose sake I suffered, calmly contemplated my burning countenance, and, as fast as they were banded her, immersed garment after garment in the water, consecrating, I verily believe, the wardrobes of every female friend, kinswoman, or acquaintance she possessed in the wide world—and these, as I had reason to remember, were anything but few. At last her task was finished, and taking an extra duck for her own especial benefit, the ruthless

woman betook her to the bushes, whilst I scorched, scarified, and par-boiled rose dripping from the river, forswearing pilgrims and pilgrimages from that day forth.

[From Calburn's London Magazine.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR ROBERT PEELE.

BY THE DEAN OF YORK.

The political career of the late Sir Robert Peel is so well known, and has been so often brought before the public eye, that it would be almost impertinent to offer any further illustration of it.

There are many anecdotes, however, of a domestic nature which more clearly show the real character of so distinguished a person, and with which an intimacy of nearly fifty years will enable me to gratify general curiosity, at this moment of deep sympathy for his fate.

Soon after Peel was born, his father, the first baronet, finding himself rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money in those peculiar days could always command a seat in parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on the table, and say, "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that, before Robin was ten years old, he could really address the company with some degree of eloquence.

As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached. Little progress in effecting this was made, and little

was expected, *at first*; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was repeated almost *verbatim*.

When at no very distant day the senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in correct succession, it was little known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Peel when he was a boy at school; but he evinced at that early age the greatest desire for distinction. He was attentive to his studies, and anxious to realize his father's expectations. The most remarkable feature, however, of his character was a certain firmness of nerves which prevented him from ever being frightened or excited by any thing.

I went with him and his father to look at an estate in Herefordshire, called Hampton Court, which Sir Robert thought of purchasing. We slept at the inn in Leominster. It was full of company, and only two bedrooms could be obtained. Young Peel was obliged to sleep on a sofa-bed, in a kind of cupboard attached to the principal room. Soon after he got to sleep, he was awakened by a light, and saw a man standing by his couch with a drawn sword. The man being questioned, bid him not be alarmed, for that he would not hurt him, but that a freemasons' meeting was being held in the next room, and that he was placed there to prevent any intruders from breaking in upon their ceremonies. Mr. Peel turned round and went instantly to sleep again. I asked him if he had not been frightened? He said, "No—that he was surprised at first, but did not suppose the man would do him any harm."

On inquiry from the waiter in the morning, we learned that the armed man had remained three hours in the

room where the fearless youth was soundly and calmly sleeping.

On another occasion, I went with him and a party of relations to visit the Lakes. We crossed from Lancaster over the dangerous sands to Ulverstone. Some accident had delayed us at starting, and when we got about half-way over, it was evident that the tide was returning. All the party were much and reasonably alarmed except young Peel, who sat upon the box with me. After looking about some time with much coolness, he remarked to the drivers, that the nearer they went to the shore the more loose and deep was the sand, and the greater the difficulty of proceeding to the horses; but that if they would go boldly a little way into the sea, where the sand was hard and firm, we should proceed with great speed. By following this judicious advice from the youngest of the party, we escaped a considerable danger.

This self-command, or imperturbability, which showed itself in many other instances in the boy, became a peculiar characteristic of the man.

I never knew him to be the least excited by any thing but once, and that was at the death of Mr. Perceval. He (Mr. Peel) had assisted to secure the murderer; he had supported the head of his dying friend, whom he greatly admired and loved; and when he came out of the House of Commons his face was certainly flushed, and some emotion shown; but less than would probably have been shown by any other person under such powerful excitement.

Soon after Mr. Peel was of age he came into parliament as member for an Irish borough (I think for Tralee). Mr. Quinctin Dick, who had an all-powerful interest in that borough, had, by some irregularity, become incapacitated from representing an Irish constituency, but was seeking to come into parliament for some English bor-

ough. Sir Robert gave him great assistance—possibly with his purse—and in return Mr. Dick contrived so to influence the free and independent electors of Tralee, that they elected Mr. Peel to be their representative.

While sitting as member for that borough, Mr. Peel made his first much-admired speech in seconding the address, which speech his father heard from the gallery, with tears, not certainly excited by grief.

Mr. Peel went over shortly afterward as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and while there the parliament was dissolved, and with it his connection with Tralee.

We looked for some other seat, and a gentleman, whose name I forget, offered to sell Sir Robert a number of houses in Chippenham, to the tenants of which the right of voting for members of parliament was by burgage-tenure confined.

The bargain was, that the property should be conveyed to Sir Robert for a large sum, but that if at the end of six months he should be dissatisfied with his purchase, the seller should repurchase it for a smaller sum.

All of which was luckily done, for soon afterward the Reform Bill made the old houses valueless.

In consequence of the arrangement, Mr. Peel was under no necessity of coming from Ireland; but I went as his deputy to Chippenham, heard him elected without opposition, and gave a dinner to his faithful friends, and when parliament met Mr. Peel took his seat accordingly.

Thus did he sit in parliament during two sessions for places which he never saw in his life, and the inhabitants of which never saw him.

Such things are, I suppose, impossible in the present age of purity.

Before the connection between Mr. Peel and Chippenham was at an end, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Oxford University. Mr. Can-

ning had long fixed his eyes upon that seat in parliament, and had been often flattered with the hope of being agreeable to the electors; but his noble and self-sacrificing vote in favor of the Roman Catholics had alienated from him many of his first supporters. At a fortunate moment, the members of Christ Church being assembled to determine what candidate they should espouse, Mr. Lloyd, who had been Peel's private tutor, proposed upon them the dangers to the Protestant religion which would ensue, if a body of clergymen should elect a favorer of Roman Catholics. The electors of Christ Church, who are supposed almost to command the return of one member, were moved by the reasoning of Lloyd, and Mr. Peel was invited to offer himself as member for the university, being assured of the support of the influential college of Christ Church.

I well remember the glee with which Mr. Peel came to my house early one morning to show me the letter which he had received by express, announcing the welcome news and insuring to him a prize which was then the object of his highest hope.

We went together to his father, who was as much delighted as his son, and promised to supply money to any amount which might be wanted in completing the triumph. We soon found, however, that money was the last thing needed.

After his first election for Oxford, Peel went again to Ireland, and when there he had a political quarrel with the famous Mr. O'Connell, which ended in a challenge. But as Mr. O'Connell was already bound to keep the peace in Ireland, it was settled that the hostile party should meet in France. Peel got immediately into a small vessel and sailed for the Continent. He had a narrow escape of being lost in the Channel, having been exposed in a small and ill-appointed ship to a se-

vere gale of wind. Mr. O'Connell, in the mean time, was again interrupted by the interference of the police, and prevented from following to France. He was bound over to keep the peace for one year against all his Majesty's subjects every where. So that, after waiting ten or twelve days in no very pleasing suspense, Peel and his friend, Colonel Browne, came to Drayton, and the affair was forgotten.

While Peel was also in Ireland, we received many visits at Drayton from the somewhat notorious Mr. Owen, of Lanark. Sir Robert had brought a bill into parliament for shortening the hours of labor in the cotton factories. (This was the first legislative interference between masters and their workmen, which has since led to so many long debates). Mr. Owen, expressing great anxiety for the further progress of their measure, came frequently to Drayton, and remained there many days.

Peel, hearing the circumstance, wrote to his father, saying that he had cause to believe that Mr. Owen had strange opinions concerning religion, and was not an eligible companion for Sir Robert's children. The baronet hereupon asked Owen to tell him truly if he were a Christian. The answer which he received induced him to point out to Mr. Owen that his services could be no longer useful in furthering the parliamentary object, and that he would not detain him any longer at Drayton. A second letter came from Peel, stating that he had been told that Owen's great object, like Voltaire's, was to overturn the Christian religion, to which he pretended to ascribe the unhappiness of mankind; that he (Peel) humbly, but earnestly pressed upon his father, that by giving so much countenance to such a man, he might be assisting in the unhallowed scheme, and fostering infidelity.

Owen, however, was gone, and no more thought about him for some time.

But, a few days afterward, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a carriage was seen approaching, and in it the well-known face of the pseudo-philosopher.

Sir Robert, however, coinciding in opinion entirely with his son, from whom he had received a third remonstrance, rose from the table, desired the servant to keep Mr. Owen's carriage at the door, met his visitor in the drawing room, and expressing sorrow that Drayton House was full of company, declined the honor of receiving Mr. Owen. The renovator of human happiness was obliged to depart *impransus* and little pleased.

We saw no more of him.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY BISHOP SPENCER.

I tread the church-yard's path alone,
Unseen to shed the gushing tear :
I read on many a mouldering stone
Fond records of the good and dear.
My soul is well-nigh faint with fear,
Where doubting many went to weep ;
And yet what sweet repose is here—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

The world I as but a feverish rest,
To weary pilgrims sometimes given,
When pleasure's cup has lost its zest,
And glory's hard earned crown is riven.
Here, softer than the dews of even
Fall peaceful on the slumbering deep,
Asleep to earth, awake to heaven—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yes, on the grave's hard pillows rise
No cankering cares, no dreams of woe ;
On earth we close our aching eyes,
And heavenward all our visions grow.
The airs of Eden round us flow,
And in their balm our slumbers steep.
God calls his chosen home, and so
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ah ! vainly could the human voice,
In this dull world of sin and folly,

Tell how the sainted dead rejoice
In those high realms where joy is holy—
Where no dim shade of melancholy
Beclouds the rest which angels keep,
Where, peace and bliss united wholly
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

If on that brow so fair, so young,
Affliction trace an early furrow,
If Hope's too dear, delusive tongue
Has broke its promise of to-morrow,
Seek not the world again, to borrow
The deathful print its votaries reap.
Man gives his loved ones pain and sorrow,
God “giveth His beloved sleep.”

From Dicken's Household Words.

A LUNATIC ASYLUM IN PALERMO.

Several years ago Count Pisani, a Sicilian nobleman, while on a tour through Europe, directed his attention to the condition of the receptacles for lunatics in some of the principal continental cities. Deeply impressed by the injudicious and often cruel treatment to which the unhappy inmates of those establishments were often subject, he determined on returning, to convert his beautiful villa near Palermo into a Lunatic Asylum, which received the name of *Casa dei Matti*; and withdrawing to a more humble place of abode, he devoted his fortune and energies to the purpose of carrying out his philanthropic scheme.

Count Pisani himself offered to conduct me over the establishment. After a short walk we arrived in front of a spacious mansion, the exterior aspect of which presented nothing different from that of a handsome private residence. The windows it is true, were grated; but the gratings were so ingeniously contrived that had not my attention been particularly directed to them, I should not have discovered their existence. Some represented

vine leaves, tendrils, or bunches of grapes; others were fashioned like the long leaves of the convolvulus.—Foliage, fruit and flowers were all painted in natural colors, and it was only from a near point of view that the artifice could be detected.

The gate was opened by a man, who, instead of carrying a huge stick or a bunch of keys (the usual insignia of the porter of a mad house,) had a fine nosegay stuck in the breast of his coat, and in one hand he held a flute, on which he had apparently been playing when interrupted by our summons at the gate.

We entered the building, and were proceeding along the corridor on the ground-floor, when we met a man whom I took to be a servant, or messenger of the establishment, as he was carrying some bundles of firewood. On perceiving us, he laid down his burden, and advancing to Count Pisani, respectfully kissed his hand. The count inquired why he was not in the garden enjoying the fresh air and amusing himself with his companions. “Because,” replied the man, “winter is fast coming, and I have no time to lose. I shall have enough to do to bring all the wood from the loft, and stow it away in the cellar.” The count commended his forethought, and the man, taking up his faggots, bowed, and went his way.

This man, the count informed me, was the owner of large estates in Castelveneruno; but owing to a natural inactivity of mind, and the absence of any exciting or useful occupation, had sank into a state of mental torpor, which terminated in insanity. When he was brought to the *Casa dei Matti*, Count Pisani drew him aside, under the pretence of having a most important communication to make to him. The count informed him that he had been changed at nurse, that he was not the rightful owner of the wealth he had heretofore enjoyed; and the

fact having become known, he was dispossessed of his wealth, and must therefore work for his maintenance.—

The madman believed the tale, but showed no disposition to rouse himself from the state of indolence which had been the primary cause of his mental aberration. He folded his arms, and sat down, doubtless expecting that in due time a servant would enter as usual to inform him that dinner was ready. But in this he was deceived.

Dinner hour arrived, and no servant appeared. He waited patiently for some time; but at length the pangs of hunger roused him from his listlessness, and he began to call out loudly for something to eat. No one answered him; and he passed the whole night in knocking on the walls of his apartment, and ordering his servant to bring him his dinner.

About nine o'clock next morning, one of the keepers entered the apartment of the new patient, who, starting up with more energy than he usually manifested, imperiously ordered his breakfast to be prepared. The keeper offered to go into the town to purchase something for his breakfast, if he would give him the money to pay for it. The hungry man eagerly thrust his hands into his pocket, and to his dismay, having discovered that he had no money, he implored the keeper to go and procure him some breakfast on credit.

"Credit!" exclaimed the keeper, who had received the requisite instructions from Count Pisani. "Credit, indeed! No doubt you might easily have obtained credit to any amount, when you were living at Castelveleruno, and every one believed you to be the rightful lord of those fine domains. But now that the truth has come out, who do you think will give credit to a pauper?"

The lunatic immediately recollected what Count Pisani had told him respecting his altered position in life, and

the necessity of working for his daily bread. He remained for a few moments as if absorbed in profound reflection; then, turning to the keeper, he asked whether he would point out to him some mode by which he could earn a little money to save himself from starvation.

The keeper replied that if he would help him to carry up to the loft the fagots of firewood which were in the cellar, he would willingly pay him for his work. The proposal was readily accepted; and after carrying up twelve loads of wood, the laborer received his hire, consisting of a little money just sufficient to purchase a loaf of bread, which he devoured with a keener appetite than he ever remembered to have felt throughout the whole previous course of his life.

He then set to work to earn his dinner as he had earned his breakfast; but instead of twelve, he carried up thirty-six loads of wood. For this he was paid three times as much as he had received in the morning, and his dinner was proportionably better and more abundant than his breakfast.

Thenceforward the business proceeded with the most undeviating regularity; and the patient at last conceived such a liking for his occupation, that when all the wood had been carried from the cellar to the loft, he began of his voluntary accord to carry it down from the loft to the cellar, and *vice versa*.

When I saw this lunatic, he had been employed in this manner about a year. The morbid character of his madness had completely disappeared, and his bodily health, previously bad, was now re-established. Count Pisani informed me that he soon intended to try the experiment of telling him that there was some reason to doubt the accuracy of the statements which had caused him to lose the property he once enjoyed; and

that he (the count) was in quest of certain papers which might, perhaps, prove after all, that he was no changeling, but the rightful heir to the estates of which he had been deprived. "But," added the count, when he told me this, "however complete this man's recovery at any time may seem to be, I will not allow him to quit this place unless he gives me a solemn promise that he will every day, wheresoever he may be, carry twelve loads of wood from the cellar to the garret, and also twelve loads down from the garret to the cellar. On that condition alone, shall I feel any security against the risk of his relapse. Want of occupation is well known to be one of the most frequent causes of insanity."

Each patient had a separate apartment, and several of these little rooms were furnished and decorated in the most capricious style, according to the claims of their occupants. One, who believed himself to be the son of the Emperor of China, had his walls hung with silk banners, on which were painted dragons and serpents, while all sorts of ornaments cut out in gold paper, lay scattered about the room. This lunatic was good tempered and cheerful, and Count Pisani had devised a scheme which he hoped might have some effect in mitigating the delusions under which he labored. He proposed to print a copy of a newspaper, and to insert in it a paragraph announcing that the Emperor of China had been dethroned, and had renounced the sovereignty on the part of his son and his descendants. Another patient, whose hallucination consisted in believing himself to be dead, had his room hung with black crape, and his bed constructed in the form of a bier. Whenever he arose from his bed, he was either wrapped in a winding sheet, or some sort of drapery which he conceived to be a proper costume for a ghost. This appeared to me to be a very desperate case, and I asked

Count Pisani whether there was any chance of curing the victim of so extraordinary a delusion. The count shook his head doubtfully, and observed that his only hope rested on a scheme he meant shortly to try ;— which was to endeavor to persuade the lunatic that the day of judgment had arrived.

As we were quitting the chamber, we heard a loud roaring in another patient's apartment near at hand.— The count asked me whether I had any wish to see how he managed raving madmen? "None whatever," I replied, "unless you guarantee my personal safety!" He assured me there was nothing to fear, and, taking a key from the hand of one of the keepers, he led the way into a padded chamber. In one corner of the room was a bed, and stretched upon it lay a man, wearing a strait-waistcoat which confined his arms to his sides, and fastened him by the middle of his body to the bed. I was informed that a quarter of an hour previously, this man had been seized with such a frightful fit of raving mania that the keepers were obliged to have recourse to restraint, very rarely resorted to in that establishment. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, was exceedingly handsome; he had fine dark eyes, and features of the antique mould, with the figure of a Hercules. On hearing the door open, he roared out in a voice of thunder, uttering threats and imprecations; but, upon looking around, his eyes met those of the count, and his anger softened down into expressions of grief and lamentation. Count Pisani approached the bed, and, in a mild tone of voice, asked the patient what he had been doing to render it necessary to place him under such restraint. "They have taken away my Angelica," replied the maniac; "they have torn her from me, and I am resolved to be avenged on Medora!" The unfortunate

man imagined himself to be Orlando Furioso, and, as may be readily supposed, his madness was of the wildest and most extravagant character.

Count Pisani endeavored to soothe his violence by assuring him that Angelica had been carried off by force, and that she would doubtless seize the first opportunity of escaping from the hands of her captors and rejoining her lover. This assurance, repeated earnestly but gently, speedily had the effect of calming the fury of the maniac, who, after a little time, requested that the count would unfasten his strait-waistcoat. This Count Pisani agreed to do, on condition of the patient pledging his word of honor that he would not profit by his liberty to pursue his Angelica. This sympathy for imaginary misfortune had a good effect. The patient did not attempt to quit his bed, but merely raised himself up. He had been a year in the establishment, and, notwithstanding the deep grief into which his fancied misfortunes plunged him, he had never been known to shed tears. Count Pisani had several times endeavored to make him weep, but without success. He proposed soon to try the experiment of announcing the death of Angelica. He intended to dress up a figure in funeral garments, and to prevail on the heart broken Orlando to be present at the interment. This scene it was expected, would have the effect of drawing tears from the eyes of the sufferer; and if so, Count Pisani declared he should not despair of his recovery.

In an apartment facing that of Orlando Furioso, there was another man raving mad. When we entered his room he was swinging in a hammock, in which he was fastened down for biting his keeper. Through the gratings of his window he could perceive his comrades strolling about and amusing themselves in the garden. He wished to be among them, but was not

allowed to go, because on a recent occasion, he had made a violent attack upon a poor harmless creature, suffering from melancholy madness. The offender was in consequence condemned to be tied down in his hammock, which is the secondary punishment resorted to in the establishment. The first and most severe penalty being imprisonment; and the third the strait-waistcoat. "What is the matter?" said Count Pisani. "What have you been doing to-day?" The lunatic looked at the count, and then began whining, like a peevish child. "They will not let me go out to play," said he, looking out of the window, where several of his companions were enjoying the air in the garden. "I am tired of lying here;" and he began rocking himself impatiently in his hammock. "Well, I doubt not it is wearisome," said the count; "I suppose I must release you;" and, with those words, he unfastened the ligatures.

The lunatic joyfully leapt out of his hammock, exclaiming, "Now I may go into the garden!" "Stay," said the count; "suppose before you go, you dance the Tarantella." "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the lunatic, in a tone which showed that he received the proposal as the greatest possible indulgence; "I shall be delighted to dance the Tarantella." "Go and fetch Teresa and Gaetano," said the count to one of the keepers; then turning to me, he said, "Teresa is one of our violent patients, and she sometimes gives us a great deal of trouble. Gaetano was a teacher of the guitar and some time ago became deranged. He is the minstrel of our establishment." In a few minutes, Teresa, a pretty looking young woman about twenty years of age, was conducted into the room by two men, who held her by the arms, while she struggled to escape, and endeavored to strike them. Gaetano, with his guitar slung around his neck, followed gravely, but without being

held, for his madness was of a perfectly harmless kind.

No sooner did Teresa perceive the count, than, by a violent effort disengaging herself from the keepers, she flew to him, and drawing him aside into a corner of the room, she began to tell him a long story about some ill-treatment to which she had been subjected. "I know it; I have heard of it," and, therefore, I think it just to make you some amends. For this reason I have sent for you that you may dance the Tarantella." Teresa was delighted at hearing this, and immediately took her place in front of her intended partner. "Now, Gaetano, presto! presto!" said the count, and the musician struck up the air of the Tarantella in a very spirited style.

I have frequently witnessed the magical effect which this air never fails to produce on the Sicilians; but I never could conceive anything like the change it wrought upon these two lunatics. The musician began to play the air in the time in which it is usually performed; but the dancers urged him to play it faster and faster, till at length the measure became indescribably rapid. The dancers marked the tune with the most perfect precision by snapping their fingers. After keeping up this rapid movement with surprising energy for a quarter of an hour, they began to show some symptoms of fatigue. The man was the first to give in, and, overcome by the exertion, he threw himself on a bench which stood on one side of the room. Teresa, however, kept up a very animated *pas seul* for several minutes after the loss of her partner; but at length she also found herself compelled to stop. The man was placed on his bed, and the woman was conducted to her apartment.—Both were so completely overpowered by the violence of their exertions, that Count Pisani observed he would answer for their remaining quiet for

twenty-four hours to come. As to the guitarist, he was allowed to go into the garden to play to his companions.

I was next conducted into a large hall, in which the patients walk and amuse themselves, when wet weather prevents them from going out. This place was adorned with a profusion of flowers, growing in pots and vases, and the walls were covered with fresco paintings representing humorous subjects. The hall contained embroidery frames, spinning-wheels, and even weavers' looms; all presented traces of the work on which the lunatics had been engaged. Having passed through the great hall, I was conducted to the garden, which was tastefully laid out, shaded by large spreading trees and watered by fresh fountains. I was informed that during the hours allotted to recreation, most of the patients are seen wandering about the garden separately, and without holding any communication one with another, each following the bent of his or her own particular humor, some noisy and others silent. One of the most decided characteristics of madness is a desire for solitude. It seldom happens that two lunatics enter into conversation with each other; or, if they do so, each merely gives utterance to his own train of thought, without any reference to what is said by his interlocutor. It is different when they converse with the strangers who occasionally visit them. They then attend to any observations addressed to them, and not unfrequently make very rational and shrewd replies.

The first patient we met on entering the garden, was a young man apparently about six or eight-and-twenty years of age. Before he lost his senses, he was one of the most distinguished advocates in Catania. One evening, at the theatre, he got involved in some dispute with a Neapolitan, who, instead of quietly putting into his pocket the card which Lucra (an

shall call him) slipped into his hand, went out and made a complaint to the guard. This guard was composed of Neapolitan soldiers, one of whom gladly availing himself of the opportunity of exercising authority over a Sicilian, seized him by the collar, whereupon Lucca struck his assailant. The other soldiers came to the aid of their comrade, and a violent struggle ensued, in the course of which Lucca received a blow on the head which felled him on the ground. He was conveyed to the prison in a state of insensibility and placed in a cell, where he was left for the night. Next morning, when it was intended to conduct him before the judge for examination, he was found to be perfectly insane.

This young man's madness had taken a very poetic turn. He sometimes fancied himself to be Tasso; at another time Shakespeare or Chateaubriand. At the time of my visit to the Asylum, he was deeply impressed with the delusion of imagining himself to be Dante. When we approached him, he was pacing up and down an alley in the garden, pleasantly shaded by trees. He held in one hand a pencil, and he was busily engaged in composing the thirty-third Canto of his *Inferno*. At intervals he rubbed his forehead, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, and then he would note down some lines of the poem.

Profiting by a pause, during which he seemed to emerge from his profound abstraction, I stepped up to him, saying, "I understand, sir, that I have the honor of addressing myself to Dante."

"That is my name," replied Lucca. "What have you to say to me?"

"To assure you how much pleasure I shall feel in making your acquaintance. I proceeded to Florence in the hope of finding you there, but you had left that city."

"Then," said Lucca, with that sharp, quick sort of utterance often observable in insane persons, "then it seems,

you were not aware of my having been driven from Florence, and that they charged me with having stolen the money of the Republic? Dante accused of Robbery, forsooth! I slung my sword at my side, and collected the first seven Cantos of my poem, I departed."

This strange hallucination excited my interest, and, pursuing the conversation, I said, "I hoped to have overtaken you between Feltre and Montrefeltro."

"Oh! I staid only a very short time there," said he. "Why did you not go to Ravenna?"

"I did go there, and found only your tomb!"

"But I was not in it," observed he. "Do you know how I escaped?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have discovered a method of restoring one's life."

"Is it a secret?"

"No; I will tell it you. When I feel that I am dying, I order a grave to be dug—a very deep grave. You are aware that in the centre of the earth there is an immense lake full of water—and—and—"

Count P'isani, who had overheard the latter part of his conversation, here suddenly interrupted Lucca, saying, "Signor Dante, these people are very anxious to have a dance. Will you indulge them by playing a quadrille?"

He then hurriedly dispatched one of the attendants for a violin, on which instrument he informed me, Lucca was a masterly performer.

The violin being brought, the count handed it to Lucca who began to tune it. Meanwhile, the count, drawing me aside, said, "I interrupted your conversation, just now, somewhat abruptly; because I observed that Lucca was beginning to wander into some of his metaphysical delusions, and I never allow him to talk on such subjects. These metaphysical lunatics are always very difficult to cure.

"But yonder comes one who will never be cured!" pursued the count, shaking his head, sorrowfully, while he directed my notice to a young female who was advancing from another part of the garden, attended by a female servant or nurse. By this time the dancers had begun to range themselves in their places, and the young lady's attendant was drawing her forward, with the view of inducing her to take part in the quadrille.

The young lady, whose dress and general elegance of appearance seemed to denote that she was a person of superior rank, was disinclined to dance; and as the attendant persisted in urging her forward, she struggled to escape, and at length fell into a paroxysm of grief.

"Let her alone! Let her alone!" said Count Pisani to the attendant.—"It is useless to contend with her.—Poor girl! I fear she will never endure to see dancing, or to hear music, without this violent agitation. Come hither, Costanza," said he, beckoning kindly to her. "Tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, Albano! Albano!" shrieked the poor maniac. "They are going to kill Albano!"

And then, overcome by her emotion, she sank, exhausted, into the arms of her attendant, who carried her away.

Meanwhile, the sound of the violin had drawn together, from various parts of the garden, a number of patients, male and female, and the quadrille was formed. Among the most conspicuous figures in the group were the son of the Emperor of China, and the man who believed himself to be dead. The former wore on his head a splendid crown, made of gilt paper; and the latter, who was enveloped in a white sheet, stalked about with the grave and solemn air which he conceived to be common to a ghost. A melancholy madman, who evidently

shared in the festivity with reluctance and regret, and who was, from time to time, urged on by his keepers, and a woman, who fancied herself to be Saint Catharine, and was subject to strange fits of ecstasy and improvisation, were also conspicuous among the dancers. Lucca, who played the violin with extraordinary spirit, every now and then marked the time by stamping his foot on the ground, while, in a stentorian voice, he called out the figures, to which, however, the dancers paid not the slightest attention. The scene was indescribable, it was like one of those fantastic visions which are sometimes conjured up in a dream.

As we were passing through the court-yard, on our way out, I espied Costanza, the young lady who had so determinedly refused to join in the dance. She was now kneeling down on the edge of a fountain, and intently gazing on her own countenance, which was reflected from the limpid water as from a mirror.

I asked the count what had caused the insanity of this interesting patient. "Alas!" replied he, "it is a melancholy story of romantic *vendetta*, which might almost figure in a work of fiction." Costanza's husband had been murdered on her bridal day by a rival.

When Costanza was first brought to the establishment, her madness was of a very violent character; but, by degrees it had softened down into a placid melancholy. Nevertheless, her case was one which admitted of no hope.

Some time after my visit to Palermo, I met Lucca in Paris. He was then, to all appearance, perfectly himself. He conversed very rationally, and even appeared to recollect having seen and conversed with me before. I inquired after poor Costanza; but he shook his head sorrowfully. The count's prediction was fully verified. Lucca had recovered his senses: but Costanza was still an inmate of the *Casa dei Matti*.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If Fortune with a smiling face
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up ?
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must ?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their fault,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen, and forgive ?
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if stern justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from Memory borrow,
 When shall we chide, if chide we dare ?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
 Are harmed unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just ?
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith ?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If love estranged should once again,
 Her genial smile display,
 When shall we kiss her proffered lips ?
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But if she would indulge regret,
 Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
 When shall we weep, if weep we must ?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
 The minutes will not stay ;
 We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my love, to-day.
 But care, resentment, angry words,
 And unavailing sorrow,
 Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

New spring succeeds, with gentle showers
 To spread o'er earth her fragrant flowers.

MANIFESTATIONS OF DEITY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

In the first place, let us take a survey of the visible universe, that we may see what manifestations of God appear in it. Let us imagine that we can see with the naked eye all that the telescope would show us, and then in order that we may obtain an uninterrupted view, let us leave this earth, and ascending from its surface, take a station where we can look, without obstruction, upon all around. As we rise above the summits of the loftiest mountains, the bright and verdant regions of the earth begin to grow dim. City after city, and stream after stream fade away from view, and at length we see the whole earth itself rolling away on its course, and reflecting from its surface a uniform and silvery light. As the last breath of its atmosphere draws off from us, it leaves us in the midst of universal night, with a sky extending without interruption all around us, and bringing out to our view in every possible direction, innumerable and interminable vistas of stars. They grow fainter in the distance, till they are lost in measureless regions, too remote to be seen, but which are still as full and as brilliant as those which are near. In one quarter of the heavens, we do indeed see the sun, shining in all his splendor but as there is no atmosphere around us to reflect his rays, they produce no general illumination, and the dazzling splendor of his disk beams out from a dark nocturnal sky. The stars beyond him, bright and faint, as they are nearer or more distant, send to us their beams entirely unobstructed by his rays. We have thus the whole visible universe open to our view, so far as telescopic vision will carry us into its remoter regions. Let us look at it in detail.

Do you see yon moon-like looking

planet, gliding almost imperceptibly towards us on its way? From that portion of its surface which is turned towards the sun, it reflects to us a silvery light, while the rest of its form is in shadow and unseen. As it approaches us it enlarges and swells until it fills the whole quarter of the sky whence it comes. Its illuminated surface is turned more and more from us as it passes between us and the sun, and as it wheels majestically by us, we see, dimly indeed, for we look upon its shaded side, broadly extended regions crowded with life and vegetation. The mighty mass, however, passes on; a bright line of light begins to creep in upon its western limb. The darkened surface gradually fades from our view, and we soon see nothing but the shining crescent, which dwindles to a point, as this mighty world of life, covered with verdure, and thronged with population, wheels away and takes its place among the stars of the evening sky, itself soon the faintest star of all.

In another quarter of the heavens, we see a larger planet, whose surface it would take the swiftest human traveler hundreds of years merely to explore; but it beams mildly upon us from its distant orbit, a little gilded ball.

There are four bright points in the sky near it; two on each side, so minute as to be almost invisible, and yet shining with a clear and steady light, except when in their regular revolution round their parent orb, they disappear behind him, or are lost in his shadow. The whole group, the moons and the mighty mass around which they revolve, sweep on in their annual circuit with nearly the velocity of lightning, but in their almost measureless distance, their motion is to us so nearly imperceptible that we must watch them days or weeks to be satisfied that they move at all.

Measureless distance, did I say?

No. The Creator of this moving world has framed an intellect which has surveyed the bounds of its orbit. Its distance is measured, and its mighty mass is weighed as accurately as any distance, or any weight can be ascertained; and human calculation will tell precisely what situation, at any instant, hundreds of years hence, the planet itself and every one of its satellites will have assumed. The maker of this machinery set it in motion at least six thousand years ago, and yet so precise, so unaltered and unalterable is the regularity with which he carries it on, that its motions are now the very standard of exactness among men. By these revolutions, an observer in the remotest lands finds what is the exact time at his distant home, and learns the very distance which separates him from it. It is in fact, an illuminated clock which God has placed in the heavens, and whose motions he regulates, so as to make it an unerring guide to man.

Turn now to another quarter, and you see far, far beyond all that we have yet observed, a brilliant star, the brightest among all the constellations around. It is Sirius; the fixed unaltered Sirius. He has been watched for ages, and gazed upon by ten thousand eyes, but no one has discovered in him the slightest motion or change. He keeps his precise place among the feebler companions around him. His lustre never waxes nor wanes. No telescope will enlarge or alter him, or bring him nearer, and from two stations a hundred and ninety millions of miles apart, he appears in the same place, and shines with the same brightness and his unalterable beam comes, apparently from the same direction.

But inconceivably remote as this star is from us, we can see far, very far beyond him. The eye penetrates between him and those around, away, into boundless regions, where the vista stretches on from star to star, and from

cluster to cluster, in endless perspective. The faint nebula is perhaps the most remote of all, whose dim and delicately penciled light, in the very remotest sky, is, every ray of it, the concentrated effulgence of a blazing sun, so inconceivably distant however, that their united power can produce only the vision of a little faint cloud, apparently just ready to melt away and disappear.

Such is the scene as it would present itself to an observer, who could escape for an hour from the obstructions to the view, at the surface of the earth, and from the dimness and the reflections of our atmosphere. Our globe itself cuts off one half of the visible universe at all times, and the air spreads over us a deep canopy of blue, which during the day, shuts out entirely the other half. But were the field open, we should see in every direction the endless perspective of the suns and stars as I have described them. And this too, *all around us*. Above and below, to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south. The conception of childhood,—and it is one which clings to us in maturer years,—that above the blue sky, there is a *heaven* concealed, where the Deity sits enthroned, is a delusive one. God is everywhere. He has formed these worlds, these countless suns, and where we see his works, there we see his presence and agency. But the beautiful canopy above us does not conceal from us a material heaven beyond. We can actually penetrate it, and see that there is no heaven there. The Deity is the ALL PERVADING POWER, which lives and acts throughout the whole. He is not a separate existence having a special habitation in a part of it. If we look in every direction through this magnificent scene, we behold proofs of the active presence of the Deity in it all, but there is no material temple, no throne, no monarch with visible tokens of majesty.—

In fact if there was any quarter of the universe more magnificent than the rest, with a visible potentate seated there wielding his sceptre, that visible potentate *would not, could not be God*. It must be a creation, not the universal uncaused Creator. It might be a manifestation of the supreme power, but it would not be, and could not be, that power itself, which from its very nature is universal in its presence, and which consequently no limits and no place can confine.

It will be observed by the reader, that I am speaking here of a heaven considered as the seat of government occupied by a visible Deity on a throne. That the future residence of the happy, will be a definite place, where extraordinary manifestations of his power and glory will be seen, is highly probable. I am speaking only of conceptions which make the Deity himself corporeal, not spiritual, assign him a special place, instead of regarding him as the great invisible spirit, every part of the wide universe being equally his home.

Banish then, for this is the object to which I have been in these paragraphs aiming, all material ideas of a Deity, and do not let your imagination struggle to find its way upwards to some material heaven, with indefinite and idle conceptions of a monarch seated on a throne. The striking and beautiful metaphors of the Bible never were intended to give us this idea.—God is a SPIRIT, it says in its most emphatic tone. A spirit; that is, he has no form, no place, no throne.—Where he acts, there only can we see him. He is the wide spread omnipresent power, which is everywhere employed,—but which we can never see, and never know, except so far as he shall manifest himself by his doings.

If we thus succeed in obtaining just conceptions of the Deity as the invisible and universal power, pervading all space, and existing in all time, we

shall at once perceive that the only way by which he can make himself known to his creatures, is by *acting himself out*, as it were, in his works; and of course the nature of the manifestation which is made will depend upon the nature of the works. In the structure of a solar system, with its blazing centre and revolving worlds, the Deity, invisible itself, acts out its mighty *power*, and the unerring perfection of its intellectual *skill*. At the same time, while it is carrying on these mighty movements, it is exercising in a very different scene, its unerring *industry*, and unrivalled *taste*, in clothing a mighty forest with verdure, bringing out in beauty its millions of opening buds, and painting, by slow and cautious steps, the petal of every flower, and every insect's wing. And so everywhere this unseen and universal Essence, acts out its various attributes, by its different works. We can learn its nature only by the character of the effects which spring from it.

But I hear my reader say, "I cannot dispel the idea that there is above me, somewhere in the lofty sky, the peculiar residence of Jehovah, from which he puts forth, as it were, his arm, and produces all these effects in the more distant regions of his creation; and I cannot but hope that one day I shall see him there."

See him there! What do you expect to see? What can you see? There is nothing but form and color which is visible to the human eye. And is the Deity form and color? No. Dispel these unworthy conceptions of God. Go out in the evening, and gaze up into the clear sky, till you realize that you can see away into those distant regions, far beyond the sphere which your childish imagination has assigned as the residence of God. Then reflect that the whole scene which you thus gaze into, will, in a few hours, be beneath your feet. Try to dispel the illusion, and thoroughly fix in your

mind, so that it shall never leave you, the conception that the Deity is the all-pervading, universal and invisible power. He is below, as much as he is above; for if we could perforate the earth, and look through to what is beneath our feet, we should find there as many worlds, as many blazing suns and shining stars, and as endless perspectives of brightness and beauty, all marking the presence and the agency of God, as we ever see above.

This universal essence then, must display to us its nature, by acting itself out in a thousand places, by such manifestations of itself, as it wishes us to understand. Does God desire to impress us with the idea of his power? He darts the lightning from cloud to cloud,—or rolls the thunder,—or shakes continents by his unseen hand. Does he wish to beam upon us in love? What can be more expressive than the sweet summer sunset and the thousand nameless tints and hues which give its expression of peace and happiness to the landscape, and air, and sky of evening. How can he make us acquainted with his benevolence and skill? Why, by acting them out in some mechanism which exhibits them. He may construct an eye, or a hand for man, filling them with ingenious contrivances for our benefit, so numerous, that the very being who uses them may be centuries in exploring their mysterious wonders and yet not learn them all. How can he give us some conception of his intellectual powers? He can plan the motions of planets, and so exactly balance their opposing forces, that thousands of years shall not accumulate the slightest error, or disturb the unchanging precision of their way. But the great question, after all is to come. It is the one to which we have meant that all which we have been saying, should ultimately tend. How can such a being exhibit the moral principle by which

His mighty energies are all controlled?

He is an unseen, universal power, utterly invisible to us, and imperceptible, except so far as he shall act out his attributes in what he does. *How shall he act out moral principle?* It is easy by his material creations, to make any impression upon us, which material objects can make; but how shall he exhibit to us the moral beauty of justice, and benevolence, and mercy between man and man?

How shall he exhibit to us clearly his desire that sorrow and suffering on earth should be mitigated, and injuries forgiven, and universal peace and good will reign among the members of this great family. Can he do this by the thunder, the lightning or the earthquake? Can he do it by the loveliness of the evening landscape, or the magnificence and splendor of countless suns and stars? No. He might declare his moral attributes as he might have declared his power; but if he would bring home to us the one, as vividly and distinctly as the other, he must act out his moral principles, by a moral manifestation, in a moral scene; and the great beauty of Christianity is, that it represents him as doing so. He brings out the purity, and spotlessness, and moral glory of the Divinity, through the workings of a human mind, called into existence for this purpose, and stationed in a most conspicuous attitude among men. In the movements of a planet we see the energy of the Deity in constant occupation, showing us such powers and principles as majestic motion can show; and in the moral movements, of a mind, in which the energy of a Deity equally mingle, and which they equally guide, we have the far more important manifestation which the movements of thought and feeling can show. Without some direct manifestation of the Deity in the spiritual world, the display of his character would be fatally incomplete, and it is a beautiful

illustration of the more than harmony which exists between nature and revelation, that the latter does thus, in precise analogy, exactly complete what the former had begun. Thus the moral perfections of divinity show themselves to us in the only way by which, so far as we can see, it is possible directly to show them, by coming out in action, in the very field of human duty, by a mysterious union with a human intellect and human powers. **IT IS GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH;** the visible moral image of an all pervading moral Deity, himself for ever invisible.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO ONE IN AFFLICTION.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dear friend! if word of mine could seal
The bitter fount of all thy tears,
And, through the future's cloudy years,
Some glimpse of sunshine yet reveal—

That word I might not dare to speak:
A father's sorrow o'er his child
So sacred seems and undefiled,
To bid it cease we may not seek.

Thy little boy has passed away
From mortal sight and mortal love,
To join the shining choir above
And dwell amid the perfect day;

All robed in spotless innocence,
And fittest for celestial things,
O'ershadowed by her rustling wings
The angel softly led him hence:

As pure as if the gentle rain
Of his baptismal morn had sought
His bosom's depths, and every thought
Had sweetly cleansed from earthly stain:

Such blest assurance brings, I know,
To bleeding hearts but sad relief—
The dark and troubled tide of grief
Must have its ebb and flow—

And most of all when thou dost plod,
Alone, upon these wintry days,
 Along the old familiar ways
 Wherein *his* little feet have trod.

And thou dost treasure up his words,
 The fragments of his earnest talk,
 On some remembered morning walk,
 When, at the song of earliest birds,

He'd ask of thee, with charmed look,
 And smile upon his features spread,
 Whose careful hand the birds had fed,
 And filled the ever running brook?

Or viewing, from the distant glade,
 The dim horizon round his home,
 With simple speech and air would come
 And ask why were the mountains made?

Be strong, my friend, these days of doom
 Are but the threads of darkest hue,
 That daily enter to renew
 The warp of the Eternal Loom.

And when to us it shall be given
 In joy to see the other side
 These threads the brightest shall abide
 In the fair tapestries of Heaven!

REVENGE.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation; at such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorn, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them; and perhaps those very actions, which, (when we look at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

When we gaze in admiration at some great work of the plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realized started into life, than to the difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such a unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions, are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughnesses or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of the progress toward that state, for the aids and appliances thereunto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realized creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attend on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates

to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched, and if the ordeal last much longer, will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Let it be thought this picture is too highly-colored, or that it owes any thing to the imagination for its interests, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Batavia, it was Schwanthaler whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue.—The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal.—The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there still might be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to

the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought: nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on.—For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot,

but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes, when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, "Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!" And it was so. Nothing could stand such a terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful; the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing, too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Though the rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed and gorge and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal-founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, "Let them burn; the metal is ready for a cast!" And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out in the mold below.

All now breathed more freely: there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal to extinguish the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his

workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

From Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

KINDNESS TO THE ERRING.

As this is a magazine designed to aid the mother in all questions of domestic duty and obligation, to those who come within the reach of her influence, I wish here to relate an incident in the course of my own history which may be of use to others in similar circumstances.

In the pleasant village in which I resided, at the time of my narrative, there stood a low tenement under the shadow of an old mansion house, which was usually occupied by some poor family. It looked lonely and comfortless enough in the vicinity of large, substantial buildings surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, and filled with the good things of this life. But there it stood for many a year, the inhabitants moving in and coming out without exciting attention or inquiry. At length it was occupied by a family, consisting of an aged widow, her daughter, and two young children, taking with them unhappily, a ruined reputation and its frequent attendant, poverty.

They had come from the outskirts of the parish and planted themselves down in our village—the abode of wealth, of good order, propriety, of even goodness, of piety, and just within reach of the church!

What was to be done? For some weeks no one noticed them, or thought it safe even to employ them, as was before customary with the occupants of this poor tenement. Yet there was something touching in the fact that the poor daughter, in her desolation, had ventured to approach so near with her helpless charge—that old woman her

mother, and those two children, her nieces. And for what purpose had she come hither to this central spot of light, and morality, and literature, and religion? Apparently, it was to gain a livelihood for these dependents, and by her single arm to give them bread and clothing.

It was a providential circumstance, that just at this time I was in want of a washerwoman, and in making inquiry the story of this poor girl was related—

“But,” added my informant, “you cannot employ her; she is so dishonest nothing is safe within her reach.”

“Poor thing; has she, then, in her despair, been driven to this method of sustaining that trembling old woman and those children of misery? I think I will venture to employ her.”

“Well, you may if you please; but I advise you to lock up your stores and even your cellar. She is a cunning creature, and I would count every article you give her.”

That day M. was sent for, and the next morning she made her appearance, looking strong and able to do a good day's work.

At the customary hour, the bell for prayers summoned the family. M. was particularly invited to be present. She sunk into a corner of the room, the Bible was read, and in the prayer that followed, her case was distinctly and tenderly remembered.

The stores were not locked up that day, nor the cellar door fastened, nor even the clothes counted. At night she was well paid, and had a bundle extra to take home to her old mother. Week after week she came. Nothing was lost. We left her alone in the kitchen hour after hour. She went down to the cellar for her soap when she pleased. She saw well-filled barrels of meat, and sometimes a good large piece found its way into her bundle at night, but it was never stolen!

One day, as M. stood washing, I said, “Do you never go to meeting?”

“No, ma'am.”

“And why not, M.?”

“Because I have nothing to wear.”

“What do you need?”

“Oh, only a cloak. I could go if I had one. I have the materials, but can get no one to make it for me.”

“Bring it to me, M., and you shall have it made.”

The next Sabbath, in the pew nearest the door, sat the poor girl, with a warm cloak and hood.

Not long after this, I drew near to her one day and inquired into the welfare of her soul; for if the soul has cost the blood of the Son of God, is it not worth a *few poor words*? So I said, “M.; do you ever think that you must die, and are you prepared for eternity?”

The poor creature stopped her washing and burst into a flood of tears.

“Oh, I am so wretched. I am such a sinner.”

“And how long have you felt wretched, M.?”

“Ever since I first entered this house, ma'am. That prayer which your husband offered for me went to my heart. I thought, well, if the minister thinks I am worth praying for, I ought and will pray for myself.”

It was true that the Holy Spirit had found a way to the heart of this child of sin, awakening hope in despair.—It was not in vain that she had come to pitch her tent so near the droppings of the sanctuary—that she had entered it and listened to the voice of mercy, which reaches from heaven to earth which now extended its hand to her, removing her heavy load of sin as “far as the east is from the west.”—It was not long before M. found rest and peace in Christ. Oh, yes, poor M. found it as easily as the Christian friends around her, who now looked kindly upon her, assisting her to bear the ills of life. “Just as easy for M. to lay her burden at his feet and bear a song away,” as for any of us.

M. now had enough employment. There was food enough and clothing enough for all. The old grand-mother had a nice rocking chair, which a kind neighbor supplied, and a warm rug to sit upon, and such a "lovely comfortable," she said it kept her so warm. The little girls were sent to school; one of them proving a fine scholar, M. determined to educate her! Yes, her five dollars worked out by daily labor would pay for the child at the Academy; and so to the Academy she went; and there she continued year after year, pursuing the same course with the best scholars in the village.

Anna grew up a tall, slender girl, and M. looked upon her with delight and gratitude. She was to be the pride and blessing of her old age, and repay her love and care. Every year added to the promise and prospects of the young girl, who was so nobly urging her way forward to usefulness and respectability.

But God had other purposes. Anna was cut down like a flower in the very bloom. A typhus fever laid her low; she lingered a week or two, and died.

It was a dreadful stroke to poor M. She was the next victim. She took the fever, and followed the child of her adoption and hard labor. The poor aged mother did not long survive, but left the world in peaceful hope of a better, through the redemption of Christ Jesus.

The little tenement was now closed up, but what riches of grace had visited its inhabitants!

It is easy to perceive that the instrumentalities in this case were very small. The cost nothing. A kind word, a prayer, a little risk, a little trust!

"No labors or watchings, no hunger or thirst, or cold, or nakedness." Kind words to the erring, how easy!

GOETHE'S OPINION OF BYRON, SCOTT, AND CARLYLE.

Mr. John Oxenford, who has shown remarkable capacities for appropriation, in the use he has made of William Peter, Parke Godwin, and others, in his various "translations" from the German, has recently fallen in with Margaret Fuller d'Osoli's version of the *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann*, published many years ago by Mr. Ripley in his "Specimens of Foreign Literature;" and the result is two volumes, embracing, with what Margaret Fuller translated, the great poet's conversations with Soret. Among the chief notable men who existed at the time of the conversations, and to whom reference is made, are Scott and Byron. The first, whose *Fair Maid of Perth* is read as a new book, is praised for his "objective" qualities. The second is pronounced the greatest modern poet of England, but censured for his polemic tendency. Goethe's rapture is kindled when he speaks of him:

"'Lord Byron,' said Goethe, 'is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great talent. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, and his talent is incommensurable.—All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection, properly so called; distractions and party spirit will not permit them to unfold themselves in quiet.—But they are great as practical men. Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account the maxims in general are not successful, as is shown by his creed, 'much money no authority,' for much money always paralyzes authority.—But where he will create, he always succeeds; and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was obliged to go on poetizing, and then everything that came from the man, especially from his

heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it or knowing how it was done. He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakspeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakspeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much of Shakspeare, although he knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly have denied him altogether, for Shakspeare's cheerfulness is in his way, and he feels that he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him. On the contrary, he mentions him, and shows him respect when he can, for he knows well enough that Pope is a mere foil to himself.

"Goethe seemed inexhaustible on the subject of Byron, and I felt that I could not listen enough. After a few digressions, he proceeded thus: 'His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron: for every talent is oppressed by the outer world,—how much more, then, when there are such high birth, and so great a fortune. A certain middle rank is much more favorable to talent, on which account we find all great artists and poets in the middle classes. Byron's predilection for the unbounded could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth, and smaller means. But as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Besides how could one of so high rank be inspired with awe and respect by any rank whatever? It is surprising to remark,' continued Goethe, 'how large a portion of the life of a rich Englishman of rank is passed in duels and elopements. Lord Byron himself says, that his father carried off three

ladies. And let any man be a steady son after that. Properly speaking, he lived perpetually in a state of nature, and with his mode of existence the necessity for self-defence floated daily before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol-shooting. Every moment he expected to be called out. He could not live alone. Hence, with all his oddities, he was very indulgent to his associates. He one evening read his fine poem on the Death of Sir John Moore, and his noble friends did not know what to make of it. This did not move him, but he put it away again. As a poet, he really showed himself a lamb. Another would have commended them to the devil.'"

Yet Goethe had a curious theory in respect to criticism, and believed it possible for a foreigner to understand the achievements of a language not his own better than those to whom it is native—in which we think he was partially correct. In the following he criticises CARLYLE.

"'Sit down,' said he, 'and let us talk awhile. A new translation of Sophocles has just arrived. It reads well, and seems to be excellent; I will compare it with Solgar. Now, what say you to Carlyle?' I told him what I had been reading upon Fouqué. 'Is not that very good?' said Goethe.—'Aye, there are clever people over the sea, who know us and can appreciate us? We are weakest in the æsthetic department, and may wait long before we meet such a man as Carlyle. It is pleasant to see that intercourse is now so close between the French, English, and Germans, that we shall be able to correct one another. This is the greatest use of a world-literature, which will show itself more and more. Carlyle has written a life of Schiller, and judged him as it would be difficult for a German to judge him. On the other hand, we are clear about Shakspeare and Byron, and can, per-

haps, appreciate their merits better than the English themselves."

Carlyle is frequently referred to, and always thus. The clear-sighted, great old man, already perceives how much his fame will owe to such an apostle and preacher of his faith—for he sees also what Carlyle himself will become. The mention of Lockhart is also very interesting.

"I asked about Lockhart and whether he still recollected him. 'Perfectly well' returned Goethe. 'His personal appearance makes so decided an impression that one cannot easily forget him. From all I hear from Englishmen, and from my daughter-in-law, he must be a young man from whom great things in literature are to be expected. I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him. It is admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. There is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect.'"

Again :

"'It is pleasant to see,' said Goethe, 'how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the 'Edinburgh Reviewers' treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better. In Carlyle,' said he, 'I venerate most of all the mind and the character which lie at the foundation of his tendencies. The chief point with him is the culture of his own nation; and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wishes to make known to his contemporaries, he pays less attention to the arts of tal-

ent, than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works. Yes,' said Goethe, 'the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is always more at home in our literature than ourselves. At any rate we cannot vie with him in our researches in English literature.'"

From the Washington Republic.

A LEARNED AMERICAN WOMAN.

Whoever has chanced to take a drive from Boston to Jamaica Plains in the summer months, and on approaching that village has turned from the Providence railroad on the right and dashed down a sandy avenue to the left, has there seen a handsome farm house, almost covered up in the embraces of a magnificent elm.—Around he has noted the ample barn, the generous garden, the teeming orchard, and perchance has said to himself, "If there is peace to be found in the world, the heart that is noble might hope for it here." If he has entered the house, he has seen a group of rosy children and a scene of thrifty housewifery. If his call has been in the morning, the stranger has seen the presiding genius, a lady of accomplished address, superintending the cares of the family; If in the afternoon, he has doubtless found her in a magnificent library, with a circle of tomes before her, lettered in languages to him unknown. This is Mrs. Putnam; and as the reader will doubtless desire to hear more we copy, a farther account from the Boston Atlas of December twenty-third:

"In the Christian Examiner for Nov., 1850, appeared an article entitled "The North American Review on Hungary," in which the statements and conclusions of Mr. Francis Bowen

on the subject of the late Hungarian struggle for freedom, were discussed and refuted. In the printed list of contributors which accompanies each copy of the Examiner, the article was attributed to Mary Lowell Putnam, whose initials were also attached to it. This name was known to be that of a lady in the highest class of society, whose extraordinary attainments in languages had long commanded the respect of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, though from her modest indifference to notoriety, her reputation had hitherto scarcely reached the public ear. Of the extent of these attainments some idea may be formed from the fact that Mrs. Putnam has made herself acquainted, and in most cases well acquainted with Greek, Latin and Hebrew; with French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Polish, and Russian, with Turkish and Sanscrit; and, I believe, with several European and Asiatic languages, which I am not able at present to designate with accuracy.

"And creditable as is the acquisition of this mass of knowledge, the circumstances under which it has been effected render it still more meritorious; for besides the impediments to literary labor of a large household and family of children, all the duties incident to which have been performed with exemplary fidelity, Mrs. Putnam has labored under the disadvantage of weak eye-sight, so that for years she did not open a book, but was forced, in the study of several languages, to rely wholly on the aid of readers and amanuenses, who in some cases did not understand a word of what they were assisting her to acquire. The obstacles of this kind which her energy and perseverance have surmounted were indeed full as great as those with which the historians, Augustin, Thiers and Prescott have had to contend, and her tri-

umph over them deserves the same applause that has been so justly bestowed on theirs.

"Mrs. Putnam's knowledge of the languages I have enumerated is not limited to the grammar and dictionary. She has made herself familiar, in many cases with the literature and the history of the nations by whom they are spoken; and of the result of her researches she has given some specimens, in a series of contributions to the North American Review and the Christian Examiner, written with a vigor of style and thought, as creditable to her intellect, as the matters they treat of are to her industry. To the literature and history of Hungary and Poland she has of late years given special attention, and her studies in this direction have been facilitated by an acquaintance with eminent scholars of those countries residing among us, and by the possession of a very fine collection of books in nearly all the languages of Europe."

"With these qualifications for the task, Mrs. Putnam accepted the challenge which Mr. Bowen in the North American Review, had offered to the public on the subject of his articles on Hungary. She reviewed him in the Christian Examiner, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody who has read her review that he had pretended to knowledge on the subject which he did not possess, and that he had greatly misrepresented the Hungarians and their cause."

SABBATH MORNING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Sweet day of rest, begin;

The week hath had its way,
With care, and strife, and folly's din,
And scarce a pause to pray.

The week its league hath kept
In mammon's mine to moil,

Its vot'ries wearily have slept,
And early waked to toil.

It as a sower went
Its earthly seed to cast,
And some upon the winds were spent,
To reap the winds at last.

With many a deep regret,
And hope that vainly burned.
The work-day world our tasks hath set,
And we her lessons learned.

The week hath had its fill
Of service, and of speech;
Six days and nights it ruled at will,
But *one* it may not reach.

We see its dawning gem
Gleam o'er the mountain's breast,
Kneeling, we kiss its garment's hem;
,Begin, sweet day of rest.

For the Miscellany.

A VISIT TO MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BY RACHEL A. RIX.

In the autumn of 1848, during a few weeks spent in Hartford, I had the pleasure of calling upon this excellent lady. Her former residence at Sigourney place, although more magnificent and imposing, can scarcely be considered more beautiful than the sweet place she now inhabits, with its trees and overshadowing vines.

I was shown into a parlor furnished with elegance and simplicity, and took my seat upon the sofa, awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Sigourney. There was in the room a piano of fine workmanship; while near the centre stood a table covered with books, among which I noticed several standard works in elegant binding, but observed no annuals or works of a light character. A few flowers in a vase were arranged with exquisite taste.

I had been seated a few moments when Mrs. Sigourney entered the room. She welcomed me cordially.—The first sight of her struck my heart with almost involuntary homage. In her manner there is an air of dignity and superior ease; the great secret of her peculiar fascinating manner is perhaps that innate loftiness of character blended with a sweetness that wins all hearts.

She was attired in a dress of dark silk, with a small embroidered French collar, without ornament save a plain gold ring worn upon the third finger; indeed her own just taste prompts her to simplicity in all things. Mrs. Sigourney has a fair fresh complexion, and her full blue eyes bespeak a soul of noble and generous impulses. It has been remarked 'that good affections express themselves in the countenance and picture themselves in the eyes;' emphatically is this true of Mrs. Sigourney; a more expressive countenance I never beheld. Her smile lights up the face like sunshine, and as has been remarked of another, 'is indeed the sunshine of the heart'—She possesses an unbounded influence over the minds of others, and a knowledge of human nature perhaps rarely equalled. What was said of Shakespeare is equally true of Mrs. Sigourney. She has thoroughly studied her own heart and thereby knows her neighbor.

At the age of twenty she was principal of a popular Seminary for Young Ladies in Hartford. She is said to have possessed in an eminent degree one of the most important qualities of a successful teacher, a wonderful power or command over the minds of her pupils by whom she was loved and revered.

Mrs. Sigourneys' conversational powers are of a high order. She has great tact in adapting the subjects of her discourses to those with whom she converses and her stores of knowl-

edge are almost exhaustless. Her ideas are expressed in the classic style of her prose writings. She gives a peculiar charm to even the most common topics of discourse.

Mrs. Sigourney is a woman of devoted piety, and I doubt not that this is the basis of her peculiar excellence and purity of character. She is regular in her attendance upon divine worship and on the communion of the Lord's Supper in the church (the Episcopal) of which she is a member. In her conversation she expressed among other similar things her confidence in the power of the gospel to sustain the spirit amid the most trying circumstances and in the deepest afflictions, also of the salutary effect of suffering upon the soul in preparing it for the society of the Heavenly World.

Mrs. Sigourney says in her *Letters to Young Ladies*, "that the grand art of pleasing in conversation, is to make others pleased with themselves;" perhaps this is one great secret of her own brilliant conversational powers.—Such was the charm of her discourse that I found more than half an hour had imperceptibly glided away, and apologizing I took my leave, and tho' I had formed an exalted idea of her surpassing worth and excellence both from her writings and from those personally acquainted with her who had described her as combining all that is estimable and lovely in woman, yet I could but exclaim with another, "the half was not told me." I met her several times afterwards during my stay in Hartford but always with the same impression, and although two years have passed since that time, yet I remember her clear sweet tones of voice, her calm dignity and peculiar fascination of manner as distinctly as though I had seen her but yesterday.

Paw Paw, Feb. 15, 1851.

Friendship is not bought with gold,
And when true will ne'er grow old.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.
THE WIDOWED BRIDE TO HER OCEAN DEAD.

Dark are thy rolling surges, Ocean,
And cold thy flashing, briny spray;
Wild and tumultuous is thy motion
As death wing'd tempest's plough their way.

But darker is the strange amassing,
That clouds as now I view the passing,
Of thy wild waves, that loud, alas! sing
A requiem in their frantic play.

Wild as is now, the yawning billow
That shrouded once a manly breast—
Deep as is now, the moss grown pillow
That ornaments his place of rest.
But wilder yet the words once spoken,
By hope inspired—affliction's token,
And deeper yet the grief outbroken
Now from within, by mem'ry press'd.

Peaceful is thy dreamless sleeping,
My first, my last, my only love—
Heeding not her pain-fraught weeping,
Who mourns, as mourns the mateless dove.

Thou who to me wast kindly given,
And then from me so quickly riven
By Him who gives and takes, in Heaven,
I'd gladly share thy rest above.

Tremblingly I list the roaring
That marks the breaking, foaming tide,
And the elemental warring
That strews the raging waste so wide;
And shudder that the waves are velling
Thy sleep, with stillness thee empaling,
While o'er thy form perhaps is trailing
The cold sea-serpent in his pride.

List thou not my dread emotion,
But sleep thou on in silence there,
Heeding not this stormy Ocean,
Nor storms that do my bosom tear.
For 'neath these conflicts thou art resting,
No rude alarms thy sleep molesting,
Unconsciously thy sense divesting
Of griefs that on my bosom bear.

H. W. B.

BIRMINGHAM, O.

From the Ladies' Repository.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

From the deep, dark recesses of the past, there comes to the ear of philosophy and of religion a voice of warning and of wisdom. It comes from the plains of Chaldea; it rises from the vales of Palestine; it murmurs out from the tombs of the Nile; its echoes are heard from Parnassus, and from Helicon, and from Olympus; it is heard booming over the waters from the shores of the old world, and from the isles of the ocean. Let us listen what it says.

The past speaks to us of the vanity of human greatness. Its language seems to be addressed to me, and to all who have affinity of soul to appreciate its teachings. It seems to say, Who art thou, O man, son of earth, being of a day, who exaltest thyself with the vain notion of greatness? Listen to the story of those, who have, in my time, traveled the same road in which thou art now journeying. There was once a great king, who ruled over the land of the Nile. All whom he met paid him reverence. Millions rose up at his bidding, and came and went again at his command. In the pride of his heart, he built him a city, from whose hundred gates there issued out a hundred thousand warriors, all clad in armor, ready to carry dominion, destruction, and death, wherever he listed. He erected a statue, which, by some curious mechanism, saluted, with strange music, the rising sun.—He called for his obeisant slaves, and they went to the quarry of living rock, and dug from the mountain side the gigantic block, and by means unknown to modern times transported the huge masses to the plains, and there erected a pyramid, to serve as a place of burial for his body, and to perpetuate his name. But of his hundred-

gated city nothing but ruins remain. His statue has fallen, and no longer emits its tones of music. His pyramid yet stands; but of the body it was intended to preserve, not a vestige, not a particle of dust remains; while his name, his very name is lost, lost forever, nor will its echo ever again fall on human ear.

There came another, and he ruled over the plains of Chaldea. His dominion extended over the Euphrates and Tigris, famed in song. By unhallowed, yet successful war, he extended his sway over the Jordan, whose waters were sacred to the chosen people of the Most High, and over the sweet gliding Kedron, and

"Siloa's brook

That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

At noonday, he walked out on his palace roof, and looked over the magnificent city he had built, and boasted that he was greater than all kings, and even aspired to equal the Most High, saying, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the city of my glory, and for the eternal habitation of my people?" But while he was yet speaking, there came a voice from the deep, saying, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O thou son of the morning! How art thou, which didst weaken the nations, cut down to the ground! Thy pomp is brought down to the grave with the voice of thy music. Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even the chief ones of the earth. It hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. They all speak to thee, and say, 'Art thou also become as one of us? Art thou also weak as we?—Thou that didst strike the people in wrath with a continual stroke; thou that didst rule the nations in anger; thou that didst say in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt myself above the stars of God, I will

ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the Most High, even thou art brought down to the pit, thy staff is broken, thy arm palsied, and from thy iron grasp the oppressed hath escaped." And where now is the great city of the Chaldean monarch?—Where is Babylon, the metropolis of cities and the glory of kingdoms?—Alas, it is swept by the besom of destruction. The Arabian pitches not his tent there; the shepherd makes not his fold there; but the wild beast of the desert makes his lair there, and the moping owl hoots out from the broken fragments of fallen fane, and the bitter screams over the stagnant pools that cover the plain where the great city once stood. As for the boastful hero himself, his name only remains on the records of time. Not one remnant of his greatness, not one vestige of his power, not one monument of his pride survives; not one drop of his blood flows in the veins of any human creature.

Next came he of Persia's wide extended realm. In his arrogance he scourged the sea for having interfered with his plans. Along Thermopylæ's defiles he marched his countless hosts. A hundred years passed, and his warriors were gone, his obeisant followers gone, all gone; his kingdom was subverted, and himself forgotten.

There came another, he of Macedon pre-eminently called the Great, the self-styled son of Ammon. On the utmost boundaries of the habitable globe the tramp of his fiery steed was heard. From the jungles of the Indus the tiger was startled by the clattering of his hosts. When he had conquered the world, he sat down on the shores of the Indian ocean, and wept that there was not another world to conquer. But where is he now? What remains of him but his name? Who knows the place of his grave?—Where is his kingdom—his kingdom of universal dominion?

Next came he of the sunny Tiber. Before him the swift Parthian fled, and from his warlike strokes the fierce Gaul recoiled. The rude Briton, dwelling in the *ultima thule* of the ocean, trembled at his name. To him the liberty-loving people of Republican Rome offered a crown, which he wisely refused in name, but received in fact. His empire he bounded by the ocean, his fame by the stars. The city where he dwelt men called eternal. And what now remains of him, or of the eternal city of his home?—Of the one it was long ago said, there were none so poor as to do him reverence, and of the other nothing but the wreck is left.

There came another. From the shores of the frozen north, he rushed down on the plains of Italy. He boastfully said, that not a blade of grass ever grew beneath where his horse had trod. His legions of wild and savage barbarians did his bidding in spoiling the earth, and sacking its cities, and deluging its plains with blood. But his horse's tramp has long since ceased to sound, and the grass has grown green again. Himself lies unknown and unhonored beneath the Busentian waters. His hosts have vanished like a shadow, and the earth is at rest again.

Agas past away, and there came another. The thrones of Castile and Aragon, and of the empire of the Rhine and the Danube, he molded into one, and sat upon it. Across the ocean waste he sent his ships to the Indian isles, and to the continents of the north and the south. His standard was erected, his name and authority proclaimed on the Cordilleras of Mexico and the Andes of Peru. The empire of the Montezumas and of the Incas fell an easy prey. Gold was poured into his coffers, and glory surrounded his temples. In his pride and his power he thought to arrest the march of truth itself, and he vainly attempted to keep

in awe God's own messenger, who came to reform the world. An age passed, and the glory and the greatness of Europe's Charles was voluntarily laid aside. Tired of his crown, as a child of its toys, he threw it away. He let go his hold on power, came down from his throne, and hid himself away in a retired monastery. Another age passed, and the empire he had yielded up had fallen to pieces. Its Germanic possessions were passed to other hands; its Indian islands, all, save one, were fallen to other owners. Of the transatlantic continent, Mexico, with its mines of silver, and Peru, with its rivers of gold, nothing remained.

There came another still. From the Mediterranean isle he suddenly blazed with dazzling brilliancy on the eyes of men. The darkness of despotic power retired before him. At his approach, the thrones of kings tottered, and fell, and crumbled. Kings and queens came down on the plain, and bowed the knee, and kissed his hand. He stamped on the earth, and there sprang up men armed to the teeth ready to do battle for him, either on the burning sands of Egypt, or along the sunny plains of Italy, or amid the interminable forests of Russia. He brought down the eagle of Austria, grappled with the bear of Russia, and kept at bay the lion of England. His power knew no resistance, his ambition no bounds. The people flung their caps in the air, and cried, long live Napoleon, Emperor of the French. But over the spirit of his dream there came a change. His star, which had shone resplendent on all the landscape, was shorn of its beams in the murky atmosphere of Waterloo. It finally set, quenched for ever of its fires, in the Atlantic ocean. Far away in the waste of waters, where gallant ship seldom sails, rises high toward heaven a bleak and barren rock. Here were spent the latter days, and here was made the

grave of him who made the world tremble.

"Hark, comes there from the pyramids,
Or from Siberia's wastes of snow,
Or Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge,
'That's heard there is the seabird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh."

Thus speaks the past of human greatness. Alas, how vain is greatness. It passes like the shadow of a summer cloud over the landscape. The eye is upon it, and it is not.

"The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone
When dust he turns to dust again."

IGNORANCE OF GREAT PHYSICAL TRUTHS.

How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of his life is measured by its revolutions, regulating the labor and the response of every race of being! How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the gnomon of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change!—How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry—are the centre of planetary systems that may equal, if not surpass our own! And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe, upon which they nightly slumber is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape;

now finding their way in volcanic fires; now heaving and shaking the earth; now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength for that final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and the new earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness!" Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.—*North British Review.*

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

WILDWOOD GRAVES.

Italy! rich in thy sunny eſime,
lovely in thy purple skies, land of love
and song, how, art thou beautiful!

Hallowed indeed is thy heaving sod,
for it flourishes above the graves of
Petrarch and Tasso.

Glorious Greece! Marathon and
Missolonghi bring with their names,
proud memories of thee. Over the
dust of many heroes thy cypresses
wave, and thou art immortal.

Beautiful France: beneath thy turf
sleeps hero and poet, and thy skies are
gayer for smiling o'er their graves.

Proud England! thou art forever
emblazoned on memory's page, for
Shakespeare's ashes mingle with thy
dust.

Columbia! *thy memory* fadeth
never. There is no spot, thy territory
o'er, from whence comes, no voice
to perpetuate thy name. From the
shores where occidental waters roll in
peaceful majesty, even far o'er the
land to orient coasts, there goeth up
one ceaseless voice,—that of Colum-
bia's dead.

All amid thy wildwood haunts, up-
heaves the fragrant sod over the
bones of some lonely one, some smit-
ten wanderer. Here and there, be-
neath the swaying trees, a little hil-
lock may be seen, marked by a rude
cross, or only a wild rose tree, some-

thing placed there to show that, that
which lies beneath, "once had life and
suffered death" Mid the lonely
haunts of Greenwood or Laurel Hill,
where all that is lovely in nature is
tastefully disposed by the hand of art,
where the living may with pleasure
tread the beautified homes of the dead,
the mind is exalted, entranced, and
the sad heart loses half its sorrow as
it lingers there. But to the wander-
er 'mid the vast forest of our western
wilds, the sudden meeting of a lonely
grave, a solitary tomb, brings thoughts
and feelings never produced by a
stroll thro' a cemetery adorned and
cultivated. Thoughts deep and feel-
ings earnest and true are awakened
by that lone object, a *grave in the
wilderness.*

Not a score of miles from our own
Mound City, beneath the wild forest
trees, in a lone, secluded spot, there
is a single grave. The long grass
waves over it and the little sorrel flow-
er blossoms there. It is a stranger's
grave—He came, a traveller to that
lonely spot, a few families dwelt around,
the fever smote him, he was a stranger,
and they took him in—he left his bones
among them.

I know a grave whereon the wild
flowers bloom, in the long grass, the
wild lark builds her nest, and the wild
vine weeps morning dew, above that
hallowed spot. Under the tall elms
and stately oaks that mound is raised,
and nightly 'mid the dark foliage,
cometh the Whippoorwill to warble a
requiem. On the banks of the river
called "Beautiful," there is a spot,
dear to the nation's heart. A gentle
eminence gives to the view of the
traveller on that lovely stream, the
grave of Harrison. A quiet, seclud-
ed spot, fit resting place for the good
ruler, who sleeps there.

Far up the river "Mighty," on a
lofty rise is seen another venerated
tomb. A little house erected o'er the
ashes of the loved Dubuque, attracts

the eye of him who journeys by.— Tradition tells us, that for a long time the Indians kept a nightly watch and a lurid fire around the consecrated spot. The red men have been driven thence, but that lone tomb remains to tell a tale to the travellers ear, replete with mournful sentiment, Many a voice comes from the hallowed mounds that consecrate our wilds.— There, on the open prairie with the blue sky above, and the sea of waving grass on either side, the wearied trapper rests. No slab nor board marks his humble, grave enough, that the sun shines on it and the summer rain weeps over it; *He is at rest.*

Along the Mississippi's shores there riseth many a nameless grave, where sleep the victims of the pestilence.— The boats crew as they go ashore to "wood up," perchance, meeting with one of these mementoes of stricken hopes, return to their labor with sadder hearts and faces more thoughtful.

Many, many places where the wild vine creeps and the, Eglantine in lonely sweetness waves, where the wild bee hums and the waters glide, may be seen the nameless graves; emblems of our uncertain destiny.

There is a wild and desert seeming spot. Forest flowers cluster round it and the tall trees cast mournful gloom o'er all beneath. A rude decaying slab leans o'er the grave, the words thereon inscribed tell of whom, for one with difficulty there may read,

M A R Y :

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

ETHEL GREY.

St. Louis, Mo., 1851.

RESTRAINT.

There is no good that exists or can exist unless guarded by restraint. The best things we enjoy, the noblest qualities that we possess, become vicious by excess. Mercy degenerates into

weakness, generosity into waste, economy into perjury, justice into cruelty, and ambition into crime. The principal of restraint has the sanction of the almighty wisdom itself, for it is impressed on every object of the physical as well as the moral world. The planets are kept in their orbits by the restraint of attraction; but for that law the whole system would run into inextricable confusion and ruin. Does it detract from the simplicity, the grandeur of this system, to say that the laws which uphold it, is restraint?— Is it not to the restrained position of the earth, that we owe the revolutions of the seasons, with their appropriate and successive enjoyments; and to its restrained revolution towards the sun, that we owe the relief of day and night—the season of labor and repose? What hinders the product of that vine becoming a universal curse, but the restraint of temperance? What gives to society its finest charm, but the restraint of decorum, of mutual respect, of honor, confidence, kindness, hospitality? Look where you will—above you, around you, below you—you see the great conservative principal is restraint; that the same restraint which, in harmony, holds human society together; preserving courtesy law, order and religion.—*William Wirt's defence of Judge Peck.*

HOWARD AND BUNYAN.

Apart from the accidents of case, the prison at Bedford was a fitting scene for the inauguration of Howard's philanthropic career. Its walls were already glorified by the long captivity of Bunyan. Seldom does such a combination occur. From that obscure and petty prison proceeded, but at a long interval of time, two of the noblest and most precious works of man—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Howard's labor of charity and love.

Here that famous Puritan—a man whom Milton and Cromwell have loved and honored—was confined for twelve long years after the restoration of the Stuart dynasty—1660-72—for the high crime and misdemeanor of denying the right divine of kings and hierarchs to govern wrong; and here, he not only conceived, but also wrote, his famous allegory, that true and genuine book—which has perhaps done more for the spread of real piety and religious sentiment in this country, than any other uninspired production; supporting himself the while, by his industry in the art of making tags and purses; which he, in common with his fellow-captives, was permitted to sell to visitors.—Himself a Puritan of the grand and genuine Miltonic stamp. Howard would certainly feel a deep respect and veneration for his prison on Bunyan's account; and here his own efforts and investigations were to begin.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

THE CAUSES OF DELAY IN THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHEL.

He who would accomplish any broad and important change in the sentiments or practice of men will find the need, before his end is attained, of much long-suffering and considerate patience. His end may be praiseworthy; the error, which he labors to remove, may be most mischievous; the argument which he urges may be decisive beyond all appeal, beyond all doubt; and yet, demonstrate as he may, the passing over of the whole social body from the wrong to the right, is a slowly progressive work, which demands time for its completion. It is even better that it should go forward deliberately—that every

stage of it should work itself clear in the popular consciousness, and that it should wait for the slow coming on the mass—better that it should proceed by this tardy but completed transition, carrying society experimentally through each stage of the process, and founding each step of advance in the thorough convictions of men, than that it should seize prematurely on superficial and imperfect victories, and walk in the vain shew of apparent but unreal success.

No moral change in popular sentiment and practice can be suddenly effected. Time must be given for the transition. The process is experimental. The argument must be digested by the popular mind; precept must be tried out and verified in practice; and after all that logic and demonstration can do, time must be given for old notions and customs to loosen their hold on the common mind, and for the new sentiment and practice to take on the ease and authority of established truth.

There are considerations of this kind which have never been duly weighed by those who have embarked in the cause of Temperance. There are necessities of slow and experimental progress in this reform—necessities of delay, of seasons of apparently interrupted advancement, of periods when the visible tokens of its prevalence shall be few, and the hearts of many grow faint with hope deferred. There are necessities of this sort involved in the progress of a popular moral change, such as we seek in the Temperance Reformation, which have not been sufficiently considered by the mass of its friends, and which the times now demand should be more deeply explored. If we mistake not, the progress of this cause in the future is to depend on instrumental agencies somewhat different from those which have served in the past, and requires on the part of its friends

a more profound appreciation of the nature of the case.

In the prosecution of this enterprise we have reached a point which, more than for any other quality, calls urgently for the exercise of courageous patience, not with the evil, against which we are contending, nor with any of the thousand abuses and mischiefs, in which it abounds, but with these inherent necessities of delay, and with the slow experimental process by which the popular mind digests new principles and loats for itself the paths of a new practice. The problem in solution is one of universal application and interest; it involves a broad reconstruction of opinion and custom. The thorough deliverance of society from the vice of intemperance is a far greater work than ever entered the conception of the mass of its early patrons, and is but partially comprehended among us even now.

We are deeply impressed with the need, among the friends of this enterprise, of a resolute spirit of Patience—of courageous, considerate, hopeful Patience—of a temper that blends somewhat more of deliberate and philosophic composure with undiminished zeal and untiring activity.—There needs such a combination of qualities to conduct this Reform in its present and future stages, steadying the ardor of reformative zeal with a clear appreciation of the intrinsic necessity of delay upon delay. We ask for no abatement of hope and energy in the prosecution of our means; but we shall so far presume on the capacity for candid reflection among the friends of this work, as to ask them to think a few second thoughts with us, and forearm themselves for certain inevitable aspects of this work.

This Reform was far greater in extent and more arduous in its nature than has been generally estimated.—Look back over the last thirty years, and contemplate the condition of so-

ciety. The world was never so thoroughly *possessed* with an evil custom, as it then was with the passion for drink. It had grown up steadily, generation after generation, till social sentiment was besotted, and public, social, and private life became one broad theatre of intemperate indulgence. Already we can but faintly picture to ourselves the abject vassalage of appetite and custom in which the world then lay. It was the Age of Drink—the day of darkness, when sottishness had not learned to blush, and inebriety cared not to hide its head. Look back to that long dark period of sovereign intemperance, and estimate, if you can, the depth and thoroughness of the perversion that then wrought itself into the thoughts and customs of the world. In those times intemperance became an Institution, compacted by the force of law, usage, and universal appetite, and arrayed in its behalf a pecuniary and commercial interest, and embedded itself in the domestic and social customs of life, and entered into this strong bond of alliance with all that is fashionable and festive among men. The delusion made itself strong on every hand; disease found in it a remedy, many-sided as the ailments of the race; health sought it for joy and strength; it cooled the heated, warmed the cold; labor found strength in it; pleasure grew gay; sorrow forgot itself, and the world danced on in one wide Bacchanalian reel.

We speak of those times not lightly nor for reproach, but to take more completely the measure of this evil, and to know how it came to possess this tough and inveterate quality, and why it cleaves so tenaciously to the world. The only explanation of this is to be found in the long and complete dominion which this vice enjoyed in that past age. Then this deep entrenchment was effected in the customs and prejudices of men, and all the goings on of this mortal life

were made to revolve around this central passion for Strong Drink.

It was a world deeply subjugated and thoroughly perverted that this Reform undertook to deliver. How certain from the first that this would be a work of long time and great labor! This chronic vice would not easily yield. The spoiled notions and customs of society would but slowly become rectified. This was certain, from the first; but it was a certainty very faintly if at all perceived by the early patrons and advocates of Temperance. It has never yet been fairly taken into the estimate which good men have formed of this world. Instead of the protracted and slowly progressive change which we witness, it was confidently believed that a short and easy work would be made of it. The evil was so obvious, its mischiefs so baleful and abundant, the argument arrayed against it so perfectly conclusive and unanswerable—surely, among a race reputed to be rational, such a contest cannot be doubtful as to its issue, nor judgment be slow in proceeding to victory! And so, all along to the present, there has been a succession of major and minor prophets, all prophesying of the good times of this accomplished reform just ready to dawn on the world. And still the good time delays its coming.

It is time the impossibility of swiftly accomplishing a complete moral revolution like this were distinctly contemplated by us all. This mighty tide of evil will not be breasted and turned back at once. Checked, it may be, a little in one year, and more in the next; every one of our ten thousand efforts against it has struck home with effect. But still the strong current sets down on the present age from the past, and the world will not yet wholly unlearn the lessons of evil it had so thoroughly learned.

No considerate man will complain of the progress that has been made,

when the nature of the case is properly explored. The change that has been effected is astonishingly great. We mourn over abundant evil, still remaining; but gratitude should swell our hearts, that the loins of these present abuses are but as the little finger of those which afflicted our fathers. The rage of this malady is abated. Social sentiment following the convictions of the understanding, has already swung round almost to the opposite quarter. Comparing the present condition of things with that which prevailed one generation in the past, this revolution has been prosperous beyond all that could have been reasonably anticipated.

But here have been five and twenty years of strenuous exertion, and the work not yet perfected! Yes, five and twenty years, but *only* that—only a quarter of a century—less than one generation—the men are yet living who were already growing old when they gave the first impulse to this work! Time is not counted in the life of society as it is in the little life of man. It is less than an hour on the great dial of the World's progress, since this reform commenced. And when was ever a great moral change perfected in the common mind so soon? When was ever such a wrong righted, its deep perversions and imbued taint removed, in a space so limited? Let those who would complain of this reform as tardy in its advances, point out to us in all the world's history a moral change of anything like the magnitude of this, that has wrought with anything approaching the rapidity of this. And instead of discouragement, joy and gratitude and a courageous confidence should fill all our hearts.

Consider, again, how closely the Present is linked to the Past, and how fairly the sentiment, customs, and usages of one age pour themselves down into that which succeeds. We have to do not only with the present convictions and opinions of men in a matter

like this, but the momentum which the world acquired in a past age in the wrong direction, is not yet spent.—There is a secret force of the Past, still vital and acting in the Present, in the blind dominion of custom, and the perverted habitudes of society. A present change in the convictions of men does not at once wholly arrest the impulse which wrong has acquired. Now there is a hidden force of this nature acting unseen on the common soul of society, an effort of the former age to perpetuate itself, and to hold the world to its wonted ways.—All along this unrecognized element of obstruction has held back this reform ; and it is this in great part now retards its progress.

And what can remedy this ? This blind tendency of error to hold over from one generation to another, cannot be reasoned down. Argument has no relation to it. It has no eye for light, no ear for truth. It is simply that which hath been obstinately striving still to be. Habit holds on communities as it does on individuals, and is even more inaccessible to change.

The only process of correction in this point is one that draws largely on the grace of patience. It lies in the education of the world to the better way. With much-long suffering and patient labor we must reconstruct the common social mind, and form anew the entire body of sentiment, custom, and current notions on this point.—In this way we shall rear up, in the individual convictions and practice of men, a counter-force of right sentiment and correct usage ; and this shall gradually consolidate and establish itself, and take on the force of a new habit, antagonist to the old. More and more with each passing year, we shall breathe into this a spirit of life and prevalence. A new power of the same nature must thus be raised up to take the place of the old.

And just this we are doing—but time is indispensable to the process. The elements of temperance sentiments and practices have not yet been able to work themselves smoothly into place and due recognition among the social ways of the world. The air of novelty is yet on them. As rapidly as the nature of the case admits, the new code is coming into acceptance and acquiring the dignity and weight of established use. The counter-force is fairly in the field, and contending most successfully for prevalence. But no sudden victory can be anticipated for it. Its hope is in *growth*. Time only can ripen and establish it. Meantime, the old error feels itself losing the vigor it once enjoyed ; its life is wasting ; its scepter is passing away. It stands yet for a time by the force of old notions and customs cleaving to men's minds ; but it lingers only as the darkness when the morning is nigh ; and the new theory and practice of temperance, obstructed yet for a time, and denied a present triumph, feels ever a growing strength and an assurance of victory in the end.

Looking now in another direction, we shall see still other grounds for anticipating a gradual and protracted progress toward the perfect recovery of society from the vice of intemperance. Were any one class in the community isolated from every other, and permitted to prosecute this work of reform within itself, we might then look for its speedy completion. Along that separate level of society and within that enclosure, the enterprise might be set forward free from a great variety of obstructions with which it now has to contend. But no such lines of separation can be drawn. Society is one in all its several classes. And how fluid within itself ! Each rank acts on every other, the influence of each permeating every other. Hence the whole body of society, the high, the middle, and the low together, must

be carried over in this reform as a whole. The scene of our successes has been mainly in the middle stratum of society ; and then for the most part this reform dwells in its strength.— But it can gain no perfection and security there, so long as the two wings of the social system remain unreformed. Influences are perpetually straining in on both sides, up from the low levels of Fashion on the one hand, where the wine-cup is held as the badge of gentility, and up from the levels of appetite and coarse indulgence on the other—each tending to retard the process of purification along the heights of middle life. Cold and polluting currents flow in wherever we attain a little warmth and purity of corrected sentiment and practice, and all is mixed up again. We do not complain of this. It is by this very interfluency in the social body that we are ultimately to secure the cleansing of the whole. But we point to it in explanation of the present obstructed movement of our cause. In this very hindrance lie the methods of our advancement and final triumph.

Let the friends of temperance have patience with these drawbacks. It may seem disastrous when these cold winds from the two poles of the dram-house and the drawing-room invade our summer; but we shall warm them in the contact, and by this very circulation we shall yet thaw them out.— Act resolutely on the middle plane of society; maintain a vigorous heart here in the midst, beating with strong reformative energy, and it shall prevail yet to send life to all the extremities. This necessity is upon us, and we must submit to it. Again and again by this interfusion of sentiment, our work will find itself checked here and there.— Patiently, in firm reliance on the favor of Heaven and the strength of our principles, we must still meet these tides of prejudice and appetite. We are stronger than all these and shall pre-

vail. It is just the sort of battle that we see between the hammer and anvil; smite on, it can bear it, and conquer by bearing. Only keep alive this work, with healthful zeal and courage, and we will use up these antagonist influences. Every influx of opposition exhausts its source, and opens the way for us to carry the war into Africa.

There is a circulation of another sort going on between all parts of the social system, to which the same thoughts are applicable. The interchange of population between different portions of our country is so free and rapid, that the several tones of moral sentiment prevalent here and there are mingled up, and the whole is kept at nearly the same common level. This affects very directly the progress of this reform. It effectually forbids that any one portion of our country should stand long at any considerable point of advance beyond the rest. No one part can isolate itself and go on to perfect this work of reformation by itself. New-England might wish this were possible, but would wish it in vain. We are all in for this matter together. Each part pours itself out into every other—all sympathise and commingle; the foremost are held back, the hindmost drawn forward. New-England, the cradle and the stronghold of this enterprise, must consent to go slowly for our sakes, and beckon us onward, and wait with much patience for our slow coming on. The whole body of society is to be carried forward together in this deliverance. Our East, West, North, and South are all linked together morally, as well as in civil communion. We move forward in the cause of temperance as one.— Circumstances may favor a partial and local advance in one portion for a time, but it cannot go far before it feels the tie of community, and is compelled to wait for the tardier members.

How often has this truth been verified on a limited scale of experience,

when the effort has been made to purge a certain town or district, and retain it free from the traffic and use of drinks. Many such attempts have been made, and with most laudable aims ; but they have all failed of that particular end, and from a necessity of the case, were certain to fail. You cannot freshen a certain square yard in the midst of the ocean, and keep it pure. And the attempt to carry and maintain a perfected local reform of this kind, while this whole sea of unreformed sentiment and practice circulates around it, is equally impracticable. What then? Have such efforts been lost? No,—but they have gone to the furtherance of the general work. Every such local cleansing has been presently diffused through the whole mass, and has contributed its share to the purification of the whole. And thus by our ten thousand local and special efforts, in every one of which we see only a partial fulfillment of our wishes for the present, the whole broad work of general Reform is gradually set forward.

This is by no means the rapid and summary way in which it would please us to carry this work to an end. But these are the necessities of the case ; and what we most of all need among us now is a distinct recognition of our work as thus beset with impediments, and yet a cheerful acceptance and courageous prosecution of it on these very conditions. It is not given us to sweep the enemy from the field at one bold and brief assault. And therefore the hearts of many grow weary, and their hands are heavy. Oh! for a high-hearted patience, staying itself on Principle, and girt ever afresh with courage and considerate hope ! The world refuses to be reformed in a year, or twenty years ! The accumulated and ingrained abuses of long prevalent error will not all begone at our bidding ! We wish they would ; but we accept the battle even so.

Let me point out one other necessity for steadfast and patient continuance in this cause. We shall never be able to fashion this generation to the perfect pattern of Temperance sentiment. We stand too near the Past, when this vice had all its own way. The spirit of that Age of Drink is too deeply in us. We have touched, tasted, handled, been familiarized with its pernicious customs, and inured to their effects, till it is past hope that we shall ever wholly expel from our nature the taunt that has possessed it. The men of this day, with one foot in the past, will never be brought to feel clearly and fully how fearful a thing intemperance is. Secretly a half-conscious sentiment of allegiance works in us toward this once sovereign vice, and our arm falters as we lift it, against usages which our fathers sanctioned. We struggle and progress ; we shake off the more obvious wrongs, and put away from us the palpable mischiefs ; but the clear vision and unsullied soul will never be ours.

But we turn with hope toward the young. It will not be so with them. If we are faithful, a better generation is at hand in the persons of our children, a generation bred in the sentiment of Temperance and having it in the natural way. And no thoughtful person will need to be told in how many ways such a generation will possess advantage over the present.

No measures for the advancement of this cause are so promising as those which look to the correct training of the young in this particular. We have the decision of the whole contest involved in their nurture. This is indeed felt among us in some measure, and yet far less than its importance demands. The boy is really worth more to us, if you look at all sides of the question, than the father. And how much more easily won ! Even beyond the families that fully embrace our principles, more than half

the children may be secured by a trifling exertion. Many a fallen father will gladly see his boy walking in better steps than his own. There is no other way in which we forestall obstructions and prepare victories in the future, so easily and surely as in this. And is not a triumph ten years hence within reach of our estimation? Can we not forecast that little lapse of time, and sow seed that will so soon ripen?

It is in ways like these the world must outgrow the evil of intemperance. The only perfect cure for maladies so deep-seated, will be a work of time. The recovery will be protracted in some proportion to the virulence and long continuance of the disease.

Let us assure ourselves, too, that while the demand is as urgent as ever for unrelaxed and energetic labors along the whole front of this enterprise, this Reform has now, by the Divine favor, acquired a dignity and progressive force, such as leave no shadow of doubt as to the issue. It will go forward steadily to a glorious completion. It has become inwoven with the whole movement of the age. It craves yet a strenuous activity in its furtherance on the part of its friends; but it has plainly risen above that condition of entire dependence in which it for a time lay, and has swung out into the great stream of events. It will go forward, not without, nor yet altogether by, our argumentations and organizations, but with that high and steadfast movement which comes from its alliance with the methods and aims of Divine Providence. The Temperance sentiment now acts as an established and recognized force among the great influences that move the age. It can no longer be overlooked nor despised. See how our legislatures, the land over, are beginning to listen to it! The question has for some years been with our law-givers, what they should do with this new

moral want of the people; it is now coming to be the question, what it will do with them. And more and more it will move the world, till its mission is accomplished.

We ask attention to these views from a conviction that we need to qualify that ardor of anticipation and hunger for rapid movement, which have heretofore prevailed among the friends of this cause, by a calm estimate of these intrinsic necessities of delay. We do not fear that such a cool survey will dishearten the reliable friends of Temperance; our fear is rather that, if we nurse the zeal of reform any longer on hopes that outrun all reason and practicability, and promise a rapidity of progress that is no longer possible, hope deferred will sicken the hearts it once cheered, and the revulsion will be disastrous. The truth is, the day of brilliant advances and striking conquests has generally gone by. The romance is over, and the day of work has come. We stand on the strength of our principles now; and all those who cannot stay themselves on these, but must be fed with daily successes, grow weak and faint-hearted, if they do not wholly fall off and abandon the work. Plain toil and steadfast continuance, and sober plans of chastened hope, provident, patient, courageous, looking beyond to-day—these are now demanded of us. And it will be good for us to look these things steadily in the face, and go forth to the work that remains with an understanding heart.

It is because so many have never understood the nature and conditions of this Reform, that we now hear it occasionally, that this Temperance cause is losing ground! It was to be, in the notions of so many, one unflinching series of splendid victories, blazing and explosive all the way! A better wisdom is taught me by the tree that thrusts its branch across my window. For many a day it has stood there

bare and fruitless. Its green leaves fell off long ago. It has lost ground wonderfully ever since October. And, yearly, I am told, it has lost ground so ever since it was a twig! To-day each swollen bud declares that he has not had a thought of dying out—that it merely had other work to do of late than meets the eye, and so it hid its life for a time and went down to prepare in silence its future fruits. A better teacher than those who insist upon perpetual greenness and growth! Let it utter its lesson of sober and patient hope along the ranks of this Reform. Our cause was never so strong, never so vital, never so deep-working and substantially progressive as it is to day. Its life is now working at the roots of it. It has gone down to clear and strengthen its principles in the hearts of the people. Let us watch it with the patience of love and hope and prayer, for its days are like the days of a tree.

VOL. IV. No. 3, MARCH, 1851.

A CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

We feel but little disposition to affect coldness or reserve, dear readers, while we present ourselves to you again, after the introduction given us by our mutual friend, the former Editor of this Magazine. You have doubtless regretted the loss of an old friend, and perhaps given your hand with reluctance to the new; but we assure you that we are resolved that the chain of friendship shall be linked around our hearts, and drawn tighter with every succeeding month. And as we do not expect to leave the work while life lasts, we shall never witness your regrets when the links of that brightened chain shall be severed.

We shall do all we can to re-assure you and to secure for the work that confidence which is necessary to its increase, as we give assurance of the pecuniary ability to sustain it. And now of that *other ability*—Be kind enough to suspend judgment until we have got through with the great hurry consequent upon the former delay. We cannot at once get up with the times, and you would not be able to form a conception of the labor which has been necessary to get started anew, and to get on the right track. When we purchased the Miscellany, which was on the 24th of February, the number for that month was not half completed; that number has been carried through and sent out, and the March also, and the April partly printed, at the present time. The labor has been sufficient for two, whereas it has been accomplished by our single hand. All enlightened persons (and such are our readers) will under these circumstances, excuse any little evidence of haste which may be found in the March number. The question has been a thousand times asked, will the Miscellany be as interesting as formerly; let us say, most assuredly it will, but we will leave the ultimate decision to our very respectable readers, as we are assured that they are of the better class and consequently are able to judge.

We shall aim to deserve your patronage, and we expect it. We must deal with you on the cash principle; the work is placed so low, that it will be impossible to give any time. When

you receive a sample of our goods, we expect you to make a remittance of the dollar for the supply of the year. A coat is more easily paid for, while we enjoy the pleasure of calling it new than when it is worn, and another is required. All that is due for the past is ours, and we look for it during the present month. In May we shall send out bills to all who may not have paid before that time.

We expect that all who are indebted to us after the twentieth of June will pay \$1,50 for the year. *We cannot send the book to new subscribers without advance pay.* Q.

A WORD TO AGENTS.

There is some money in the hands of former agents—if our subscribers are honest, which we do not doubt.—And we expect a remittance from those agents by the twentieth of April. If this notice fails to square up the concern, we will give them the benefit of one insertion in the Miscellany gratis. A word to the wise is sufficient. Our prospectus is seen on the cover; any Postmaster or responsible person, can act as agent in the circle of their friends and acquaintances. It is a question whether we send travelling agents out of the state. We have many meritorious agents who would do honor to any work, and who faithfully serve the public, and the interests of the Miscellany, to them we shall ever be grateful—let them continue in well doing.

 All debts due the Miscellany office have been transferred with all other claims, and agents and subscribers will therefore send all dues to Beecher & Quinby, Detroit.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We are certainly flattered when we look at our noble list of correspondents, and deem it an honor to be found in such excellent company. And we shall do our utmost to present the productions of your pens to the public in such a manner that you may not be ashamed to own the relation between you and them. Nothing is more annoying to a writer than to have his articles marred by omissions and interpolations. Send your articles in as plain a hand as you can, and if they do not appear in the Miscellany, as under your hand, then just give us *reproofs* in earnest. We want all articles for any number by the first day of the month next preceding the one for which they are designed. For May we want to be posted up by the first of April, and so for any other month, as we intend that every book for any month hereafter shall be out by the first of the month. All the printing for May must be done by the twentieth of April, and thus of every succeeding number. Q.

 There will be a plate of the exterior of that world's wonder, the Crystal Palace, in the May or June, and a plate representing the interior in the July number. These plates will be executed in England, and will be a prize to our subscribers. We mean to lay every subscriber under the strongest obligation to us. As the Miscellany is not to have an ephemeral existence, it must be the Magazine of the West. Q.

MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

BY HON. HORACE MANN.

I begin with the postulate, that it is the law of our nature to desire happiness. This law is not local, but universal ; not temporary but eternal. — It is not a law to be proved by exceptions, for it knows no exception. The savage and the martyr welcome fierce pains, not because they love pain ; but because they love some expected remuneration of happiness so well, that they are willing to purchase it at the price of the pain ; at the price of imprisonment, torture, or death. The young desire happiness more keenly than any others. This desire is innate, spontaneous, exuberant ; and nothing but repeated and repeated overflows of the lava of disappointment can burn or bury it in their breasts. On this law of our nature, then, we may stand as on an immovable foundation of truth. Whatever fortune may befall our argument, our premises are secure. The conscious desire of happiness is active in all men. Its objects are easily conceivable by all men. But, alas ! towards what different points of the moral compass do men look for these objects, and expect to find them ! Some look for happiness above, and some below ; some in the grandeur of the soul, and some in the grossness of the sense ; some in the heaven of purity, and some in the hell of licentiousness. Wherever it is looked for, the imagination adorns

it with all its glowing colors. Multitudes of those who seek for happiness will not obtain the object of their search, because they seek it amiss. Deceived by false ideas of its nature, other multitudes, who obtain the object of their search, will find it to be sorrow and not joy—Dead-Sea apples and not celestial fruits.

Whether a young man shall reap pleasure and not pain from winning the objects of his choice, depends not only upon his wisdom or folly in selecting those objects, but upon the right or wrong methods by which he pursues them. Hence, a knowledge what to select and how to pursue, is as necessary to the highest happiness as virtue herself. Virtue is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness ; ready to forge cannonballs or to print New Testaments ; to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary's ship.

But however energetic and vast the desires of happiness may be—swelling in millions of hearts, growing on enjoyment, and growing still more on disappointment—nothing is more certain than that the range and possibili-

ty of happiness, which God has provided, and placed within arm's length of us all, is still vaster than the desire of it, in any and in all of his creatures. We are finite, and can receive only in finite quantities; He is infinite, and gives only in infinite quantities. Look outwardly, and behold the variety and redundancy of means which the Creator has prepared to meet and to satisfy all the rational wants of his children. So ample and multitudinous are the gifts of God, that He needed an immensity of space for their store-house; and so various are they, and ascending one above another in their adaptation to our capacities of enjoyment, that we need an eternity to sit out the banquet. If the human heart can ever find any rational excuse for repining, it is not because of the penury and cheerlessness of its lot; but because, as it mounts upward in its reach after higher enjoyments, it is compelled to leave such pure and exquisite pleasures untasted behind it.

Man is not a savage or a pauper by the inexorable fatality of his nature.—He is surrounded with every form of the truest and noblest wealth; wealth or well-being for the body, wealth for the mind, wealth for the heart. He is not of plebeian origin, but his image is from God; and when he asserts and exemplifies the dignity of his nature, royal and patrician titles shrink into nothingness and sink into oblivion.—Men were not created to perform twenty-four months of bodily labor in twelve months time, while the intellectual and moral improvement, which a single year might master, is spread over a life. The laws of nature and of God doom no man to live on a potato a day; but the productive powers of the earth are as much beyond all the demands of healthful sustenance as the volume of atmosphere which encircles the globe is beyond the capacity of human lungs. Men were not created to live in wigwags nor in sties;

but to rise up and lie down in dwellings of comfort and elegance. Men were not created for mendicancy societies, and almshouses, and the gallows, but for competence, and freedom, and virtue; not for thoughtless puerilities and vanities, but for dignity and honor, for joy unspeakable and full of glory.

See how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth. There is not a mood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the deathbed, for which the wonderful alchemy of nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures, or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What textures for clothing—from the gossamer thread which the silk worm weaves, to silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla cannot penetrate! As materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quineys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine, belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun! Nakedness and famine and pestilence are not inexorable ordinances of nature. Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance *out on exhibition*. The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanness and intemperance. Famine is only a proof of individual misconduct, or of national misgovernment. In the woes of Ireland, God is proclaiming the wickedness of England, in tones as clear and articulate as those in which He spoke from Sinai; and it needs no Hebraist to translate the thunder. And if famine needs not to be, then other forms of destitution and misery need not to be. But amid the exuberance of this country, our dangers spring from abundance rather than from scarcity. Young men, especially young men in our cities, walk in the midst of allurements for the appetite. Hence, health is imperilled;

and so indispensable an element is health in all forms of human welfare, that whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the great guaranties of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue. Health, strength, and longevity depend upon immutable laws. There is no chance about them. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily our parents, and secondarily ourselves are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one-quarter part of the human race die before completing the age of one year—die before completing one-seventieth part of the existence allotted to them by the Psalmist; I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses.

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, Health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value; for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love him with, in the vigor of health, than under the palsy of disease. Not only the amount but the quality of labor which a man can perform, depends upon his health. The work savors of the workman. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black, venous blood flow into an author's brain, it beclouds his pages; and the devotions of a consumptive man scent of his disease as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin. Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach is an abomination to the Lord. At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization, the functions and manifestations of the soul up-

on the condition of the body it inhabits, that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly, when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination, and love, are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an *Æolian harp*.

In regard to the indulgence of appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism; and the young man who is true to his highest interests must create a civilization for himself. The brutish part of our nature governs the spiritual. Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of mind and heart are Hungarian captives.— Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of any epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyments. Their purveyor and market-man bring them home head-aches, and indigestion, and neuralgia, by hamperfuls. Their butler lottles up stone, and gout, and the liver-complaint, falsely labelling them sherry, or madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat. The mass of society look with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating, suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and so well pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night, as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; but there is many a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this; who allows it no more resting time than he does his watch;

who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no vacation in any sense. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body.— Yet, when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle-soup or lobster-sallad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church, and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offence which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-road. Is it not humiliating and amazing, that men, invited by the exalted pleasures of the intellect, and the sacred affections of the heart, to come to a banquet worthy of the gods, should stop by the way-side to feed on garbage, or to drink of the Circean cup that transforms them to swine!

If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of gratification, the answer is, *by Temperance*. The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs not only to the highest, but to the longest enjoyment. Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down, than upon the appetite which we carry to it. The pallid epicure who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer who dines for a shilling. The desideratum is, not greater luxuries, but livelier *papilles*; and if the devotee of appetite would propitiate his divinity aright, he would not send to the Yellowstone for buffaloes' tongues, nor to France for *pate de fois gras*, but would climb a mountain or swing an axe. With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate

can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest. Hence, when a man destroys his health, he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor and of savor, the teeming earth can produce.— To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectarean juices of orange or pine apple, are but a loathing and a nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac. and aloes. The same vicious indulgences that blasted his health, blasted all orchards and cane-fields also. Verily, the man who is physiologically "wicked" does not live out half his days; nor is this the worst of his punishment, for he is more than half dead while he appears to live.

Let the young man, then, remember, that, for every offence which he commits against the laws of health, nature will bring him into judgment. However graciously God may deal with the heart, all our experience proves that He never pardons stomach, muscles, lungs, or brain. These must expiate their offences unvicariously. Nay, there are numerous and obvious cases of violated physical laws, where Nature, with all her diligence and severity, seems unable to scourge the offender enough during his life-time, and so she goes on plying her scourge upon his children and his children's children after him, even to the third and fourth generation. The punishment is entailed on posterity; nor human law, nor human device, can break the entailment. And in these hereditary inflictions, nature abhors alike the primogeniture laws of England and the Salic laws of France.— All the sons and all the daughters are made inheritors; not in aliquot parts; but, by a kind of malignant multiplication in the distemper, each inherits the whole.

I ask the young man, then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cess-pool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobacconist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them.—Despite the moral of the school-boy's story, he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there is no less at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazaret-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried!—Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain

was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who come cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest as a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture, and on *this*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

Society is infinitely too tolerant of the *roué*,—the wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself and to debauch others; whose heart has been spotted with infamy so much, that it is no longer spotted, but black all over; and who, at least, *deserves* to be treated as travellers say the wild horses of the prairies treat

vicious fellow,—the noblest of the hard forming a compact circle around him, heads outward, and kicking him to death.

But why should not a young man indulge an ambition to lay up a stock of health, as well as to lay up stocks of any other kind? Health is earned,—as literally so as any commodity in the market. Health can be accumulated, invested, made to yield its interests and its compound interest, and thus be doubled and redoubled.—The capital of health, indeed, may all be forfeited by one physical misdemeanor, as a rich man may sink all his property in one bad speculation; but it is as capable of being increased as any other kind of capital; and it can be safely insured on payment of the reasonable premium of temperance and forethought. This, too, is a species of wealth, which is not only capable of a long-life enjoyment by its possessor, but it may be transmitted to children by a will and testament that no human judicature can set aside.

Why, too, should not a young man be ambitious to amass a capital of health upon which he can draw, in cases of emergency, without danger of bankruptcy, or even of protest? Suppose, in the course of life, some brilliant achievement should be offered for his winning,—some literary or scientific labor, or some victory over the leagued forces of vice, or error, or ignorance,—which might demand for its triumph a double amount of exertion, for months, or for years;—then, when he feels that he can do a day's work every day, and another day's work every night, and still live as long and enjoy as much as his fellows, will he not experience a delight in the consciousness of his power, a thousand times more vivid and more pure than a capitalist can ever feel over his funds, or a miser over his hoards? And is not this a legitimate satisfaction; nay,

a lofty and honorable ambition, to which a true man may properly aspire?

There is an error, in regard to health, so common in all ranks of life, that special pains should be taken to prevent you from incurring its mischiefs. Almost every man has his own *pet* indulgence. This he defends by saying that, however injurious it may be to others, it is harmless to himself; and he refers to his past experience to justify his future indulgence; affirming that he has tried it for years, he knows it has been innoxious, and he will, therefore, persist.

Now, this reasoning, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, is the shallowest of fallacies. In the first place, a man can never know how well he would have been, but for the indulgence he defends. He wants, and must necessarily want, as an object of comparison, and as a ground for his inference, that other self, which, but for the indulgence, he would have been. In the next place, and principally, every well-constituted person is endowed with a vast fund of health and strength, at his birth; and if this has not been impaired by the ignorance or folly of his natural guardians, he brings it with him upon the stage of life. This fund of natural, inborn health and vigor may be increased, or kept at par, or squandered. The case may be likened to a deposit, in bank, of a hundred thousand dollars, for a young man's benefit. He may make a draft upon it of five thousand dollars a year, and may repeat his draft annually, for twenty years; and because the draft is always answered, the drawer may say, "I know that the expenditure does not impair my fortune; my credit continues as good as ever, and the last time my check was presented, it was promptly honored." True. But the self-same act now cited to prove the exhaustlessness of the fund is the very act that drew the last cent of the do-

posit, and balanced the account. It is false logic, when the inference uses up the premises, and the syllogism seems to stand stronger until it stands on nothing. Yet such is the argument in defence of every indulgence and every exposure that militates against the laws of health. He who draws upon a supply that is not infinite will sooner or later reach the bottom. Let this be received as an axiom, that no law of health, any more than a law of conscience, can ever be broken with impunity. To affirm that any violation of a law of health will not be followed by its corresponding injury, is as philosophically absurd as to say there may be a cause which produces no effect.

A young man, in the city, and, in some avocations, in the country also, who has only a limited stipend for the supply of all his wants, is sorely tempted to indulge himself in what meets the public eye, and to scrimp himself in needs of a more private character. An unhealthful sleeping-room may be endured, that a showy dress may be displayed. A month of penurious living is the penalty of an expensive entertainment. A day of indiscreet and perhaps baneful pleasure absorbs what would have sufficed to spread comfort over weeks. In former days, under the despotism of a custom as cruel as it was ridiculous, a young man, with a few spare dollars in his pocket, was expected to spend them in the sensual pleasures of a wine-bibbing entertainment, instead of spending them for the godlike joy of succoring distress, of reclaiming from guilt, or of rescuing innocence from perdition.*

* I once knew a young man, who, on removing from the country to the city, was introduced to a very respectable circle of persons about his own age, who were in the habit of meeting periodically, for the nominal purpose, at least, of conversation and social improvement. But any looker-on at their symposia might not have been deemed un-

It is not one of the most unaccountable of contradictions, that the public should look *backwards* upon examples of frugality, and wisely apportioned expenditure, with feelings so different from those with which it regards the same virtues, when exhibited before its own eyes? Who does not feel honored by his relationship to Dr. Franklin, whether as a townsman, or as a countryman, or even as belonging to the same race? Who does not feel a sort of personal complacency in that frugality of his youth, which laid the

charitable, had he supposed that the supper, the wine, and the cigars, constituted the principal attraction. He became one of their number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity and shared the expense of the entertainments; but being at last rebuked by his conscience for the mode of spending both time and money, he quietly withdrew from the club, though without abandoning his intimacy with its members. Through one of their number, he learned the average cost of their suppers, and taking an equal sum from his own scantily-filled purse, he laid it aside, as a fund for charity. At the end of a single season, he found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, wholly made up of these sums saved from genteel dissipation. This amount he took to a poor but most exemplary family, consisting of a widow and several small children, all of whom were struggling, as for life, and against a series of adverse circumstances, to maintain a show of respectability, and to provide the means of attending the public school. The bestowment of this sum upon the disheartened mother and the fatherless children, together with the sympathy and counsel that accompanied it, seemed to put a new heart into the bosom of them all. It proved the turning point in their fortunes. Some small debts were paid, the necessary school-books and a few articles of decent clothing were obtained, the children sprang forward in their studies, equalling or outstripping all competitors; and, *at the present time*, they are among the most respectable, exemplary and useful citizens in the State. Now, it would be to suppose myself, not among *men*, but among *kends*, were I to ask the question, as if doubtful of the answer, which of those young men extracted the greatest quantity and the purest quality of happiness from his hundred dollars? Nor can such a charity ever fail to benefit him that gives as much as him that takes.

foundation for so much competence and generosity in his mature age; in that wise discrimination of his outlays, which held the culture of the soul in absolute supremacy over the pleasures of sense; and in that consummate mastership of the great art of living, which has carried his practical wisdom into every cottage in Christendom, and made his name immortal? And yet, how few there are among us who would not disparage, nay, ridicule and condemn, a young man who should follow Franklin's example! Is not this the strangest of weaknesses, as well as of inconsistencies; for, when we take to ourselves credit for commending a virtue, why should we disdain to practise it? Do you ask me why there will be no old Benjamin Franklins in the coming generation of adults? I answer, only because there are no young Benjamin Franklins in the present generation of youth;—none who will feed his body on a roll of bread, that divine philosophy may regale his soul.

Do I need any apology for dwelling thus long and earnestly, not only on the economical benefits, but on the moral and religious obligation, of taking care of health? I find one in the facts, that ethical and theological writers, almost if not quite without an exception, have left this field out of the domain of conscience; and that the constituted guardians and directors of youth,—those at the head of our colleges and higher seminaries of learning,—have so generally omitted it in their counsels of wisdom. Let no young man attempt to palliate a continued neglect of this high duty, by saying that an imperfect education has left him without the requisite knowledge.—There are books and drawings and anatomical preparations, where this knowledge may be found. Do you say you have not money to buy them? Then, I reply, sweep streets, or sweep chimneys, to earn it!

Having learned the conditions on which health can be enjoyed, and having secured its continuance by habit, let the young man survey the universe into which he has been born, and comprehend his marvellous relations to it.

Notwithstanding the beautiful adaptations of the physical world to our needs, yet when we leave the regions of sense and of sensuous things, and ascend to the sphere of the intellect, we find that all which had ever delighted us before becomes poor and sombre in the presence of the brighter glories that burst upon our view. Here fresh and illimitable fields,—as it were a new creation,—open upon us, and, corresponding with the new object presented, a group of new faculties, to explore and enjoy them, is awakened within us. The outward eye sees outward things, and the outside of things only; but the inward eye beholds the interior laws that govern and inform them. The natural eye looks upon the works of nature only as a letterless man looks upon a book or a library; but the inward eye is emancipated from the bonds that bind its brother. The great panorama of the universe limits and bounds the outward organs that behold it; gives them all they can ask; fills them with all they can receive. Splendid and majestic as are the heavens and the earth to the natural eye, yet they are solid, opaque, impervious. But to the subtle and pervading intellect, this solid framework of the universe becomes transparent. Its densest and darkest textures are crystalline. To the intellect, each interior fibre and atom of things is luminous. The light of the mind has power to penetrate and permeate the walls and canopy of its earthly dwelling-place, as the light of the sun shines through glass. The soul finds all matter a vacuum, and runs through it as electricity runs through iron. The spir-

tual essence of man, looking out through the material structure of the body, beholds the spiritual essence of things that vivify the material structure of creation. To the natural sense, the works of nature are only like some most exquisite piece of mechanism, confined for its protection in thick encasements of oak or of iron, and veiled from sight by the covering that hides while it secures it; or like a temple filled with all the wonders of nature and of art, but all whose doors are barred and all whose windows blinded. You see the walls that enclose the machine; you see the temple's magnificent exterior; while to the spring which moves the wheels of the one, and to the splendors and enchantments that fill every compartment of the other, you are blind. But to the intellect of man all recesses are opened; all secrets revealed. Sunlight glows where darkness gloomed. To this power, no height is inaccessible, no depth unfathomable, no distance untraversable. It has the freedom of the universe. It cannot be swallowed up in the waters of the sea; it cannot be crushed by the weight of the earth, and in the midst of the fiery furnace, one whose form is like the Son of God walks by its side.

So, too, all created things are governed by laws,—each by its own.—The inanimate move and gravitate and are chemically changed from form to form; the animate live, and reproduce their kind and die, in obedience to unchangeable laws. These laws the intellect of man can discover and understand; and thus make his dominion co-extensive with his knowledge. So far as we understand these laws, we can bring all substances that are governed by them under their action, and thus produce the results we desire; just as the coiner subjects his gold dust to the process of minting, and brings out eagles. So far as we understand the Creator's laws, He in-

vests us with His power. When knowledge enables me to speak with the flaming tongue of lightning, across a continent, is it not the same as though I had power to call down the swiftest angel from heaven, and send him abroad as the messenger of my thoughts? When a knowledge of astronomy and navigation enables me to leave a port on this side of the globe and thread my labyrinthine way among contrary winds, and through the currents and counter-currents of the ocean, and to strike any port I please on the opposite side of the globe; is it not the same as though God for his purpose had endued me with His all-seeing vision, and enabled me to look through clouds and darkness around the convex earth? Nor does the intellect stop with the knowledge of physical laws. All the natural attributes of the Author of those laws are its highest and noblest study. Its contemplations and its discoveries rise from the spirit that dwelleth in a beast to the spirit that dwelleth in a man; and from this to the Spirit that dwelleth in the heavens. Every acquisition of knowledge, also, which the intellect can make, assimilates the creature to the all-knowing Creator. It traces another line on the countenance of the yet ignorant child, by which he more nearly resembles the Omniscient Father. Do not these reflections prove the worth and power and grandeur of the human mind, and show the infinite nature of the boon and blessedness which have been placed within reach of every human being?

Look, too, at the provision which the bounty of God has made for another group of the human faculties,—for the æsthetic or beauty-loving part of our nature. We might have eaten and drank and worked in a drab-colored universe as well as in this scene of ever-varying splendor; in a world of monotone and droning as well as in the midst of

"Ten thousand harps that tune
Angelic harmonies;"

in a world of geometric triangles and polygons, instead of fields of swaying grain and bowers of wreathing vines and all the graceful lines of beauty and of art. Yet what a prodigality of creations to gratify the sentiment of beauty in the mind of man!—the many colored flowers of the green earth, and the many-colored stars of the cerulean sky; the tints of the living foliage of summer, and the more gorgeous hues of the dying foliage of autumn.—that season when nature weaves a mantle of more than Tyrian splendor, and spreads it like a garment over valley and hill; the fervid and ever-changing effulgence of the rising sun, and gentler glories of his setting hour; the stationary rainbow and the shooting auroras; the glittering colors of bird and insect and shell; all nature's symmetry of proportion, whether in the tiny walls of the coral insect's sepulchre, or in the honey-bee's comb, or in the basaltic pillars that uphold the mountains; the rigid shaft of the oak, and the vine that gracefully festoons it;—but I forbear; for who shall catalogue the master-pieces in nature's galleries of beauty,—all marvels, all fashioned from archetypes of infinite excellence in the Divine Mind? Surely, He who created the fragrance and flowers and music of Paradise; He who has commanded a thousand sleepless attendants, each with a horn of plenty in its hand, to stand around even the disobedient children of men, and minister to their luxury and their adornment, was no anchorite. Surely, He who created all colors, and has mingled them together in the petals of flowers, in the armature of insects and in the plumage of birds, and has blended lily and rose in the cheek of youth; He who has strewed the bottom of the ocean with pearls, and sowed jasper and amethyst and chrysolite among the rocks, was no contemner of adorn-

ment. He prepared this wondrous frame of things not only to excite the exultation of sense and of sentiment, but to inspire the sublime contemplations of the intellect, and to make our devotions impassioned by making their Object so admirable. And with what nice adaptations and adjustments man is fitted to the universe in which he is placed! Behold the marvellous reach and energy with which the narrow organs of our narrow bodies extend their cognizance and display their power! The nervous filaments of the senses are finer than a spider's thread. Yet they are the avenues of communication between the world without and the world within. They spread themselves out over a little space at the roots of the tongue, and all the savors of nature become tributaries to our pleasure. They unfold themselves over a little space in the olfactory organs, and we catch the perfumes of all the zones. They are ramified over a little space in the hollow of the ear, and the myriad voices of nature, from the shrill insect or the mellifluous song-bird to the organ tones of heaven's cathedral,—the thunder, the cataract and the ocean,—become our orchestra. They line a spot in the interior of the eye so small that the tip of the finger may cover it; when lo! the earth and the heavens, to the remotest constellations that seem to glitter feebly on the confines of space, are painted, quick as thought, in the chambers of the brain. By these senses we hold connection with all the external things, as though millions of telegraphic wire stretched from every outward object, and came in converging lines to find their focus in our organs, and through these inlets to pour their pictures, their odors and their songs, into the all-capacious brain.—Nay, better than this; for we have the picture, the perfume and the music, without the encumbrance of the wires.

But a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measures, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds;—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light. The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

And now, into this universe, so re-

dundant in treasures for the body, in grandeur for the mind, and in happiness for the heart, man is born. He awakens into life, like Adam in the garden of Eden, and finds himself surrounded by a higher paradise than bloom and fruitage, than streams and embowering shades, can create. He finds the earth a vast and perfect apparatus of means adapted and designed to minister to his enjoyment and to aggrandize his power. The globe, with all its dynamical energies, its mineral treasures, its vegetative powers, its fecundities of life, is only a grand and divinely wrought machine put into his hands; and, on the condition of knowledge, he may wield it and use it, as an artisan uses his tool. Knowledge inaugurates us into the office of superintendent and director of the elements, and all their energies. By means of knowledge, they may all be made ministering servants for our profit and our pleasure. Such is the true philosophic relation in which we stand to this earth, and to the perfect system of laws which govern it, and to the mighty and exhaustless energies with which its frame, and every organ of its frame is filled. It is our automaton. Gravitation, repulsion, caloric, magnetism, air, water, fire, light, lightning,—through knowledge, we can play them all, as Maelzel plays his chessman!

As a being of spiritual attributes, man occupies, as it were, a central point. The glowing universe spreads around him. With his hand, or with his thought, or with his love, he can lay hold on every part of it. Though born in ignorance, his intellect is like an ever growing papyrus, on whose leaves all knowledge may be written. Though liable to fall, amidst the false lights of earth, and under the wild impulses of his nature, yet he can rise by aspiration to the "first good, first perfect, and first fair." The human soul is Desire; the works an I wisdom

of God are a fountain of Supply. If the soul of man is void at birth, it is a void so capacious that the universe may be transfused into it. All nature and spirit have an affinity for the newborn child. They address themselves to him in sweetest accents. They yearn to pour themselves into the capacious chambers of his mind, and the more capacious chambers of his heart. They flow to him, they impress themselves upon him, as the images of objects are cast upon a mirror by reflected sunlight. As the mirror receives images from abroad, so does he; but infinitely superior to the mirror, he can retain what he receives. By labor and by duty, he can provide mansions in his soul capacious of all things; by intelligence he can comprehend the laws which govern and the springs which move them; and by love and truth, he can enter heaven, and hold communion with every order in the hierarchy of excellence. Thus, in every human soul, creation may be created anew. The unconscious creation may be created consciously. Nay, the created universe may repeat itself in every human soul. Born into this actual universe, the weakest child, by virtue of his endowments and capacities, is in himself a potential universe. Supply the condition of infinite duration, and each soul is capable of being built up into another universe, of height, and depth and amplitude, like its prototype. In the same sense in which our life is coeval with eternity, our mental nature is commensurate with infinity, and our moral nature capable of perfection.

(To be continued.)

A GOD—A MOMENT—AN ETERNITY.—How sad it is that an eternity, solemn and ever near us, should impress us so slightly as it does, and be so much forgotten! A Christian traveller tells us that he saw the following religious admonition on the

subject of eternity printed on a folio sheet, and hanging in a public room of an Inn in Savoy; and it was placed, he understood, in every house in the parish:—"Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees thee, a moment which flies from thee, an eternity which awaits thee; a God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you so little prize, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

I LOVE THE VINE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WALKER.

I love the vine that closely twines
Around the mighty tree;
It teaches me how I should cling
To thee, my God, to thee.

Emblem of meek dependence 'tis
Upon a friend or brother:
It teaches us to lend support
And succor to each other.

Emblem of warm affection, too,
Of love's confiding heart,
Which cleaves to those we hold most dear
And naught but death can part.

Though tempest winds may rudely blow,
And wintry blasts may chill,
The heart with true affection fraught
Will cling the closer still.

I love the vine that gently twines
Around my little bower,
Which here and there a cluster bears,
And many a fragrant flower.

It shades me from the noontide heat,
With fragrance fills the air;
It is a sweet, a lone retreat—
"It is the bower of prayer."

It teaches me that Christ, the vine,
Doth his true branches prove,
By showing here the fruit they bear,
With richest flowers of love.

I love the vine that loves to climb

Aloft the forest trees,
Where it may feel the breath of heaven
In every passing breeze.

It teaches me to raise my heart,
And fix on things above,
Where balmy dews of grace distil,
And zephyrs whisper love.

But yet I love the humble vine
That's creeping round and round,
So richly laden with its fruit,
It cannot leave the ground.

We often see it trampled on,
But still it yields its store,
And creeps along with quiet mein,
Just as it did before.

O what a lesson for my soul,
This vine upon the ground:
Emblem of true humility
With words of mercy crowned.

The fruitful vine, where'er it grows,
A lesson doth impart,
That will instruct reflecting minds,
And touch a tender heart.

The proudest oak that waves its top,
Nortallest mountain pine,
Can boast such honors paid their fruit
As the dependent vine.

Its fruit the only emblem yields
Of that atoning fount, [spear
Which flowed from 'neath the soldier's
On Calvary's tragic mount.

Take this, the meek Redeemer said,
I drink no more with you:
It represents my blood with which
I seal the covenant new.

Touch not its consecrated fruit
With desecrating hand,
But, as an emblem of that blood,
Let it for ever stand.

O, I shall always love the vine,
I'd live beneath its shade,
And where its branches gently twine,
There let my dust be laid.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Glorious in the history of our country will the name at the head of this article appear in the future. It will with that of Franklin, Prescottt, and others, stand out on the page with increasing brightness, and shed lustre on the American name.

We can hardly realize the great amount of suffering and privation endured by this wonderful man in the acquisition of that knowledge which renders him a star in the literary world.

We venture the belief that the following from the pen of Parke Goodwin Esq., will be hailed with joy by our readers.

"A few years ago, there arrived at the hotel erected near Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance was quite in contrast with that of the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of either laundress or needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of black hair-locks that supported themselves upon his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half civilized and half savage, had a quick, glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement and sharp face, that seemed able to cut its way through

the cane-brakes, both of society and of the wilderness.

He pushed his steps into the sitting room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for his breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude his uncouth form among the genteel visitors, but a word whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts.

The stranger took his seat among the company, some staring, some shrugging, and some even laughing outright. Yet it has turned out that there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He called himself an American woodsman; he was a true, genuine son of nature, yet one who had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had been proud to welcome his entrance; in short, he was one whose fame has been growing brighter, while the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater than they, have utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep shady grove, the birds, those 'living blossoms of the air,' will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the evening air; and the imperial, the bird of Washington, as he sits on his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John James Audubon, Ornithologist.

Mr. Audubon was born about 1775. in the State of Louisiana, not Pennsylvania, as has been many times stated. His parents, who were French, were of that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the early indications of talent in the minds of their

children. They soon perceived in the subject of these remarks, that love of the woods and fields which has since made him so conspicuous as a naturalist among men. 'When I had hardly learned to walk,' says he in the preface to the first volume of his Ornithology, 'and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of nature that lay spread all around, were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky and the emerald hue of the foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting in friendship merely, but bordering on phrenzy must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions.'

In his sixteenth year, that is, about 1791, he went to France to pursue his education. He received lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. But the 'eyes and noses of giants, and the heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture,' were not the themes he would be at; and although he pursued his studies sedulously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams and interminable forests, for his 'native land of groves.' He returned home the following year, with a kindled ardor for the woods, and commenced a collection of designs, destined shortly to swell into that magnificent series of volumes which the world applauded as the 'Birds of America.' They were begun on a beautiful plantation which his father had given him, situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, near a creek known as the Perkioming. There, amid the fine woodlands, its extensive hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated his simple and agreeable objects, and pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until late in

the evening, when, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fire-side.

Yet the passion for birds did not seem to seal his heart to the influences of a still more tender and exalted passion. He married, and he was fortunate in marrying a lady who in vicissitude has animated his courage, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measure of his success. 'But who cares,' says he, speaking of the event, 'to listen to the love tales of a naturalist, whose feelings may be supposed to be as light as the feathers of the birds he delineates?'

For many years, the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which involved him in a series of calamities. His mind was so filled with nature, that all his speculations proved unprofitable. From observation and study only could he derive gratification. He was compelled to struggle against the wishes of his friends—except of his wife and children, to their lasting honor be it said—who strove to win him from pursuits which, in the world's eye, are so barren and unproductive. But their importunities had an effect quite the contrary to what they were intended.—Irritated beyond endurance, he broke at last through all bonds, and gave himself up entirely to his favorite pursuits. He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic: he spent years away from his family. 'Yet, will you believe it,' says he, 'I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed acquaintance with the prince of Musignano, (Lucien Bonaparte,) at Philadelphia, to which place I had gone with a view of proceeding eastward along the coast.'

This was the 5th of April, 1824.—But of his public labors we shall speak a word in the sequel. Let us, for the present follow him in his solitary wanderings. Having lived on his beautiful plantation for ten years, he was induced to remove west. With a mattress, a few prepared viands, and two negroes to assist him in the toils of emigration, he departed, accompanied by his wife and child, for a residence which he had procured for them in the village of Henderson, Kentucky. The method of traveling at that day, which he has faithfully described, furnishes a striking contrast with the more easy and expeditious modes of modern conveyance.

His new domicile at Henderson gave him ample opportunities for the prosecution of his ornithological inquiries. He was accustomed to make long excursions through all the neighboring country, scouring the fields and the woods, fording the lakes and rivers.—We think we see him now, setting out early in the morning, with no companion but his dog and gun; the faithful tin box, containing his pencil and colors, slung at his side; now popping down the unconscious warbler that makes the air vocal from some neighboring tree; now hastening to the broad shelter of some venerable oak, to describe the form and paint the variegated plumage of his victim; now crouching for hours underneath some withered trunk, to observe the habits of some shy and timid bird; now climbing the jagged side of some rocky precipice, to find the nest eggs of the eagle, that screams and flutters upon the dry top of the storm-blasted beach still higher up; now treading upon the head of a serpent that hisses and writhes among the thick leaves of the copse; now starting the bear and cougar from their lairs in the fastnesses; now cleaving with lusty sinew, his gun and apparatus fastened above his head, the troubled waters of a

swollen stream; now wandering for days through the illimitable and pathless thickets of the cane-brake, at night sleeping upon the hard ground or across the branches of trees, by day almost perishing from thirst; and now hailing with pleasure at sunset, the cheerful glimmer of the lonely log cabin fire.

Mr. Goodwin relates some of the encounters of M. Audubon with earthquakes, savage beasts, and more savage men, but we leave these anecdotes for the autobiography.

But no earthquakes, nor hurricanes, nor carving-knife of the wild denizens of the desert, could afflict him half so much as he suffered in consequence of an attack by a wild ferocious animal—neither more nor less than a—rat. It was a calamity, the like of which is seldom recorded in literary history.—Edward Livingston, it is said, having finished his great code of Louisianian law, beheld the labor of three persevering years perish in an instant in the flames. Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution, had every scrap of it burned through the carelessness of a friend; and so Mr. Audubon, having wandered and toiled for years to get accurate representations of American birds found that two Norway rats had in a night destroyed two hundred of his original drawings, containing the forms of more than one thousand inhabitants of the air. All were gone, except a few bits of gnawed paper, upon which the marauding rascals had reared a family of their young. "The burning heat," says the noble sufferer, "which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note book,

and my pencils, and went forward to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened."

He went forth, and in less than three years had his portfolio again filled.

It was in 1824, we remarked, that Lucien Bonaparte suggested to him the idea of collecting and making public the treasures which he had amassed in his wild journeyings. For some time in the depth of the solitudes, his mind brooded over the kindling thought. He resolved upon a visit to Europe, and with that instant action which has been the secret of his success, he prepared for his departure.—He sailed—but maturer reflection taught him to approach the shores of England with despondency and doubt. There was not a friend in all the nation to whom he could apply. When he landed, his situation appeared to him precarious in the extreme. He imagined, he says, in the simplicity of his heart, that every individual he was about to meet might be possessed of talents superior to any on this side of the Atlantic. Traversing the streets of Liverpool for two whole days, he had looked in vain for a single glance of sympathy. But how soon did the aspect of things around him change! There are kind, generous hearts every where; men of noble faculties to discern the beautiful and true, the women of warm, gushing affections. In a little while he was the admired of all admirers. Men of genius, the Wilsons, the Roscoes, the Swainsons, suddenly recognised his lofty claims;—learned societies, without number, extended to him the warm and willing hand of fellowship: the houses of the nobility were opened to him; and wherever he went, the solitary, unfriended American woodsman was the conspicuous object of wide remark and love. Under such auspices, in 1831, at Edinburgh, he put forth his first volume of Ornithological Biogra-

phy. Its striking and original merit procured him subscribers to the remaining volumes, from all parts of the kingdom. At once, he took rank as the most worthy ornithologist of the age—able as an observer and describer to wear the mantle of the gifted Wilson, and, as a painter of animals, to take his place beside the equally gifted Barrabaud.

From England, Mr. Audubon proceeded to France, where he received honor and homage of the most distinguished men of science of that learned nation; among the rest, of that gigantic, but graceful genius, Cuvier, the glance of whose eye into the great valley of death, has infused life into the dry bones of a thousand years. And that other distinguished man who for eighty years now, has illustrated Germany and the world by his vast and incredible labor in almost every department of natural science, achieving a fame as brilliant as was ever won by the intellect—Alexander Von Humboldt became his enthusiastic admirer, and sincere correspondent friend.

When he returned to his native land, it was only to renew with more ardor his labor in the woods. His first expedition was to the coasts of Florida, where, amid flocks of snowy pelicans and cormorants, tortoises and flying fish, he laid up vast treasures of knowledge for his forthcoming volumes. Having examined every part of the coast and of the different keys, passing even to the Tortugas Islands, he returned to Charleston, S. C., anxious to bend his course to the North-east, that he might keep pace with the birds during their emigrations. Sick-ness detained him during the greater part of the summer in Boston, but having recovered about the middle of August, he left his Boston friends on his way eastward. He explored the whole of the State of Maine, the British province of New Brunswick, a portion of the Canadas, and then, when

there were no prizes in those districts to carry away, turned his steps to the dreary shores of the ice bound Labrador. His researches into the habits of birds, beasts, and men of this hyperborean region were successful, and he returned rich with materials, to the abode of his family and friends. Of the industry with which he pushed his inquiries, and of the startling and touching adventures to which his various excursions gave rise, his volumes are full of entertaining and instructive proof. Our plan does not allow us, as we should wish, to introduce them here. Let us add, however, that his *Ornithological Biography* has expanded into five large books; that his "*Birds of America*" are finished in glorious style, and that his magnificent "*Illustrations*," being those birds drawn to the size of life, have for some time been the astonishment and delight of the cultivated world.

One hundred and seventy-five subscribers to this great work, at one thousand dollars, (eighty of these we are glad to say, were his countrymen.) remunerated him for the expense he had incurred in its publication.

In the year 1842, Mr. Audubon began a collection of the quadrupeds of America, similar to his work on the birds. He had already, at that time, materials enough to make five large volumes, and it was the impression of those who saw his original colored drawings, that the work when completed, would make a still grander monument to his memory than any he had yet executed. The animals, if we remember rightly, were drawn of the size of life, with all that accuracy of outline, that grace and vigor of action, and fidelity of form and color which characterized his pencil. To see one of his plates was to see the animal itself, as he appeared in his native haunts, without so much as a spot or a hair omitted.

Mr. Audubon was an old man at

his time, (66, nearly,) yet he contemplated his prospective journey to the Rocky Mountains with as much apparent ardor and delight as a schoolboy looks forward to the rambles of vacation. It was a journey that involved thousands upon thousands of miles of travel, through an unbroken wilderness, but we remember that when we hinted to him a word or two about the probable hardships of such an undertaking, he replied in broken English, with a peculiar smile upon his face and his eye flashed with a sudden fire, "Hardships? why its sport, man—sport: it is they who are perpetually stewed within these brick walls, without freedom, health or happiness, who have the hardships of life. But we believe that some unforeseen circumstances prevented Mr. Audubon from fulfilling his intention, at any rate, to the extent which was originally in his mind.

MIS WRITINGS AND CHARACTER.

A peculiar ease, vigor, and animation, mark Mr. Audubon's written style. His description of birds in their various moods are not the dull and dry details of a naturalist, but warm, lively, picturesque paintings of a poet. To open at any page of his volumes is to step at once into a region of agreeable forms and enrapturing sounds. He seems to enter into the very spirit of birds themselves, sings when they sing, and rises upon the wing when they fly. And his whole life, like theirs, seems to have been a perpetual and cheerful ascription of praise to that

"Power whose care
Teaches their way along the pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

In person, Mr. Audubon was tall, with a fine, elastic form, and most striking appearance. His face, with his aquiline nose and keen eyes, sometimes reminded one of the beak of the

eagle. His action was quick, and his conversation lively and spirited. Owing to his French extraction, he spoke with an accent, in a soft and gentle voice, but with great earnestness and conviction. He was noted for the simple-heartedness and kindness of his disposition. His habits were temperate and frugal, and his attachments to the different members of his family profound.

For several years past, Mr. Audubon had lived on a beautiful estate called Minniesland, on the banks of the Hudson, some eight or ten miles from the city, where the beauty of the scenery and the kind hospitality of its distinguished occupants made it an agreeable retreat for all who had the honor of their acquaintance. His health, however, for the last two years had been failing. His funeral was as unostentatious as his life had been.—He was buried in the family vault of Trinity Church Cemetery, adjoining his own estate. His widow, two sons, and numerous grandchildren are left to mourn his loss.

CONCLUSION.

What a life has that been of which we have here given a faint outline!—What a character is that of which we have only made a rough sketch! Is not John James Audubon, as we said in the outset, an admirable specimen of the hero as a man of science!—For sixty years or more has he followed, with more than religious devotion, a beautiful and elevated pursuit, enlarging its boundaries by his discoveries, and illustrating its objects by his art.

In all climates and in all weathers; scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds: now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils and in difficulties, and in doubts; with no companion to cheer

his way, far from the smiles and applause of society; listening only to the sweet music of birds, or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he has faithfully kept his path. The record of man's life entertain but few nobler examples of strength of purpose and indefatigable energy.

By his pencil and his pen he has made the world eternally his debtor. Exquisite delineations of the visible and vocal ornaments of the air, drawn with so much nicety, colored with so much brilliancy, as they are seen in their own favorite haunts, who can adequately describe?

A GEM.

—We find the following in the columns of a provincial country paper, received by the last mail from England.—It is signed "D. Wright, Shoemaker."

THE BANNER OF PEACE.

I thought there was peace, in the sweet flowery vale,
Where the breezes were soft, and the verdure was bright;
But the soft breezes fled in the roar of the gale,
And the tempest dispelled all my dreams of delight.

I thought there was peace, in the bosom of love,
And sweet were the kisses my fond lovers gave;
But her beauty departed, like flowers of the grove,
And my peace was soon buried with her in the grave.

I thought there was peace when the battle was won,
And thousands were slain for the laurels I wore;
But the tears of the mother who wept for her son
Destroyed the sweet peace that I cherish'd before.

I thought there was peace when the men of renown
Assembled to greet me in mansions of state;
But the smiles of the sycophants changed to a frown,
When I spoke of the vices that tainted the great.

Oh! I thought there was peace in the smiles of the world,
Where beauty was blended with youth in its bloom;
Ah! but sudden the dark pall of death was unfurled,
And beauty and youth were both veiled in the tomb.

Then I turned from the follies and cares of the world,
And I gazed far beyond the dark clouds of the sky,
And I thought, that the BANNER OF PEACE was unfurled,
With a shout, in the midst of the angels on high!

Oh! sweet was the thrill of the shout that was given,
And bright was the splendor, but transient its gleam;
For I shouted in rapture, and thought me in heaven—
But I woke from my slumber, and all was a dream!

From the Methodist Quarterly Review.
 THOMAS CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born in Anstruther, a small village in Fifeshire, on the Frith of Forth, March 17th, 1780. He was sent at an early age to the ancient University of St. Andrews, in his native county. During his academic career he manifested many of the traits of character that were afterwards developed on a wider stage of action. His untiring energy, his frank cordiality; his irresistible *bonhomie*, and his commanding superiority of intellect were conspicuous among his compeers. His old landlady used to tell with great gusto his exploits among his fellow-students; settling by one cleaving word the dispute that had excited protracted wranglings.

There was early developed in his mind an intense love for physical science. Natural philosophy, chemistry, natural history, botany, geology, conchology, &c., all shared his attention; but it was to mathematics, and especially to its application to astronomy, that his mind was most powerfully attracted. Nor were his excursions here merely those of an amateur. He studied these sciences deeply and thoroughly; and his early and scientific training was manifest in all his subsequent intellectual development.—His mathematical discipline gave accuracy, discrimination, and the power of patient, continuous thought, to a mind that would otherwise have run wild with excessive imagination; whilst the wonderful facts of natural science furnished the magnificent imagery, which his daring fancy often used with such brilliant effect. His mind was to celebrate the nuptials, or at least to publish the banns, between science and religion, and furnish in its own splendid attainments a prophetic instance of their future al-

liance. The great importance, therefore, of this prolonged courtship of the sciences, in fitting him for the great work of life, is very obvious.

There is no reason to believe that at this time he possessed more than a speculative acquaintance with religion. It was an age of coldness in the Church, and skepticism out of it,—with Principal Robertson as the type of one, and David Hume of the other; and we cannot wonder that he; with so many others, had a form of godliness without any of its power. He had not received that fire-baptism that descended upon him with its rushing mighty power at a later period in life, and which sublimated the massy stores of his mind to a purity and splendor that attracted the world.

He was appointed mathematical tutor at St. Andrews about the time he attained his majority, and continued in his post until he was called to be a junior assistant to the minister of Cavers, in Roxburghshire. This position he soon exchanged for the rural charge of Kilmany, in his native county, near to St. Andrews, in May, 1803. Here he had ample leisure for his scientific pursuits; and could wander at will over the bleak hills of Fife on botanical and geological excursions, startling the rude peasantry in the lonely glens with his hammer and box, as he sought for some rare flower or curious crystal. He soon reappeared in St. Andrews as a lecturer on chemistry. His first appearance as an author was in the great Leslie case,—that created at the time a deep excitement in Scotland. The chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh being vacant, among a great many candidates, (Chalmers himself being of the number,) there were two who rallied around them powerful parties. Dr. Macknight received the support of the clergy of Edinburgh; whilst Mr. Leslie was the

candidate of the philosophical party. After a bitter and prolonged struggle, the philosophical party triumphed, and Mr. Leslie was elected. During the pendency of the contest, Dugald Stewart published a pamphlet against the clerical party, containing a letter from Playfair, asserting the incompatibility of mathematical studies with the duties of a clergyman. This letter roused all the ire of young Chalmers, and provoked him to break a lance with the polished academic, who, having himself passed from the mathematical chair, seemed to furnish in his own case a refutation of his position, or lay himself open to the charge of unfaithfulness as a pastor, or incompetency as a professor. Accordingly, he published an anonymous pamphlet, assailing Playfair with no little asperity. This tract has never been reprinted, and is only referred to as a part of his history. It possesses his peculiarities of style in their most unpruned and exuberant form, and is pervaded by a fierce and unsanctified spirit. It is characteristic of the unhallowed state of the young pastor's soul, that he contended strenuously that "it required almost no consumption of intellectual effort" to discharge pastoral duty; and "that a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste might dispose him to engage." The low estimate he evidently put upon the pastoral office, the appalling unconsciousness of its fearful responsibilities, his evident contempt for the office which he held uneasily as a means of subsistence, while his heart was engrossed with other pursuits, and the bitter, scornful, and sarcastic tone that pervades the whole production, furnish a melancholy picture of both the times and the man; a picture over which, when his eyes were opened, we doubt not he wept many a penitent tear.

His next work was on his favorite science, Political Economy; and entitled, "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources." The main principle of this work is, that taxation is no evil; a principle which is pushed to such an extravagant extent, that it becomes almost burlesque. The most important features which the work has for us are, the illustrations it gives of his character. Two points are especially prominent,—an intense dislike of the spirit of trade and the influence of commerce, and a burning military ardor.

His suspicions of the commercial spirit, although modified by subsequent experience, was never entirely removed. It appears in the Commercial Discourses delivered amidst the merchant princes of Glasgow. It arose from a noble principle in his nature. Loving to look at objects in the light of their real value, and their relations to intellectual and spiritual concerns, he feared the debasing influence of that spirit which estimated everything by the commercial standard of convertibility into pecuniary gain; and believed that the habits of mind engendered by the tricks and lotteries of traffic were essentially ignoble, and must degrade the souls of those who were drawn into this absorbing vortex.

His military ardor was, we presume, much more effectually moderated in after life, than his antipathy to the commercial spirit; but at this time it was very fervent. Fired by the spirit that was awaked all over Europe by the terrible career of Napoleon, it is not a matter of surprise that, with his heart so completely alive to mere worldly things, he should be fascinated by that dread element in them, then so imposing and powerful,—War. So strong was the martial spirit within him, that he was not content with mere paper exhibitions of it, in treatises on economics, but,

minister as he was of the gospel of peace, he actually enlisted in a volunteer corps. On one occasion he visited a friend's house, at some distance from home, in his military costume; and it was so near the close of the week, he was easily persuaded to remain over the Sabbath and preach.—This accordingly he did in a garment of more clerical hue, belonging to his friend, which was terribly strained over the brawny shoulders of Chalmers; but on leaving the pulpit he escaped from its confining restraint to his own costume; and the amazement of the honest villagers, which began in the church, at his strange appearance in black, was completed as they saw his stalwart figure striding through their quiet streets on Sabbath evening, in a flame of scarlet. These eccentricities develop the same straight-forward directness of character, and the same indifference to mere appearances, that were afterwards exhibited in more moderate and unexceptionable forms.

His preaching at this period was, as might be expected, of a cold and superficial cast,—more ethical disquisition, that played around the head without touching the heart. His dissertations were eloquent, and his displays of intellect prodigious; but they were powerless to the pulling down of the strongholds in the human heart.—An amusing instance of the felt incongruity of his fulminations was exhibited in the same church that had witnessed the startling phenomena of the clerical red-coat. He was preaching from the text, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup;" and decanting most vehemently on the perils of the generous juice of the grape, to a set of rustics whose highest source of inspiration was "honest John Barleycorn," or mountain dew. At length one of them, "puir daft Jean Pirie," who too often had a "drap i'

the ee," and whose sense of the incongruity was quickened by a dim perception of an attack on her besetting frailty, after repeated paragraphs rounding off with the emphatic words, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red in the cup," exclaimed, in a shrill voice that rose clear and startling above the thunder of Chalmers, "Ked i' the cup! Troth an' it may be ony o' the colors o' the rainbow, for a' that the maist o' us see o't."—Poor Jeanie could feel, in the dimness of her clouded mind, what the gifted preacher as yet had failed to see,—that these splendid declamations on mere morality played above the soul like an aurora, beautiful and glittering, but cold and powerless.

But a change was at hand; a change that was not only to give him new views of the Gospel, but was also to breathe into his whole nature a new energy, and transform him into one of the "few mighty," who are raised up by God in every age of the Church to do his work in human history.—Hitherto, he knew nothing of the Gospel but its outer courts; the secret shrine and the incarnate mystery were hidden from his sight. But about the year 1809, he was engaged to write the article on Christianity for Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia. His heart was softened by the loss of a dear friend, and prepared for the reception of the good seed. In prosecuting the studies necessary for this article, he was led to examine the lives of the primitive Christians, the writings of modern apologists, and especially Wilberforce's Practical View. He began to perceive that there was something in Christianity which he had never yet comprehended. At this juncture he was laid on a sick-bed; and, by the blessing of God on the truth which had been brought in contact with his heart, and the counsels of a faithful Dissenting minister, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw

the cross. He arose from his sick-bed a new creature. Immediately conferring not with flesh and blood, he began fearlessly to proclaim the mighty change that had come over his spirit, to confess publicly his previous blindness, and to preach Christ crucified. The quiet parish of Kilmany was stirred to its remotest borders by the words of fire that came from lips so freshly touched with a living coal from the holy altar, and reformations that years of ethical orations had failed to produce, began rapidly to take place under the exhibition of the Gospel.

The fame of this wonderful transformation soon extended beyond his country parish, and acquired for him a metropolitan, and finally a national reputation. He was accordingly, in 1815, invited by the Town Council of Glasgow to take charge of the Tron church and parish in that city. It was here, perhaps, that the highest triumphs of his eloquence were achieved. He found a gay, skeptical, money-loving population, whose religious condition was a sort of cross between Blair's Sermons and Hume's Essays,—a barren, hybrid compromise between the minimum of piety and the maximum of sin, with enough of the one to kill conscience and enough of the other to kill fear; with enough of Christianity to keep on good terms with the Church, and yet not enough to interrupt the most perfect understanding with the world.

But the thunder of Chalmers startled them from this dream of delusion. He came to them like one who had gazed on the unseen and the eternal, and was rapt in their awful and transforming visions into a higher element of life and power. The wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the still small voice, had passed before him; his slumbering soul had been startled under the juniper-tree, and he came among them instinct with a living spirit that could not easily be quenched.

His scorching denunciations of a spirit wholly given to commercial idolatry; his brilliant vindications of the dignity and grandeur of evangelical religion; his vigorous assault upon the cold and heartless formalities of the existing Christianity, and his restless activity in devising and prosecuting one scheme of active benevolence after another, gave a new impulse to society in Glasgow, which was at length felt throughout Scotland. The whole city was pervaded with his influence. Men began to feel that there was something in religion worthy the attention of others besides the doting and the dying; and something in Christianity of power and greatness that they had never before conceived. This splendid triumph in Glasgow was the beginning of that third reformation in Scotland, of which the Free Church is so magnificent a monument.

In 1833 he was transferred to the chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. To those who knew the stagnant condition of the Scottish universities at this period, so graphically described by Carlyle in his *Sartor Resartus*, the appointment of the *Jupiter Tonans* of the Tron Church excited the utmost amazement. It was as if the glaciers of Grindenwald had sent for Vesuvius,—so cold and petrified was the one, so fiery and explosive was the other. The effect of this movement was soon seen in the ethical class-room, which, from presenting a beggarly account of empty benches, soon became crowded with classes of eager and enthusiastic students. Throwing aside the threadbare *loci communes* of Aristotle and Seneca, Hutchinson and Smith, and all the previous writers who had anatomized the science of ethics, and furnished students with its polished bones, he brought it forth warm and living from the Gospel, a new creation of beauty and light. Instead of being,

at best, a mere arena for cold dialectics, and too often a school for secret skepticism, the ethical class became a new and powerful organ of Christianity. Under his leadership it became a moral gymnasium, where the spirit and purity and love, the spirit of active benevolence and the spirit of missions, were breathed into the hearts of men, who are now toiling amid the mist and moors of Scotland, the steaming and deadly jungles of the Ganges, and the burning plains of Africa. He was great as a lecturer, not because he made any new discovery, or established any new principle in ethics,—for in these respects he was greatly surpassed by Reid, Stewart, and Brown; but because he breathed the spirit of the Gospel, and his own earnest, enthusiastic spirit, into his academic labours. His lectures, therefore, instead of being dry and learned prelections, were rich combinations of the eloquence that blazed through the sermons, the humor that sparkled in his conversation, and the energy that pervaded his whole character. It was this rare union of qualities that enabled him to send forth an influence from the grass-grown streets of St. Andrews, unrivalled by that of the most gigantic spirits that had preceded him in the department of ethical philosophy.

When we analyze his intellectual character we find but two prominent peculiarities. The first, the large development of the perceptive faculties. It was this intellectual peculiarity that directed his mind to natural science, and fitted him to excel in those departments that demand the exercise of the perceptive powers; that determined his thoughts to the details of economics, poor-laws, statistics, &c.; that furnished him with the exuberance of illustration that adorns his discourses, and led him generally to reason by analogy rather than on abstract principles, or by metaphysical deduc-

tions. The other prominent fact in his intellectual structure was imagination. He did not look at a subject in the cold, dry light of pure intellection, but in the warm and vivid light of a poetic fancy. The "body of divinity" or ethics, which in the hands of other analysts became a skeleton of rattling bones, by his plastic touch was transformed into an image of living, breathing beauty, warm and bright with a glorious life. The abstractions of colder and more logical minds were to him concrete, embodied realities.—It was this that enabled him to utter the truths of the gospel with such freshness and power, that they seemed brought forth in a new revelation. It was this that enabled him to toil as a city missionary in the darkest dens of vice in Edinburgh; for he felt that he was not only "excavating" the moral filth of the West Port, but working out a problem for Scotland and the world. This power of investing humble and lowly efforts with large and magnificent relations, enabled him to labor with enthusiasm himself, and impart that enthusiasm to others.—The peculiar splendour of his imagination, however, is only seen in some of his grand pulpit efforts, and especially in the Astronomical Discourses, where it flings a blaze of starry lustre over the whole subject, that seemed to the astonished world like the unveiling of a new heavens and a new earth. This power of investing everything he looked at with the gorgeous glow of his many-tinted imagination, was one of the secrets of the unwasting energy he evinced himself, and the amazing influence he had over others.

It was to the rare combination of these powers in his case that he owed his brilliant reputation as a preacher. That this reputation had a solid and permanent basis, is proved by the admiration not of a small clique, or an interested class, but of all classes and ranks throughout the British empire,

including such men as Canning, Jeffrey, and Carlyle. Never perhaps in the history of eloquence has such a reputation been acquired and maintained in the face of such formidable difficulties. He had none of the ordinary graces and tricks of oratory. His voice was not remarkable for either compass or tone; his pronunciation was broadly provincial; his gesture was little more than a sawing jerk of the arm up and down in his most excited moments; he always read his sermons, and kept one hand and his eyes most of the time on the manuscript; yet in spite of all these defects crowds of the first minds in England hung enraptured on his lips. Nor was it entirely the matter of his discourses that gave them their power, for we have some of the best of them in print, and can judge of their merits. An enthusiastic admirer thus describes his preaching:—"We seem to see and hear him still, bending forward, with his left hand on his manuscript, and his right clenched and elevated in energetic action, while the wildest expression of the eye mingles strangely with the solemn and almost austere determination of that large, firm upper lip, and broad knotty forehead; and what lies written before him is enunciated in a voice husky, indeed, and tuneless, but very distinct, and in the highest degree earnest and vehement, so as to make you almost feel the words literally smiting your ear, and fixing themselves in your flesh as if with fangs. There was something in Chalmers' more impassioned delivery that always reminded us of the whizzing of steel upon a rapidly revolving grindstone, with the sparks of fire flying off in showers."

Our judgment of Dr. Chalmers may then be briefly summed up. Without being either a great logician, a great rhetorician, or a great scholar, he was a great orator and a great man.

Whilst his writings, voluminous and effective though they have been, will do less to mould the important opinions of his generation than those of obscure men, his life will leave as broad and enduring an impress on the history of the church and world as that of any writer of his age. Whilst his style is on all hands acknowledged to be seriously defective, it has left its mark on the religious literature of Scotland, with a distinctness that cannot be overlooked. Without perceiving or even desiring the inevitable results of his efforts, he has achieved a noble victory for the liberties of Christ's Church, and struck some of the heaviest blows in that work that must be completed by such men as Baptist Noel and Mr. Dodson. He has shown in his own person the possibility of uniting the keenest relish for science, and high attainments in some of its departments, with the humblest and purest evangelical piety. As a man he has reminded us of the beautiful prophecy,—“The child shall die an hundred years old.” He had all the unconscious simplicity, the sweetness, the filial trust, the loving and joyous spirit of the little child, combined with the rarest attributes of intellect and the ripest fruits of experience. Coleridge has somewhere defined genius to be the susceptibilities and feelings of childhood, carried forward in their vivid freshness to manhood. We know of no more accurate definition of the character of Dr. Chalmers. He grew old in his body, but never in his soul; the snows of age were sprinkled on his brow, but never on his heart; and even when his sun hung low and cold in the distant west, it flung over the whole field of vision the brilliant glow of hope and trust, that brightened the scenes of life's earliest morning. His was a broad and genial nature, that touched in its ample extent the remotest opposites, and shared the enthusiastic

love of natures so hostile in their antagonism, that they seemed to know nothing in common but their common affection for him. The cynical Carlyle, the fastidious Jeffrey, the thoughtful Taylor, the skeptic, the scholar, and the philosopher, all mingled their tears with the narrowest textuary of the straitest sect, and the humblest and lowliest of the toiling thousands

of Scotland, in weeping over the loss of one who loved and enlightened them all. The Church of the living God has a glorious heritage of noble names, but she has few over which she can hang with a deeper throb of mingled admiration and love, than the memory of the brilliant, the lofty, and the child-hearted Chalmers.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

AN HOUR OF SADNESS.

BY H. E. MAXIM.

And dost thou ask, my friend, why dwells a shadow on my brow?
My soul is burdened by a weight of mournful sadness now;
For I've been thinking of the change, the season and the strife,
That fling their dreary shadows, o'er the stream of human life.

'Tis true, my cheek yet wears, the freshness of life's early May;
'Tis true, that blessings, rich and precious, lie along my way;
But sometimes year's are needed not, such lessons to impart,
As shade the brow with thought, and check the gladness of the heart.

I've seen the blight of stern disease pass o'er the young and fair;
Have smoothed upon the wasted brow, the bright and shining hair:
I've seen a youthful one, the playmate of my earlier years,
Cold, cold in death's embrace, unconscious of affection's tears.

So young to die! could I do aught but pause and ponder well,
And feel strange, solemn thoughts within my bosom swell?
Strange solemn thoughts of death; and questionings if not for me,
Would be an early resting place beneath the green rose-tree?

I've seen bright hopes, that once made ev'ry pulse beat strong and high,
Fade as a glorious rainbow fades from yon cloud-mantled sky:
Bright hopes they were that all of life's brief term-time should be passed
In garnering from the stores of knowledge, treasure rich and vast.

Yet, 'tis not oft I mourn that these thus early should decay,
For living hopes are left, more dear, more precious far than they;
But sometimes in my lone and thoughtful hour, the wish floats by,
That I might penetrate the mysteries of earth and sky.

I've seen a smiling face, beneath, which dark deception lay;
And fickle ones have breathed of friendship, only to betray:
I know that there are true ones, but 'tis bitterness to feel,
O'er youth's warm trustfulness, doubt and suspicion steal.

I've seen contention, strife and discord, where there should be love;
Where peace should bear the olive-leaf, and nestle as a dove;
And I've seen man, a little lower than the angels made;
To the insensate clod, his own unwasting mind, degrade.

All this I've seen; and dost thou marvel that with thoughtful eye,
And silent lip, I sometimes sit when joyous ones are by?
'Twere strange, indeed, if gladness ever on my brow could bide,
When death, and change, and grief, and sin abound on ev'ry side.

Yet it is well; for if the earth a Paradise were made,
Oh! who would yearn for the inheritance, that doth not fade?
The human heart hath need of reason, for its chastening rod
Leads back the wand'ring, erring child, unto its Father, God.

'Tis good for me, that clouds should, sometimes, float athwart my sky;
That tears should, sometimes, stain my cheek, and dim my youthful eye;
For it is in such hours, my wayward spirit learns to feel
That Heaven alone hath balm its sicknesses to heal.

PARIS, Feb. 1851.

JOSEPHINE "THE STAR OF NAPOLEON."

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ON the 9th of March, 1796, Josephine was married to Napoleon. The Revolution had swept away everything that was sacred in human and divine institutions, and the attempt had been made to degrade marriage into a partnership which any persons might contract or dissolve at pleasure. According to the Revolutionary form, Josephine and Napoleon merely presented themselves before a magistrate, and announced their union. A few friends attended as witnesses of the ceremony.

Napoleon had in the meantime been appointed commander of the French forces in Italy. In twelve days after his nuptials he left his bride, and hastened to the army, then in the lowest state of poverty and suffering. The veteran generals, when they saw the pale faced youth who was placed over them all, were disposed to treat him with contempt. Hardly an hour elapsed

after his arrival, ere they felt and admitted he was their master. He seemed insensible to mental exhaustion, or fatigue or hunger, or want of sleep. He was upon horseback night and day. Almost supernatural activity was infused into the army. It fell like an avalanche among the Austrians. In fifteen days after he took command of the army he proclaimed to his exulting and victorious troops:

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days, six victories; taken one and twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places and conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men."

Paris was perfectly intoxicated with announcement, day after day, of these brilliant achievements. The name of Napoleon was upon every lip, and all France resounded with his praises. — "This young commander," said one of the discomfited veteran generals of the Austrian army, "knows nothing whatever about the art of war. He is a perfect ignoramus. He sets at de-

fiance all the established rules of military tactics. There is no doing anything with him."

Napoleon, after a series of terrible conflicts, and most signal triumphs, drove the Austrians out of Italy, pursued them into their own country, and at Leoben, almost within sight of the steeples of Vienna, dictated a peace which crowned him, in the estimation of his countrymen, with the highest glory. Josephine now came from Paris, to meet her triumphant husband. They took up their residence at the castle of Montebello, a most delightful country seat in the vicinity of Milan.

And here Josephine passed a few months of almost unalloyed happiness. The dark and tempestuous days through which she had recently been led, had prepared her to enjoy most exquisitely the calm which ensued.—She had been in the deepest penury. She was now in the enjoyment of all that wealth could confer. She had been widowed and homeless. She was now the wife of a victorious general, whose fame was reverberating through Europe, and her home combined almost every conceivable attraction. She had been a prisoner doomed to die, and her very jailor feared to speak to her in tones of kindness.—Now she was caressed by nobles and princes; all the splendors of a court surrounded her, and every heart did homage. Josephine presided at all her receptions and entertainments, with elegance of manners so winning, as perfectly to fascinate the Milanese. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon of her at that time, "but Josephine wins hearts."

The vicinity of Montebello combines, perhaps, as much of the beautiful and sublime in scenery, as can be found at any other spot on the surface of the globe. Napoleon sympathized most cordially with Josephine, in her appreciation of the beautiful and romantic. And though he devoted the

energies of his mind with unsleeping diligence, to the ambitious plans which engrossed him, he found time for many delightful excursions with his fascinating bride. There is, perhaps, not in Italy, a more lovely drive than that from Milan, along the crystal waters of Lake Como, to Lake Maggiore.—This romantic lake, embosomed among the mountains, with its densely wooded islands and picturesque shores, was a favorite resort for parties of pleasure. Here in gay parties they floated in boats, with well-trained rowers, and silken awnings, and streaming pennants, and ravishing music. The island of Isola Bella, with its arcades, its hanging gloom, was Napoleon's favorite landing place. Here they often partook of refreshments, and engaged with all vivacity in rural festivities. It is stated that while enjoying one of these excursions, Josephine, with one or two other ladies was standing under a beautiful orange tree, loaded with fruit with their attention all absorbed in admiring the beauties of the distant landscape. Napoleon, unperceived, crept up the tree, and by a sudden shake, brought down quite a shower of golden fruit among the ladies. The companions of Josephine screamed with afright, and ran from the tree. She, however, accustomed to such pleasures, suspected the source, and remained unmoved. "Why, Josephine!" exclaimed Napoleon, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied, "Am I not the wife of their commander?"

Napoleon, during these scenes of apparent relaxation, had but one thought—ambition. His capacious mind was ever restless, ever excited, not exactly with the desire of personal aggrandizement but of mighty enterprise, of magnificent achievement.—Josephine, with her boundless popularity and her arts of persuasion, though she often trembled in view of the lim-

itless aspirations of her husband, was extremely influential in winning to him the powerful friends by whom they were surrounded.

The achievements which Napoleon accomplished during the short Italian campaign, are perhaps unparalleled in ancient or modern warfare.

With an army ever inferior to that of the Austrians, he maneuvered always to secure at any one point, numbers superior to theirs. He cut up four several armies which were sent from Austria to oppose him; took 115,000 prisoners, 170 standards 1150 pieces of heavy battering cannon and field artillery, and drove the Austrians from the frontiers of France to the walls of Vienna. He was everywhere hailed as the liberator of Italy. He was living with all the pomp of a monarch, and received such adulation as monarchs rarely enjoy.

The Directory in Paris began to tremble, in view of the rapid strides to power which this ambitious general was making. They surrounded him with spies, to garner up his words, to watch his actions and if possible to detect his plans. But the marble face of this young man told no secrets.—Even to Josephine he revealed not his intentions; and no mortal scrutiny could explore the thoughts fermenting in his deep and capacious mind. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by an observer of his triumphant entrance into Milan:

“I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention, that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portrait, small in stature, thin, pale, with the air of fatigue, but not in ill health. He appeared to listen with more abstraction than interest; as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is

great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which shall have their influence upon the destinies of Europe.”

Napoleon was fully confident of the jealousy he had aroused, and of the vigilance with which he was watched. His caution often wounded Josephine, as he was as impenetrable to her in reference to all his political plans as to any one else. While she at times loved him almost to adoration, she ever felt in awe of the unexplored recesses of his mind. She saw him ever lost in thought, perfectly regardless of the pomp and the pageantry with which he was surrounded; and giving unmistakeable indications that he regarded the achievements he had accomplished as very trivial—merely the commencement of his career. She once remarked to a friend, “During the many years we have now passed together, I have never once beheld Bonaparte for one moment at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely to throw the person with whom he converses off his guard, and to draw forth his real sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts.”

Napoleon now deemed it expedient to visit Paris, for he despised the weakness and inefficiency of those who, amidst the surges of the Revolution had been elevated there to supreme power. He already secretly contemplated the overthrow of the government, as soon as an opportunity promising success, should be presented.—Josephine, with her children, remained in Milan, that she might continue to dazzle the eyes of the Milanese with the splendor of the establishment of

the liberator of Italy, and that she might watch over the interests of her illustrious spouse.

She gave splendid entertainments. Her saloons were ever thronged with courtiers, and the inimitable grace she possessed, enabled her with ease and self-enjoyment, to preside with queenly dignity over every scene of gaiety. She was often weary of this incessant grandeur and display, but the wishes of her husband and her peculiar position seemed to afford her no choice. — Napoleon unquestionably loved Josephine as ardently as he was capable of loving any one. He kept up a constant correspondence with her. Near the close of his life he declared that he was indebted to her, for every moment of happiness he had enjoyed upon earth. Ambition was, however, with Napoleon a far more powerful passion than love. He was fully conscious that he needed the assistance of his most accomplished wife to raise him to that elevation he was resolved to attain. Self-reliant as he was, regardless as he ever appeared to the opinions or the advice of others, Josephine had more influence over him than any other mortal. Her expostulations not unfrequently modified his plans, though his high spirit could not brook the acknowledgement. Hortense and Eugene were with Josephine, at Milan. Eugene, though but seventeen years of age, had joined Napoleon in the field as one of his aids, near the close of the campaign, and had signalized himself by many acts of bravery.

Josephine rejoined her husband in Paris, where she very essentially aided, by her fascinating powers of persuasion, in disarming the hostility of those who were jealous of his rising fame, and in attaching to him such adherents as could promote his interests. In the saloons of Josephine, many of the most heroic youth of France were led to ally their fortunes with those

of the young general whose fame had so suddenly burst upon the world. — She had the rare faculty of diffusing an atmosphere of cheerfulness wherever she went. "It is," she once beautifully remarked, "a necessity of my heart to love others, and to be loved by them in return. "There is only one occasion," she exclaimed, "in which I would voluntarily use the words, *I will*, namely, when I would say, I will that all around be happy."

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of the celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable country woman, called on him one day, anxious to speak to him. She told him with an air of serenity that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing the evenings from home, which made her extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his character as a conjurer.

"The remedy is a simple one," said he, "and I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile."

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

BY MARTHA M. JACOBS.

Nearer draw thy harp beloved, o'er its chords thy white hand fling,
At thy touch, the soul of music awakens from each silver string.

Sing—oh sing again Lenora, while I listen to thy lay,
From before, and from around me, all Life's shadows flit away.

She, to whom I spoke, Lenora, for a month had been my bride,
And a light upon my pathway, was that angel by my side.

Then she drew her harp toward her, but her eyes clear glance grew dim,
And the low soft prelude sounded, like a mournful funeral hymn.

Darker, darker grew her glances, kindling with the coming strife,
While began in wailing symphonies, the stormy "March of Life."

Struck she then the chords with power, and they trembled as in fear,
Deep within my soul resounded all their echoes wild and drear.

Not a sigh nor tear forgotten—not a groan was unexpressed,
Every note seemed freshly swelling, from a sorrowing human breast.

Each temptation, every trial of the bravely suffering soul;
Every sorrow, every struggle bringing nearer to the goal.

Sudden silence for a moment, then the melody again
Softly playing, notes entrancing, like a bird-song after rain.

From the cloud, the storm, the shadow, and the tempest-gloom of night,
Burst the splendor of Love's sunlight, turning darkness into light.

Holy grew the air around us, angels seemed to bend and listen
Through the deep'ning shades of evening, saw I not their bright wings glisten.

Seemed a power more than mortal, to her flying fingers given,
And her notes a worthy prelude, to the immortal songs of heaven.

But anon a shriek of terror from the quivering harp-strings start,
Like the dying wail of anguish, from a lost and broken heart.

'Tis the cry of Love forsaken and a deeper, darker woe,
In a Life where all is sorrow, human heart can never know.

But she sang from out that sorrow, will the heroic soul aspire,
Rising brighter from its ashes, as the Phoenix from the fire.

Then the stormy song grew calmer; milder, clearer every tone,
As the soul went ever onward, brave and earnest though alone.

Not in vain that noble struggle, never suffering was in vain,
Clearer grows the sky above us, when the hot tears fall like rain.

Not a tear that falls unnoticed; God receives his children's sighs,
And their prayers go up to heaven, an accepted sacrifice.

When the toilsome task is over, when the soul's great work is done;
When the fight of Life is finished, and the victory is won.

Earth's retreating vanquished demons leave the conquering soul forever,
See the radiant arms of angels stretched across Death's darksome river.

But why dost thou rise Lenora, and thy fingers quit the strings,
Why that glance of farewell meaning, and whence come these glittering wings

Leave, oh leave me not Lenora, but the angel one had flown,
Still the quiet air was thrilling, with her harp's last trembling tone.

DETROIT, March; 1851.

From "The Token of Friendship,"
(*A Boston Annual for 1851.**)

THE CHERUB'S FALL.

BY PROF. WHEDON.

The demarcation line between right and wrong is eternal in its nature, and divides the two hemispheres of the moral universe asunder. God himself did not create that line; for when he traced it with his finger upon the human conscience, he but transcribed it from the map of his own moral government; where it existed a lineament reflected from his own divine nature. The opposition between the two sides of that line is perfect and absolute. East and west, height and depth, black and white, darkness and light are opposites; but their opposition is tame identity compared to the contrariety between right and wrong. Hence there is no small sin; for the least crime is a direful overpassing of the great equinoctial of eternity.

One sunny hour in heaven, there sprang from the fountain of life, a fresh young cherub, with an eye brighter than the purest star: a face ruddier than the blush of morning, and a wing more radiant than the folds of the Aurora. There were angels whose pinions could sweep a broader circle, and whose brow had a

loftier majesty; but none whose look was more beaming with innocence or whose lyre had so sweet, so transparent a strain.

Ages passed away, and that cherub was young and sweet, as the hour it leaped from the spring of immortality. And now it felt a vivid impulse in its wing to range the fields of boundless space. Far—farther than glass could reach, or fancy measure, did that cherub rove; when lo! he came to the bounding mark which limits the territory of holy RIGHT. The cherub paused. His glowing eye-glance darted, with an earnest wonder, over the vast domains of gloomy, yet tempting, mystery beyond. He trembled—one tiny foot overstepped the line! O cherub! cherub! it was a fatal step. Would that with a myriad of crystal worlds, that spangle yon belt of galaxy, thou couldst retrieve it. But no price, no value can purchase back thy primal innocence again. For, see! his face shrivels; his wing grows bristly with spears; his eye sparkles with a demoniac fire; his form darkens—the cherub is a *devil!* an *eternal DEVIL!*

* * * * *

There was no REDEEMER then!

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Experience is the best adviser, but it is better to learn by others than our own.

* We have received a corrected copy from the hands of the author—Ed. Miscel.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE OUTSPREADING OF THE ENGLISH.

WHERE, indeed, is the English race not to be discovered? Frozen up amid the desolation of arctic winters, were the sun divides the year into a day and a night, where the sheeted aurora casts his flickering beams upon the dreary wastes of eternal snow, where the iceberg emulates the mountain, and the icefield of the Siberian steppe; and the burning sands of torrid Africa, where pestilence is forever wrestling with human existence;—where is the Englishman not to be found? He inhabits the banks of the Indus, and the slopes of the Himalaya, seeking in the gushing springs of that mighty mountain chain, the coolness denied him in the sultry plains of Bengal, or the arid or scorching sands of Moultan. There, too, he rules sovereign on both banks of the Hydaspes, the river that arrested the march of the Macedonian conqueror. He is found settling and building towns on the shores of the fifth continent, where in the childhood of the living, the least tutored of the human race roamed at large, the companion of the kangaroo and the opossum.

In this place he has established a quarter of a million of civilized men. The larger isles of the Pacific Ocean, and those nearest to the Antarctic are being peopled by him. The finest part of South Africa owns his sway, and the Ocean is so covered by his vessels, that if it can be said to be inhabited by mankind, it is by him who dwells on its bosom in thirty thousand ships. Who is so familiar with "the ends of the earth" as the English race? These are tokens of his present cosmopolitan movements alone, the result of a century or two of adventurous activity.

Before another hundred or two of
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years, the English tongue, history and literature, will be the inheritance of hundreds of millions in America alone.

Then it is probable a fifth continent will be half populated by Englishmen. The great Pacific isles will be covered with flourishing ports and towns. The pilot will answer in English off coasts not yet untenanted by the savage.

Where the silence of primeval nature still reigns with undisputed sway commerce will be busy, and the higher improvements of man, the steam-engine and the railroad, the steam-press and the communication of knowledge, will begin to harmonize, adorn, and enrich the remotest shores.

Wherever there is room to breathe the air of Heaven with freedom, the English race will be found multiplying—that race which never breathes freely but in the extent of space.—How great must be the moral action of such a people upon the rest of mankind, how expanded and expanding the results! Contrary to what has happened in old countries in past time, the people have done all the wonders which connect themselves with the English name. They have made the country what it is.

No single ruling power, however wise and absolute, could have effected such phenomena. It is of late years that the government has lent the smallest aid in contributing to the moral position of the country. The government was occupied with foreign wars and fiscal regulations, the weight of which most unhappily, still acts as a drag upon the advancement of national prosperity; upon land, trade, and subsistence. Silently, stealthily, and unconsciously, those operations were pursued with invincible patience and perseverance, which contributed to the present exalted name and glorious future of England.

Industry, adventure, personal exposure in unhealthy climates, domicilia-

tion on unhealthy shores, and the same diligent perseverance there, now in one hemisphere, and now in another, almost imperceptibly planting the acion of new nations, and aggrandizing the parent name.

The truly great, the sublime, the enduring arts of England, were effected by the activity of the popular mind. It was that mind which, two or three centuries ago, made the forests of America resound with the woodman's axe, feared the habitations of men by the haunts of the savage and the rattlesnake, and braved the fevers of the Virginian swamps.

In those days the pursuit of free thought, not of traffic, drove the colonist from home. That motive has, happily, long ceased to exist; free thought may be fully enjoyed at home. The Englishman now goes to cultivate an inheritance for his children, for which his native land, from previous occupancy, allows no space.

Like other nations of renown, England sends forth her sons, not to one limited spot, not as before, to the vast wilds of North America alone, but east, west and south, through the entire world, to found new empires, to extend her race, to refine and civilize, and thus fulfil an allotted task in a mighty destiny among the nations.

From the Herald of Truth.
NATURE AND ART.

THE master-piece of one of our true Poets was read in the hearing of a man eminent in the scientific world, who, being asked his opinion of its merit, replied, "It may be very beautiful, but what does it amount to?" The attention of a distinguished Mathematician was called to one of the best productions of a renowned Artist, who, on being asked his estimation of its quality, replied, "It is, perhaps, well enough, but what does it demonstrate?"

Such replies send almost a death-

chill through the nerves of those whose susceptible, impressible natures kindle with new life and glow with more ecstatic emotions, on examining the manifestations of genius, to which we have referred. They would shiver in the presence of the Mathematician, the Chemist, or the Astronomer—the whole of whose active mentality is engrossed in their respective studies—as in a cold atmosphere; and, on the other hand, these devotees of Science, doubtless, regard their friends who so admire the purely Beautiful, as somewhat trivial, or, perhaps, what they would call effeminate, in exhibiting such enthusiasm of pleasure from such, to them, trifling causes. But, while the lovers of the Beautiful are thus regarded by those thoroughly attached to what are termed the substantialities of the universe of Thought, doubtless they are equally deficient in appreciation of the developments of scientific research. Thus we have a poet-friend, passionately fond of the imaginative and fanciful, who cannot endure attention to the investigations of the philosopher, or the discoveries of the scientific inquirer. The greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon individuals of this class, would seem to be, even a short confinement in some laboratory, or cabinet of science, with the privilege of seeking relief in examining some philosophical disquisition.

What is the cause of this difference in the mental proclivities of individuals, is an important inquiry.

From what has been said, the reader is probably impressed with the fact, that there is a variety of elements in the mental constitution of man.—One individual will stand before the mighty Niagara as though he were in the presence of the Infinite, listening to His voice and beholding the manifestation of His power;—while another will be surprised at this self-annihilation and soul-exaltation, and regard

only the economical purposes to which such a "rush of waters" might be applied. All have heard of a visit to the Falls, by a poet and a tailor; the former of whom, while he contemplated the scene and permitted the spirit of its mightiness to seize upon his soul, could not avoid the exclamation, "God of grandeur! what magnificence!" while the soul of the latter was unable to compass, or even to get hold of the vastness before him, and turned away with the reflection, that great facilities were here afforded for spunging cloth. Follow that trio of individuals, as they ascend the rugged mountain:—one climbs the wearisome way uninterested by any thing presented to his view, and thinks of nothing but the weight of toil beneath which he is almost ready to sink;—another seems regardless of the difficulties of the ascent, and his countenance shows that there is a charm in the prospect that grows upon his view, and that the mind as well as the eye perceives something in the outspreading glory of Creative Power; that the spirit of the beholder is in harmony with the spirit of the scene, and that the uplifting power of the beauty and grandeur around is not unfelt;—while the third individual is deeply absorbed in investigating at his feet, the character of the rocks that meet his view, and the appearance of the strata that rise one above another in his ascent towards the summit. The first of these individuals is of a dull, unimpressible nature, the second is a poet, or artist, while the third is a geologist, anxious to bring back some trophy to his favorite science.

Without pursuing the illustration farther, it is sufficient to acknowledge the various faculties and susceptibilities of the mind, and the different modes in which they are manifested. Our mental constitution is usually spoken of as divided in two great departments—the intellectual, and the

Moral, or spiritual. The mind may be compared to an edifice, of magnificent proportions, perfect in its architecture, grand in its structure, finished within and without, according to the suggestions of true taste, and furnished with every thing that can gratify a faculty of the intellect, please the fancy, excite a feeling or inspire an emotion of our purer nature. The naked structure, with its ungarnished halls and apartments, may be considered a material correspondence representing the intellectual department of the mind; while the exquisite finish and embellishments they bear, may represent the more spiritual portion of our mental constitution. The former appeal to the intellect, which embodies the stern realities of our being—the cold externals of our existence; the latter strike inwardly, penetrate the holy of holies of the mind, and tell us wherein dwell the charm, the light and beauty, the enthusiasm of life.

Perhaps the elements of the mind are manifested in as many different degrees as there are individuals. With some, one faculty appears so predominant, and exerts such a sovereignty over the whole conduct, as to almost induce the hasty conclusion, that they are destitute of certain elements which are exhibited in the lives of others. The mass of mankind are so destitute of appreciation of the Beautiful, the Grand, and whatsoever constitutes the potent eloquence of Nature, as to place no value upon any thing which will not feed or clothe their material organism; and perhaps no individual can be found enjoying the full development of every faculty. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence in the conduct of men, and in the world about us, that every individual possesses every element, every faculty that is manifested by any human being.

The reason of such disparities in the outward exhibition of the interior constitution, may be found in the di-

versity of influences amid which the soul is educated. Such faculties are called into action as are appealed to by the disciplinary agents that surround us in early life. Thus the mind receives its quality and direction,—the conduct and happiness of our lives depending upon the powers which assume the dominion of our being. This rule is universal, except in those cases where the original strength of certain faculties is sufficient to control the disciplinary influences, and make circumstances bend to their will.

Hence, we can account, to a great extent, for the inequalities of mental manifestation that characterize the race. One is reared amid pleasant scenes, the spirit of which pervades his mind, and even infuses into the countenance an agreeable expression, and tunes to pleasant melody the voice. Another is educated midst ugliness and deformity, and wears in his nature their impress. Behold that family of children, around whom neatness and pleasantness reign; kindness and love preside in their paternal home—the luxuriance of Nature is around them, and flowers bloom in all their loveliness, to impart their sweetness to the young and uncorrupted spirit. These children grow to maturity the models of moral excellence as well as physical beauty. Observe that child, as it plucks a flower,—how pleasant the expression of countenance that indicates the harmony of the tender soul with the innocence emblemized by the beautiful object that seems to reciprocate the smile of its little admirer! Now observe the same child, as it gazes upon a disagreeable and ugly object—how emphatically is the spirit of ugliness written in the contortions of countenance that are excited by the unpleasant view! Who will say, that the scenes amid which we are educated have not much to do in

modeling the countenance, as well as moulding the mind!

Advancing a step farther in the inquiry, I hold, that the qualities of the mind of any particular individual will be found, as a general rule, indicative of the character of the external scenery, as well as the moral influences which have surrounded him. Externals call forth the internals, because they constitute the food of the mind; and as is the nourishment, so is the strength and vigor imparted.

Another point, which I must insist upon, in this connection, is, that a truly upright being is not solely and purely intellectual, neither is he solely and purely spiritual; but to constitute a person of perfect virtue, all the faculties of the mind, both intellectual and moral, must be harmoniously and fully developed. A purely intellectual person may see the true relations which he sustains to his fellows and to God, but he is deficient in moral enthusiasm, or momentum, which urges on to goodness. So, also, an individual may be a moral hero, as far as the light shines upon his pathway; but being deficient in the development of the understanding, he spans not the whole sphere of his duty. For this requisite development, how admirable are all things in Nature arranged! Boundless is the range of thought and inquiry, for calling forth the full strength of the intellect. The field is open, from the minutest atom that floats in the sunbeam, up and onward to the philosophy of life, and the real connection of God with the material Universe. Not less infinite is the field, nor endless the lessons which are calculated to elevate, strengthen, refine and purify the spiritual portion of our mental constitution. To this end, we have the whole range of Beauty, which is coextensive with creation; and of Grandeur, the loftiest example of which is the Uni-

verse itself. Beauty! Where in Nature is the beginning or the end of thy dominion! What mountain range bounds her sway, or what desert waste intercepts her charms! The skies are always overhead, and the stars seem most bright, beautiful and gorgeous, where the earth is most sterile. Who does not acknowledge the dominion of Beauty, and feel in his soul the charm, the glow, the rapture of her power! Whether we rise in the morning, when the East is radiant with golden glory, and every dew-drop on plain and hill mirrors the orb of day, and the carols of joy are heard in the grove; whether we look forth at noon, when the flowers are sweetest and the foliage the brightest; whether we partake the spirit of the eve, when all Nature, in quietude and silence, seems united in a fervent orison to her God, or whether we protract our vigils to the solemn midnight hour, when the hosts of the sky seem joined in holy communion—still the empire of Beauty is supreme, and her spirit all-pervading and omnipotent.

Virtue receives its life from the ministry of Beauty. Who feels stronger in the might of goodness, than when surrounded by the immaculate loveliness of Nature! When mingling with the motley world of men, where corruption and purity, vice and virtue seem commingled in almost undistinguishable unity, we cannot well avoid feeling a tumult in our minds, and sharing the spirit about us. Some, who are crossed in their intercourse with others, and almost feel themselves, when under the influence of excited passions, outlawed and exiled from the realm of Virtue, are conscious of a revolution in their natures when they enter the dominion of the Beautiful. O music of Nature! who is charmed with thy melody, while the genius of Evil has control of his heart! O Flowers! who can relish thy fragrance, and rejoice in thy inappre-

ciable excellencies, while the spirit of Hate has dominion of the soul! O, all ye sublime goings-forth of the glory and majesty of God! who can feel and enjoy thee so well as he who knows most of his Father in heaven!

Tell me not, then, that a cultivation of taste, appreciation and love for the Beautiful and Grand, is not the indispensable handmaid of Goodness and Happiness. It calls into action the faculties of the spirit, that garnish and beautify the achievements of the intellect. It arouses the latent consciousness of the soul, and makes it feel its deathless existence. It renders the mind more and more supreme, and opens to its perceptions things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." In short, in connection with intellectual development, it enables the divinity of our nature to be the sovereign of our being, and lifts the mind above the power of Wrong.

But what of the Mission of Art? What is her office but to bring from the storehouse of the Beautiful and Grand "things new and old," and bring our minds into a closer union with their all-pervading excellence. Withdrawn as we are, much of the time, from the kind ministry of Nature, we cannot too highly value that gift of Genius which dignifies our very closets with the faithful portrait of her beauty and grandeur. Thus, we can be in continual contact with the up-lifting influences of the Universe, and the growth of our spiritual being is made a constant enjoyment. Distant realities are brought before us at our very homes, and ideals of perfection, after which the soul is constantly reaching, enable us the easier to ascend her elevation.

Thus, the application of what I have said to the subject in hand is seen, and much of the importance and mission of Art, in the culture and development of the Mind, and in hasten-

ing the consummation of our destiny, is already hinted.

But perhaps I have advanced to a point that requires an explanation of the sense in which the term Art is here used. I do not use it in its general sense, as contradistinguished from Science, but in that signification in which it is the exponent or representative of the beautiful and emphatic in Nature. Neither do I occupy this extensive range; for, Art, thus defined, includes Poetry, Eloquence, Music, Sculpture and Painting. We speak only of Sculpture and Painting, as they constitute, in reality, but one branch of the great subject.

Man, when not too much perverted, is a lover of Nature. This love is implanted in the heart, as the seal of the relationship of Humanity to God. All Nature is the witness—the interpreter of the Most High to man; and Love directs his attention to the glowing revelations of the Author of all things, and impels him to enjoy their life-giving and soul-uplifting spirit. Hence, the sense of the Beautiful, Sublime, and Grand, is an element of Human Nature. From this, spring the Arts, of which we speak—which are but an effort to copy those objects which are so delightful to the view, filling the soul with such agreeable rapture. Those in whom this sense is strong, desire to delineate the Beautiful in all its minutia; for they observe that the depths of Beauty are fathomless; and the more it is contemplated, the more of her power is revealed. Hence the painter seizes his pallet, and attempts to throw upon canvass the representation of that, in the contemplation of which he so much rejoices, that in his retreat he may still have the object before him. The sculptor, also, delighted with certain figures that meet his view, seizes his chisel, and presents the object boldly, with every minutia of form and feature. Such is the origin of *Les*

Beaux Arts, the spontaneous forth-going of the human soul.

To be more definite concerning the Mission of Art, I will claim, first, that her office is to bring us into communion with the Beautiful, and thence advance us to a knowledge and adoration of the Good. Could every individual be born and nurtured amid the fair and the lovely, the great value of the Fine Arts might not so emphatically strike our attention. But society is such, and the mass of mankind are born into the world under such circumstances as to be shut out from the holy influence of Nature's spiritual teachings during the most important period of life when the qualities of the mind are fixed, and the man endowed. To repair, in part, the loss, the Artist proposes to give instruction to our youth, unmixcd with error, or any unhappy influence. He asks them not to listen to the conceits of the dogmatical theorist, who, perhaps, in consequence of his own mental inharmony, was unfitted for the perception of Truth, but presents them with a copy of some beautiful object in Nature, which cannot fail to attract their delighted gaze, to elevate and refine their young spirits. He asks them not to bow before an altar erected with human hands, but to kneel with him in the sanctuary of Nature, where all things whisper, in the sweetest music, peace, harmony and love. Thus he proposes to bring the enjoyment and instruction of the Beautiful within the reach of all; and would the people permit him to do so, a most important acquisition would be made in the cause of Truth, and moral, as well as intellectual Progress.

It is said, that the infant Napoleon was deeply interested in the painting of a battle scene that hung upon the wall of his parental home; so much so, that his earliest inquiries were for its explanation. How much this specimen of Art had to do with the for-

enation of the mightiest military hero the world ever saw, it is impossible to determine. This was not a representation of the pure in Nature, but of the destructive propensity of perverted mind. Had the painting been of a different character, perhaps a moral hero would have blessed the earth with his ministrations of love. It is known, that the Catholics are fond of looking upon the paintings of the Virgin Mary, and other holy personages: what would we presume to be, the effects of this admiration, especially upon the most devout—those who are so situated as to be, in the almost constant presence of these things of beauty? Nicolai, the traveler, has answered, by saying, that he saw the most divinely beautiful countenances among women who were most devout.

"It may not be unimportant to observe, that the calm contemplation of loveliness, where affection blends with adoration, as in the pictures of the blessed Virgin, seems to act most powerfully in tranquilizing and exalting the faculties of those who thus sympathetically worship a painting. Doubtless, the apprehension of spiritual truth being absolute, the reflex of the Divine Mind would possess the mind with a more heavenly idea, and correspondingly transform the whole being, provided the soul be thus engaged while the living frame retains the plastic power peculiar to the period of growth."*

The Beautiful always appeals to the nobler faculties of the mind, and hence, by their development, brings us nearer to the True and the Good.

Vice is a monster, of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen, too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

* The Body and the Mind, (page 86),
by George Moore, M. D. 1847.

GERMANY IN THE SUMMER OF 1850.

By a Correspondent of the *Leader*, a London Journal.

"At the lower end of a small basin like valley, formed by seven broad-based, round-backed hills, and intersected by the river Maine, stands the stately 'many-towered' city of Wurzburg, the metropolis of ancient Franconia; the country of the conquerors of Gaul, of the famous 'Mayors of the Palace,' of Charles the Hammer, and the strong men of the early Carlovingian period; the seat of powerful Prince-Bishops, of warlike Barons, and insurrectionary peasants; the country of wine, of corn, of cattle, and of merry, joyous life. Very noisy and changeful is its past history; very dull and monotonous is its present existence. Ministers, churches, and palaces tell the story of the old, and also overshadow and obstruct the new. Upon the hill ripens the grape. High up among the vines the vine-dresser is seen toiling in the mid-day sun. Near him, among those yellow ribbon-like streaks of land, that contrast so strongly with the green crops on either side, is the peasant with wife and daughter (the son is in the army) busy reaping his corn. The cathedral-bell, deep below, booms out its solemn tones. The laborers on the hills stop in the midst of their work, the men uncover, the women fold their hands, they say a silent prayer, and resume their work. High up where the limestone comes to the surface, and the soil is but a coarse kind of a gravel, blooms the spare clover, and below by the sandy banks of the river prospers the potatoe. Every inch of the ground is cultivated, and the heat soon ripens multiform harvests. These lands belonged once to the Church, to the convents, to the nobles. They are now the property of the burghers of Wurzburg, of the peasants and artisans of the neighboring villages. The

forests also, which darken the hollows between the hills, and provide fuel, are the property of the townships, and every burgher receives annually his portion of the wood. Land is dear; those to whom it is an 'instrument of labor' paying high rent for it. The rural population is hard-working, the soil fertile, provisions plentiful: many elements of prosperity, and in a certain sense, there is prosperity. There is much wealth in the town, and the country population have plenty to eat and drink. Accordingly, *there* is much eating, drinking, and smoking going on: and there is much, and often very good music in gardens and beer cellars, and fat people are very abundant. Yet among all classes, and mostly among the intelligent—which here, as everywhere in Germany, are very numerous, there is complaint and dissatisfaction. Here too, ideas have penetrated, of improvement of change and progress, of the possibility of a new and more manly life. Ideas which would get themselves realized, but cannot.

The people here have been long accustomed to have every thing done by government; so they are angry with their government for not supplying these new wants of theirs and of the times.

Government again is quite innocent of any capacity for initiating such 'new life,' or anything like it. It does not in the least like the taste it had of it during the last two years; and would prefer very much to return to the 'old ways.' So it has two measures to propose—church and army. The little state of Bavaria had within this year some ninety thousand soldiers on foot. At the doors of the churches is to be seen an eloquent pastoral letter, in which high church authorities point out 'more faith' as the only panacea in these singular and dangerous times.

Some weeks ago, at the feast of Killian, the patron saint of the town,

three skulls—said to be those of the three martyrs Killian, Colonat, and Totnan—and which after having been lost, a long time ago, had recently and almost miraculously turned up again, were exhibited and carried in procession with great 'pomp and circumstance,' not accompanied by a recommendation to the people to imitate the lives of those valiant men (Englishmen, I believe, all three) who initiated the 'new life' of the period in these regions, and were faithful unto death to their calling;—but by a promise that all who walked in the procession should be partakers of certain spiritual advantages and unspiritual indulgences!

And a very grand procession it was, with music, and soldiers, and flags, and pictures, and gold and silver images, and baldachins, and wax tapers, and incense, and hosts of priests in magnificent vestures. It was almost as magnificent as the coronation scene in the *Prophete*; and Father Newman would have rejoiced to have seen it!

But I heard a countryman, returning from it, say to his neighbor, 'To-day we have been at it again, throwing dust in the people's eyes. The fact is, nobody, whose belief is worth anything, believes in it; yet they all acquiesce and conform; and a crust of insecurity and hollowness covers, by general consent, a most fearful abyss, which will open some day, and swallow one knows not how much. Germany has seen some convulsions lately, but its day of trial has yet to come; and it will be severest in the Catholic districts.'

The people have still much of the old Teutonic temperament. They understand nothing about 'constitutional opposition,' and I doubt whether they will ever learn it. They are patient, and long-suffering. They emigrate. They can swallow a vast deal of discontent, till the measure is overfull, and then their rage is of the Berse-

ker sort. It is not self-government that, at bottom, these people want, but *wise* government. They are a most governable people; but it is long since they have had a right sort of governor, and there will be a dreadful search after him these days. In the meantime such 'improvements' as the 'course of nature' brings with it have been and are going on here also, tho' somewhat slowly.

The condition of the people, is on the whole, better than what it was twenty or thirty years ago, though they complain much of taxes. Many of the peasant proprietors have been getting rich during the late years of high prices. Railways, too, are approaching, and the Maine carries its little steamboats. Very extraordinary, too, is the quiet, noiseless communication between these inland countries and—America. People go and come, carrying German hands and hearts to those new regions; bringing and sending tidings of new ways and methods to the old ones; and thus the 'Saxon kindred,' after having been dispersed by their innate love of wandering and adventure, are being drawn together again by the same tendency of their nature which has outlived ages and civilization.

Everywhere, too, the English element is gaining ground and influence. The people here, as in other parts of Germany, study English literature and English modes of proceeding, and admire English ways as they once did French; and the politicians say, 'There are but two States in Europe now, England and Russia; Russia obstructs, England leads onward: we are for following England.'

Lead on, then, right bravely, Old England, mother of nations; there is a great way before thee yet, and much work to be done."

AMERICAN INDIANS AND CIVILIZATION.

The Atlantic States are nearly forsaken of the powerful race of red men who once roamed from the seashore to the lakes, for unknown ages maintaining a sovereignty as dark and dreadful as their own deep and infinite forests. They lived only in records and traditions, and then only in a few immortalized names of their chiefs and heroes.

Those living on the other side of the mountains, in the valley of the Mississippi, have been driven by legislation, civilization, or the chase, so far toward the setting sun, that they have almost ceased to be objects of knowledge and interest. Indeed were it not for occasional notices in missionary papers, and the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, they would be to us an extinct race. In this annual report for 1850, we find a mass of valuable information, some of which, in the most condensed form, we now propose to lay before our readers.

The commissioner, Orlando Brown, states that a great degree of peace and friendly intercourse has been maintained among the border tribes and those under the immediate supervision of the government. For this result, the commissioner ascribes much to the influence of the example of some of the more civilized tribes, nor does he scorn to notice the labors of the self-denying missionaries, confessing the "happy effects of the exertions of the many excellent persons who, animated by a truly philanthropic and Christian spirit, have voluntarily banished themselves beyond the confines of civilization, and all its comforts and advantages, and gone to labor zealously and disinterestedly for the temporal welfare of an unfortunate and semi-barbarous race."

Some tribes, however are so remote, and have felt as yet so little of the influences of civilization, and have such a distaste for agriculture and quiet that they cannot be induced to give up the war and the chase.

The greatest evil among the Indians is indulgence in the use of ardent spirits. All the laws passed by Congress, and the most strenuous efforts of the Indian agent, and the military stationed in the Indian country, to put a stop to the inhuman traffic in the article, have in a great measure failed to accomplish the end.

In consequence of the extent of the Indian frontier, the fiend-like and mercenary wretches who engage in the traffic find ample opportunities for introducing liquor, and sell it at an enormous profit.

The commissioner recommends that some proper punishment be inflicted for continued intoxication, and rewards given to those who distinguish themselves in their efforts to prevent the introduction and use of intoxicating liquors.

The commissioner names the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and Chickasaws, as the most advanced in civilization, and as affording the most gratifying evidences of moral and social improvement, thinks that in another generation, under the same policy, other tribes will reach the same standing.

The above tribes have regular forms of government, good and wholesome laws, and proper officers for their administration; and their affairs are conducted with a good degree of wisdom, vigor, and impartiality—the vicious being restrained, crime punished and justice dispensed, in a manner which would be creditable to civilized communities.

Numerous tribes roam generally uncontrolled over the immense prairies extending westward to the Rocky mountains, and consider the whole country as their own. They therefore

regard with jealousy the passage of such crowds of our people through their domain, without any recognition of their rights, or compensation for the privilege; at the same time these emigrants make such a destruction of the buffalo and other game, which, if continued, must at no late day so diminish this main resource for the Indian's subsistence as to bring upon them great suffering, and probably break out in open hostilities with our emigrants.

To prevent this, instructions have been given to hold a treaty with the different tribes, stipulating that for the right to pass through their country, for their good conduct toward our emigrants, and for the destruction of game on their journeys, they shall be allowed a reasonable compensation annually, to consist principally in goods, stock, and agricultural implements, with assistance to instruct and aid them in cultivating the soil, and in other kindred pursuits.

It is also intended to bring a delegation from all these remote tribes to the Atlantic States, that they may see our populous cities, our cultivated fields, and our manufactures, and not only learn our national greatness and power but learn the advantages of civilization. This will be done the next season.

Some of the tribes on the upper Mississippi being small, and civilization treading fast upon them, it is proposed to unite them in one body, or confederacy, and appoint them a location on some unoccupied territory farther west.

Government has wisely taken steps to collect materials for the history of the Indian tribes, for which purpose the different agents are prosecuting with as much vigor as possible inquiries respecting their origin, numbers, and all other statistics and facts which may be of interest. Results continue to be developed, of great interest to

the historian, and to all who feel any curiosity in the condition and destiny of this singular race.

Large numbers of Indians having come under our jurisdiction by the acquisition of Texas, New-Mexico, California, and Oregon, it is recommended that additional agents be appointed to watch over their interests.

In condition, the commissioner says there is encouraging ground for the belief that a large share of success will in the end crown the philanthropic efforts of the government and of individuals, to civilize and Christianize the Indians. Experience, however, teaches, that there can be no civilization without a rigid exclusion of ardent spirits, that no laws can be too stringent to effect that object.—*Cong. Journal.*

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Dear as the dove, whose wafting wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main,
Thy genial glow, returning Spring,
Comes to our shores again;
For thou hast been a wanderer long,
On many a fair and foreign strand,
In balm and beauty, sun and song,
Passing from land to land,

Thou bringest the blossoms to the bee,
To earth a robe of emerald dye.
The leaflet to the naked tree,
And rainbow in the sky;
I feel thy blest benign control,
The pulses of my youth restore;
Opening the spring of sense and soul,
To love and joy once more.

I will not people thy green bowers,
With sorrow's pale and spectre band;
Or blend with thine the faded flowers
Of memory's distant land;
For thou wert surely never given
To wake regret for pleasure gone;
But like an angel sent from Heaven,
To soothe creation's groan.

Then, while the ground thy garland twine,
Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
And worship God in thee;
And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be awhile forgot,
And pleasure bloom again.

From Mayhew on Popular Education.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

At any time in life, excessive and continued mental exertion is hurtful; but in infancy and early youth, when the structure of the brain is still immature and delicate, permanent injury is more easily produced by injudicious treatment than at any subsequent period. In this respect, the analogy is complete between the brain and the other parts of the body, as is exemplified in the injurious effects of premature exercise of the bones and muscles. Scrofulous and rickety children are the most usual sufferers in this way. They are generally remarkable for large heads, great precocity of understanding, and small, delicate bodies. But in such instances, the great size of the brain, and the acuteness of the mind, are the results of morbid growth, and even with the best management, the child passes the first years of its life constantly on the brink of active disease. Instead, however, of trying to repress its mental activity, as they should, the fond parents, misled by the promise of genius, too often excite it still further by unceasing cultivation and the never-failing stimulus of praise; and finding its progress, for a time, equal to their warmest wishes, they look forward with ecstasy to the day when its talents will break forth and shed a lustre on their name. But in exact proportion as the picture becomes brighter to their fancy, the probability of its becoming realized becomes less; for the brain, worn out by

premature exertion, either becomes diseased or loses its tone, leaving the mental powers feeble and depressed for the remainder of life. The expected prodigy is thus, in the end, easily outstripped in the social race by many whose dull outset promised him an easy victory.

To him who takes for his guide the necessities of the constitution, it will be obvious that the modes of treatment commonly resorted to should in such cases be reversed; and that, instead of straining to the utmost the already irritable powers of the precocious child, leaving his dull competitors to ripen at leisure, a systematic attempt ought to be made, from early infancy, to rouse to action the languid faculties of the latter, while no pains should be spared to moderate and give tone to the activity of the former.— But instead of this, the prematurely intelligent child is generally sent to school, and tasked with lessons at an unusually early age, while the healthy but more backward boy, who requires to be stimulated, is kept at home in idleness merely on account of his backwardness. A double error is here committed, and the consequences to the active-minded boy are not unfrequently the permanent loss both of health and his envied superiority of intellect.

In speaking of children of this description, Dr. Brigham, in an excellent little work on the influence of mental excitement on health, remarks as follows: "Dangerous forms of scrofulous disease among children have repeatedly fallen under my observation, for which I could not account in any other way than by supposing that the brain had been excited at the expense of the other parts of the system, and at a time in life when nature is endeavoring to perfect all the organs of the body; and after the disease commenced, I have seen, with grief, the influence of the same cause in retarding or

preventing recovery. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, five or six years of age, lingering a while with diseases from which those less gifted readily recover, and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. During their sickness they constantly manifested a passion for books and mental excitement, and were admired for the maturity of their minds. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children is, in my opinion, small when attacked by disease; and several medical men have informed me that their own observations had led them to form the same opinion; and have remarked that, in two cases of sickness, if one of the patients was a child of superior and highly-cultivated mental powers, and the other one equally sick, but whose mind had not been excited by study, they should feel less confident of the recovery of the former than of the latter. This mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body at the expense of the constitution."

There can be little doubt but that ignorance on the part of parents and teachers, is the principal cause that leads to the too early and excessive cultivation of the minds of children, and especially of such as are precocious and delicate. Hence the necessity of imparting instruction on this subject to both parents and teachers, and to all persons who are in any way charged with the care and education of the young. This necessity becomes the more imperative from the fact that the cupidity of authors and publishers has led to the preparation of "children's books," many of which are announced as purposely prepared "for children from two to three years old!" I might instance advertisements of "Infant Manuals" of botany, geometry and astronomy!

In not a few isolated families, but

in many neighborhoods, villages, and cities, in various parts of the country, children under three years of age are not only required to commit to memory many verses, texts of Scripture, and stories, but are frequently sent to school for six hours a day. Few children are kept back later than the age of four, unless they reside a great distance from school, and some not even then. At home, too, they are induced by all sorts of excitements to learn additional tasks, or peruse juvenile books and magazines, till the nervous system becomes enfeebled, and the health broken. "I have myself," says Dr. Brigham, "seen many children who are supposed to possess almost miraculous mental powers, experiencing these effects and sinking under them. Some of them died early, when but six or eight years of age, but manifested to the last a maturity of understanding, which only increased the agony of separation. Their minds, like some of the fairest flowers were "no sooner blown than blasted;" others have grown up to manhood, but with feeble bodies and disordered nervous systems, which subjected them to hypochondriasis, dyspepsy, and all the Protean forms of nervous disease; others of the class of early prodigies exhibit in manhood but small mental powers, and are the mere passive instruments of those who in early life were accounted far their inferiors."

This hot-bed system of education is not confined to the United States, but is practised less or more in all civilized countries. Dr. Combe, of Scotland, gives an account of one of these early prodigies, whose fate he witnessed. The circumstances were exactly such as those above described. The prematurely developed intellect was admired, and constantly stimulated by injudicious praise, and by daily exhibition to every visitor who chanced to call. Entertaining books were thrown in its way, reading by the fire-

side encouraged, play and exercise neglected, the diet allowed to be full and heating, and the appetite pampered by every delicacy. The results were the speedy deterioration of a weak constitution, a high degree of nervous sensibility, deranged digestion, disordered bowels, defective nutrition, and, lastly, *death*, at the very time when the interest excited by the mental precocity was at its height.

* Such, however, is the ignorance of the majority of parents and teachers on all physiological subjects, that when one of these infant prodigies dies from erroneous treatment, it is not unusual to publish a memoir of his life, that other parents and teachers may see by what means such transcendent qualities were called forth. Dr. Brigham refers to a memoir of this kind, in which the history of a child, aged four years and eleven months, is narrated as approved by "several judicious persons, ministers and others, all of whom united in the request that it might be published, and all agreed in the opinion that a knowledge of the manner in which the child was treated, together with the results, would be profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education." This infant philosopher was "taught hymns before he could speak plainly;" "reasoned with," and constantly instructed until his last illness, "*which without any assignable cause, put on a violent and unexpected form, and carried him off!*"

As a *warning to others* not to force education too soon or too fast, this case may be truly profitable to both parents and children, and a benefit to the cause of education; but *as an example to be followed*, it assuredly cannot be too strongly or too loudly condemned.

Put not off till to-morrow what can be accomplished to-day. Delay not.

A FACT BY PROF. SEWALL.

Dr. Sewall, the eminent physician and delineator of the evils consequent upon the use of intoxicating liquors, presents the following incident :—

"A man was taken up dead in one of the streets of London, after having drank a great quantity of gin on a wager. He was carried to Westminster Hospital and there dissected. In the ventricles of the brain, was found a considerable quantity of limpid fluid, impregnated with gin, even to the extent of inflammability. The liquid appeared to the senses of the examining students as strong as one third gin and two thirds water."

What strange infatuation is it that tempts men to drink alcoholic liquors, when facts, and reason, and nature, and religion, are continually warning them of the inevitable train of disasters and evil consequences thereon?—When our senses warn us of the immediate danger of a precipice close at hand, have we not prudence enough to avoid it, clinging to life as we do with a cowardly tenacity? And when physicians demonstrate to us the poisonous, deadly influence of ardent spirits upon the system, and all experience illustrates the truth, why have not men sense and consistency enough to forsake the miserably foolish indulgence of drinking the poison? No rational man, who could once feel sensible of the delights of temperance, would, unless by an infatuation as gross as insanity, ever be tempted into its opposite. And no individual who can in truth profess to be virtuous or patriotic, can consistently with that profession, ever give countenance to intemperance in others by the contagious influence of his own example.

PLEASANT WORDS.

How very gratifying are pleasant words to all, the rich, the poor, the high, the low, all classes enjoy pleas-

ant words. They cost nothing, they are free, all have the privilege of using them; but, alas too few use them, some are almost strangers to them.—In the words of the wise man, "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Yes, as honey is sweet to the taste, so pleasant words are sweet and cheering to the heart. Pleasant words are full of kindness, no bitterness in them, they truly savor of things that are good. Ye that are morose and gloomy, try their influence, if you feel sad and desponding, try, O try to speak pleasantly to all around, and you will find they are indeed "health to the soul;" your own soul will be cheered and softened by them. "The words of the wise are pleasant words."—*Presbyterian Herald*.

For the Literary Miscellany.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASONS.

BY J. O. WHITTEMORE.

It was near the middle of October. I ascended one of the brown hills that, environ the village of Hillsdale. It was a fine, hazy, Indian-summer-like day, and as I gazed upon the landscape of wood and stream, and open meadow, I was impressed as I never had been before, with the peculiar richness of the colors of the dying leaves. Some yet retained their first fresh green; others were of a bright yellow; some had put on a rich, dark purple such as gleams in the wine vats of the Rhine Valley, while others wore a bright scarlet, and others still were of that fine golden brown that the Grecian poets praised so much in the locks of the "golden-haired Apollo." All these warm colors blended together, with the dark green of the river banks for a back ground, made one of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw.

It is said that a painter once copied a western landscape in October and placed it in a gallery at New York for exhibi-

tion. It was generally condemned by connoisseurs, and the faithful artist was compelled to hear such criticisms as these from men who had never happened to see this phase of nature.

"What a miserable daub!"

"A perfect burlesque upon nature!"

"One thing is certain, this fellow never saw the woods."

"Such extravagant colors as these would better become a French toy-shop."

Yet there was not one of these high colors, but was faithfully copied from Nature. Why is it that Nature, just on the eve of her decay, is so prolific of such rich colors? Do they spring from the agonies of dissolution, as is said of the dying dolphin? Or does Nature imitate those ladies, who, finding that the summer of their charms is gone, and that the "winter of their discontent" draws nigh, begin to paint to conceal the ravages of Time?

I was struck with one fact which may throw light upon the difficulty. The colors were not brilliant or gay but pervading all, there was a mellow and somewhat sober cast, which gave one the idea of ripeness and perfect maturity. The impression was like that conveyed by a noble old man, who has passed the period of strife and who enjoys in calm serenity the fruits of a long experience; who is the embodiment and expression of repose and yet of power; whose every thought bears with it a richness and mellowness of conception which you look for in vain in the crude sallies of youth, or the harsh and self absorbed dicta of the man in mid life. These sombre and yet mellow tints are like woman in her full perfection, after the effervescence of youthful spirits which sparkled on the surface has been blown away, and before time has dimmed the "lustre of the soul-full eye," or touched one of her dark tresses with his silver wand. They are like also to the human mind when the wild reign of the imagination and the passions has passed away, and there is only a gentle heaving of that

tumultuous sea that lately tossed so fearfully—when an enlarged and liberal study has accumulated a rich store of knowledge, and the perfected habit of concentrated thinking has made every item of that store available to its utmost capacity. It may be that Nature means to express or shadow forth, as the mystics say, such conceptions as the foregoing by the rich drapery of variegated colors which she puts on at this season.

It may be too that Nature, by these various changes, intends to impress upon her children the lesson of human life. Year by year, she repeats the story and forewarns us by her significant prophecies of the inevitable future. Let us trace the similarity between her life and the life of humanity.

In the first freshness of Spring, Nature is the embodiment of one idea—that of hopeful and exulting life. Then the dew-drops glitter in the morning sun. Then the budding leaves and blossoms burst their bonds and come out into sunny life. Then the air is cool and bracing—the skies are cloudless and the free spirit exults in the exuberance of its joy—in air and sunlight. Then the one great thought of earth is hope. Life points ever to the future; and vast and indefinable are the glorious visions that crowd upon the fancy. Thus it is with the youth of man. The sight of the fair cheek and elastic step of youth, awakens the same hopeful and magnificent emotion. We feel the indescribable beauty of those visions of youthful ambition, which have never been so vividly and faithfully embodied by pen or pencil, as in the second of Thomas Cole's series of paintings, "The Voyage of Life."—There can be no more faithful expression of that evanescent day dream, which the man of middle life recalls with so much regret.

But spring passes by and the fervid sun of summer pours down on golden harvests and on all the intense activity of commercial life; heating the furious blood and

making all earth one confused scene of turmoil strife and *business*.

Thus it is with middle life. The magnificent plans of youth are now laboring to work themselves out into reality. Action is now no longer at the Caprice of pleasure—it is the necessity of existence. Now is the period of strength and of strife. There is no rest now for the weary soul.—Rest! The impatient mind scorns at the thought—crushes with a resolute will every hesitating feeling—cheerfully submits to the severest sacrifice and presses onward to its end.

Then after the seed comes fruit—after action, the reward. Now autumn puts on her purple robe, and all about us we see the gorgeous colors of the forests, the luscious fruits dropping from overburdened boughs, and the husbandman gathering in the rich harvests. This season has for its antetype in the life of humanity, the joyful period of success.

Be not disheartened! young man!—thou that art exalted by great plans which grave men deride, thou that passest unnoticed amid the busy throng of life and canst not make thyself heard without making thyself ridiculous. Wait in patience the slow rolling wheels of time. And thou, man, who comest from thy labor, toil-worn and sick at heart—remember—to-day's action—to-morrow comes the reward. Be cheerful and strong!—Nothing ripens fruit so fast as cheerful sunshine.

But there is another season. When the harvests are gathered. When the many colored leaves of the forest have blackened and fallen, then sullen clouds overcast the sky, and wintry winds, and driving snows lock the earth in icy death. So after the ripe autumn of humanity is past, the frost of age chills the blood, back to the fainting heart, the venerable head whitens with the snows of its winter time, and the palsied limbs struggle feebly with fate and death.

Well will it be for us, profiting by the four great lessons which Nature is teaching us, if we shall grow wiser year by year, as we see them repeated, till we are called to enter upon that unseen life of whose mysteries, Nature can teach us nothing.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are occasionally receiving a letter from subscribers, informing us that they have not received the work. We will assure them, that no pains shall be spared, to make and keep all these matters straight in the future.

Let our subscribers keep cool, and we think it will not be long, before we will gain a reputation for punctuality, which is not only desirable for the pleasure it gives to the mind, but is really necessary, in order to give confidence to our patrons.

You have our note of hand for the *Miscellany*, and that note is as sacred as any one we have ever given. We are sorry to say that some agents have not sent in the names of subscribers at as early an hour as they should have done, and we assure our subscribers that we will not only be punctual ourselves, but we shall insist upon punctuality on the part of agents and subscribers—Agents in remitting names, and subscribers in remitting funds. We will not spare any efforts to make the *Miscellany* valuable.

We may appear rather unsocial this month, but kind reader wait until we have but one month, to attend to at once, and we will most gladly devote more time to an interchange of thought with you. We have been obliged to get out the February, March and April No's this month, which is sufficient excuse for silence.

☐ Let all who have not received the *Miscellany* write, and inform us when they subscribed, and to whom, and what amount they have paid, and what office they wish their numbers directed to. We want in all cases the agents name.

☐ Will our friends the Postmasters, be kind enough to say, when returning a book that is refused, what office it is returned from. An attention to this, which would cost them a moments time, would save us at times, an hour which we know not how to spare.

☐ No one is authorized to get subscribers as a traveling agent, unless he can show a written or printed certificate under the hand of the publishers of the *Miscellany*.
Q.

MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

BY HON. HORACE MANN.

(Concluded from page 156.)

I SAY, then, that every human being is born into this world, a potential universe. Prospective, he is receptive of all sentient enjoyments; capable of all knowledge, and susceptible of all forms of virtue. Insect and worm, as he is at birth, there is within him the seminal principle of all grandeur and all glory. Conscious of but a single want and a single pleasure, on his introduction into life, the blessings which crowd an immensity, and lie along the vista of an eternity, are within his reach.

In one respect, indeed, man holds high pre-eminence over the universe into which he is born. As he builds himself up, idea by idea, and virtue by virtue, each new acquisition in the infinite progression of knowledge, and each ascension in the endless acclivities of duty, is a new joy.

We were created in ignorance and in weakness, for the very purpose of enabling us to feel the conscious delight of gathering in knowledge, and of growing stronger in virtue. Had we been endued at birth, with any amount of positive knowledge, or had we been set forward, by the shortest stage, in the path of actual duty, it would have been so much sub-

tracted from the pleasures of acquisition and of improvement. So much as we had known, so much of novelty should we have lost.

Addison beautifully describes the moon and planets to be

"Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

And this is true. But their song is song only to other ears. In the rightly developed soul, this song is sung to its own consciousness; this celestial music is chanted for its own inward ear. Hence, poor and weak and ignorant as we are at birth, we have what is far better than any created majesty or wisdom or blessedness could be,—we have faculties by which we can ourselves cooperate in their acquisition, and thus secure a triple reward, and an increased power of compassing new blessings.

Now all this vastness and splendor and duration are the birth-right, or rather the birth-gift, of all. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the bounty of the Creator is to cease its overflow here, as the fountain were exhausted, or our urns full. On the contrary, all our ideas of our Heavenly Father prompt us to believe that He has, and will forever have, purer, more

precious and more copious gifts in store, corresponding with our enlarged and exalted capacities to receive them.

All analogy teaches us that we have undeveloped faculties within us, susceptibilities of happiness yet dormant, for whose fervor and intensity this world is too cold and uncongenial; and which, therefore, await our translation to the land of the blest, where a purer ether and subtler elemental fires shall kindle them into life. While we were yet in embryo, our body existed in form as perfect as at present; our muscles, our brain, our lungs, and all our organs of sense, were complete;—but we needed to be ushered into this world of air and light and motion and beauty, to call them into play.

So in regard to the next stage of existence, we have the assurance of splendors and symphonies and loves, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive; and if so, then we must now have within us, lying undeveloped and inert, the rudimentary organs of eye and ear and heart, with which we shall see and feel the vision, the hallelujah, and the ecstasy of the better world.

As to this unseen and unimagined magnificence and beatitude of the future life, we are, while sojourning upon earth, only in the ante-natal state of darkness, inactivity and circumscription. Such is the nature which God has bestowed upon us, to be magnified, enlightened and adorned; and it is not given to mortal Eloquence or Poesy, with all their many-colored words, to paint the number and variegation of its glories!

But, for this Book of Life, there is a Book of Death. Balancing our keen susceptibilities of enjoyment, are susceptibilities of suffering not less keen. Every nerve that can thrill with pleasure can also agonize with pain. Instead of hymnings of bliss, there may be howlings of despair. If there is an infinity of truth, there is an infinity of error also; and the

empyrean of possible blessedness is not more high than the abysses of possible woe are deep.

We are born into free and open space, in a figurative as well as in a literal sense. Intellectually, we can go backwards as well as forwards. Morally, we can go downwards as well as upwards. Our possible range of oscillation touches the extremes of health and sickness; of intellectual law and of chaos anti-intellectual; of holiness and of sin. Whenever a law is submitted to a free, rational being, it is necessarily accompanied by two possibilities,—the possibility of disobedience;—and when the law, like all the Divine laws, executes itself, there is attached to these possibilities the certainty of infinite gain; or of infinite loss. Free agency necessitates the possibility of perdition; moral compulsion, indeed, may save from ruin; but compulsion abolishes freedom.

Endued, then with these immortal and energetic capacities to soar or sink; with these heights of glory above him, and this abyss of wretchedness below him; whitherward shall a young man set his face, and how shall he order his steps?

There is a time when the youthful heir of a throne first comes to a knowledge of his mighty prerogatives; when he first learns what strength there is in his imperial arm, and what happiness or woe wait upon his voice. So there must be a time when the vista of the future, with all its possibilities of glory and of shame, first opens to the vision of youth. Then is he summoned to make his choice between truth and treachery; between honor and dishonor; between purity and profligacy; between moral life and moral death. And as he doubts or balances between the heavenward and the hellward course; as he struggles to rise or consents to fall; is there, in all the universe of God, a spectacle of higher exultation, or of deeper pathos! Within him are the appetites of a brute and the attributes of an angel,—and when these meet in council to make

up the roll of his destiny and seal his fate, shall the beast hound out the seraph!

Shall the young man, now conscious of the largeness of his sphere and of the sovereignty of his choice, wed the low ambitions of the world, and, seek with their emptiness, to fill his immortal desires?—Because he has a few animal wants that must be supplied, shall he become all animal, an epicure and an inebriate, and blasphemously make it the first doctrine of his catechism,—“the Chief End of Man,”—to glorify his stomach and to enjoy it?

Because it is the law of self-preservation that he shall provide for himself, and the law of religion that he shall provide for his family when he has one, must he, therefore, cut away all the bonds of humanity, that bind him to his race, forswear charity, crush down every prompting of benevolence, and if he can have the palace and equipage of a prince, and the table of a Sybarite; become a blind man, and a deaf man, and a dumb man, when he walks the streets where hunger moans and nakedness shivers?

Because he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; must he, therefore, become a devotee of Mammon, and worship the meanest god that dwells in Erebus—Because he has an instinct for the approval of his fellow-man, and would aspire to the honors of office, shall he, therefore, supple his principles so that they may take the Protean shape of every popular clamor; or poise his soul on what the mechanicians call a universal joint, which turns in every direction with indiscriminate facility?

Because absurd notions, descending to us from the worst and weakest of men, have created factitious distinctions between employments, shall he seek a sphere of life for which he is neither fitted by nature nor by culture, and spoil a good colliery by becoming a poor lawyer; or commit the double injustice of robbing the mountain goats of a herdsman to make a faithless shepherd in the Lord's pastures?

Let the young man remember that there is nothing derogatory in any employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnati or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick, and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other.

The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honorable to have been *John Pounds*, putting new and beautiful souls into the ragged children of the neighborhood, while he mended their fathers' shoes, than to have sat upon the British throne.

The time now is, when, if Queen Victoria, in one of her magnificent “Progresses” through her realms, were to meet that more than American queen, Miss Dix, in her “circumnavigation of charity” among the insane, the former should kneel and kiss the hand of the latter; and the ruler over more than a hundred millions of people should pay homage to the angel whom God has sent to the maniac.

No matter what may be the fortunes or expectations of a young man, he has no right to live a life of idleness. In a world so full as this of incitements to exertion and of rewards for achievement, idleness is the most absurd of absurdities and the most shameful of shames.

In such a world as ours, the idle man is not so much a biped as a bivalve; and the wealth which breeds idleness,—is only a sort of human oyster-bed, where heirs and heiresses are planted, to spend a contemptible life of slothfulness in growing plump

and succulent for the grave-worm's banquet.

The example of Dr. Franklin, Dr. Bowditch and others, show that the most laborious of men may find leisure, or make it, for the culture of the mind. Indeed, it may almost be said that one of the greatest obstacles consists in the number and variety of its forms; for these are so many and so attractive that they bewilder rather than stimulate.

The Fine Arts are so captivating and delightful that it is dangerous to recommend them. They so enchant the faculties of which they take possession, that they often arrest their votaries in a course of usefulness, and withdraw them from the performance of life's most urgent duties. But a taste for the beauties of nature should be cultivated by all. In these there is nothing corrupting or meretricious; but all is healthful and improving. Yet this love of nature is strangely neglected.

Why is it that so many men commit to memory the common-places of art, and profess to admire a few square feet of canvas in a parlor or in a gallery, while they are impassive to all the garniture which God hangs around the horizon every day; and which, as a token of His exhaustless fulness, He removes and renews with every passing hour?

It is hard to sympathize, even with those of the more beautiful sex, who go into raptures over a sunrise painted by a human hand, but who never saw an original. But where a love of natural beauty has been cultivated, all nature becomes a stupendous gallery, as much superior in form and in coloring to the choicest collections of human art, as the heavens are broader and loftier than the Louvre or the Vatican.—The beauties of the earth and the sky, of the changing seasons, and of day and night, cannot be monopolized by one street in a city, or by one building in a street; they cannot be closed against those who have not a golden passport for admission; but they are open and free to whomsoever

may have an eye and an imagination that have been first taught to enjoy them.

The pleasures of literature may joyfully occupy a portion of the time demanded by business or by health. The pursuits of science are even more valuable and ennobling than the study of literature. Literature is conversant mainly with the works of man, while science deals with the works of God; and the difference in the subject matter of the two indicates the difference in their relative value, and in the power and happiness they can respectively bestow.

A great portion of our literature is addressed to marvellousness, ideality, and those subordinate faculties that are brought into play by narrative, adventure and scenic representation. By far the larger part of all histories, a great portion of epic poetry, and almost all martial poetry, are addressed to the brutish propensities of combativeness and destructiveness.—But physical science addresses itself to the noble faculty of causality and the kindred members of its group, including the mathematical powers; and ethical science addresses itself both to causality and to conscientiousness, and seeks also the sacred sanctions of veneration for whatever it teaches.

A vast proportion of our literature consists of what had been written, or is a reproduction of what had been written, before the truths of modern science were discovered; before the idea that there is an order of nature, and a law of cause and effect, in the spiritual as well as the natural world, had been received into the mind, and had modified its action; and nothing can be more different than what the same genius would write, before being imbued with the spirit of science, and after being so imbued.

All science may be invested with the charms of literature; but in such case it does not cease to be science; it only becomes science beautified. Hence the poet or the novelist may be scientific men, the

they so rarely have been. Before the time of Lord Bacon, men invented laws for nature, instead of inquiring of nature, by what laws she wrought. Since his time, men have condescended to interrogate nature instead of dictating to her; and already we have a physical world as different from that known before he wrote, as we can imagine any two planets to be from each other. A vast proportion of the existing literature has as little relation to metaphysical truth, as the speculations of the schoolmen, before the time of Bacon, had to physical laws.

It is not more true that Aristotle and his followers invented laws for nature which she never owned, and explained her phenomena on principles that never existed, than it is that most of those works which we call works of imagination assume the existence of spiritual laws such as the spirit of man never knew, and therefore produce results of action and character such as all experience repudiates. Hence it is, that I would commend science more than literature as an improver of the mind. Such a state of things needs not to be, and probably ere long will cease to be.

Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe, have done for Metaphysics, or the science of mind, as great a work as Bacon did for Physics, or the laws of matter. Already their labors are extensively appreciated; they are producing great improvements and ameliorations in penal jurisprudence and prison discipline, in the treatment of the insane, in ethical philosophy, and in education, which lies at the bottom of all,—subjects, which, as it seems to me, can never be properly understood but in the light of their science.

As the science of zoology has hunted krakens, phoenixes, unicorns and vampires, from the animal kingdom; as the science of astronomy has swept pestilential and war-portending comets, and all the terrors and the follies of astrology, from the sky; as a knowledge of chemistry has made the notion of charms and

philters and universal remedies, and the philosopher's stone, ridiculous and contemptible; as an improved knowledge of the operations of nature around us, has banished fairies and gnomes, and ghosts and witches, and a belief in dreams and signs from all respectable society; and as a better knowledge of the true God has dethroned hundreds of thousands of false gods, and cast them into oblivion; so will an analytical knowledge of the true faculties of the human mind, of their special functions and ends, and of their related objects in the world of matter and in the world of spirit, sweep into forgetfulness four fifths of what is now called Literature. But there is no reason why literature should not hereafter be founded on science, have constant reference to its truths, and thus become its most delightful illustrator.

One thing is certain. If men can love fiction, they can love science better. Men love fiction because they love wonder and excitement; but nothing is more true than that truth is more wonderful than fiction. No invention of the imagination is so exacting as the revelations of science,—provided only that the faculties which comprehend the latter are as much developed as those which comprehend the former.

Amid the marvels which science is yet to unfold the wonder's of Aladdin's lamp will lose their splendor; and posterity will look back upon those whose imagination could be satisfied with the Arabian Nights or stories of Fairy-land, with as much pity as we look upon the savage whose highest idea of regal adornment can be satisfied with heads of glass and jewelry of tin.—The tricks of the juggler, the craft of the sorcerer and the magician will die out; for the lovers of wonder will seek for the exhilarations of novelty and amazement in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lecture-room of the philosopher, where nature, inspired by God, works miracles with fire and water, with attraction and repulsion, with light and lightning,—at once

kindling devotion and dispensing knowledge. Here are opportunities where the young man may build himself up, day by day, into the likeness of the great universe in which he dwells, imitating its strength as well as its beauty, and aspiring to its moral heights as expanding his knowledge to its physical amplitude.

But there is one pitfall of temptation, into which the young man of our day is in danger of falling, and into which the mercantile young man is in especial danger of falling. The gods of this world, the polytheism which has so long coexisted with Christianity, is fast dying out. Men are rapidly coming to the worship of one deity; the only misfortune is, that it is neither the living nor the true one. They deify wealth; and while they most falsely transfer their worship to an idol divinity, they most faithfully fulfil the letter of the commandment, and love it with all their heart and soul and mind and strength.—Were it currently reported and believed that the river of Jordan rolled over golden sands, or that the pool of Bethesda was surrounded by “placers,” the Christian would vie with the Jew for the rebuilding of Jerusalem; all ships would be “up” for Palestine instead of San Francisco; and the Holy Land would again be inundated,—not by a host of God-worshipping, but of gold-worshipping, Crusaders.

Now I wage no war against wealth. I taint it with no villifying breath. Wealth, so far as it consists in comfortable shelter and food and raiment for all mankind; in competence for every bodily want, and in abundance for every mental and spiritual need, is so valuable, so precious, that if any earthly object could be worthy of idolatry, this might best be the idol. Wealth, as the means of refinement and of embellishment; of education and culture, not only universal in its comprehension, but elevated in its character; wealth, as a means of perfecting the arts and advancing the sciences, of discovering and diffusing truth, is a blessing we cannot ade-

quately appreciate; and God seems to have pronounced it so, when He made the earth and all the fullness thereof,—the elements, the land and sea, and all that in them is,—convertible into it.

But wealth as the means of an idle or a voluptuous life; wealth as the fosterer of pride and the petrifier of the human heart; wealth as the iron rod with which to beat the poor into submission to its will, is all the curses of Pandora concentrated into one. It is not more true, that money represents all values, than that it represents all vices.

In this country most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortunes; and health, enterprise, and integrity, the instruments with which to do it. To the young man without patrimony, there are few higher earthly duties than to obtain a competency. For this, diligence in business, abstinence in pleasures, privation even, of every thing that does not endanger health, are to be joyfully welcomed and borne.—When we look around us, and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanctify all honest efforts for the acquisition of an independence. But when an independence is acquired, then comes the moral crisis,—then comes an Ithuriel test,—which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation, (and I call it a *duty*, in the most strict and literal signification of that word,) all below a competence is most laudable. But all above a fortune is a misfortune. It is a misfortune to him who amasses it; for it is a voluntary continuance in the harness of a beast of burden, when the soul should enfranchise and lift itself up into a higher region of pursuits and pleasures. It is a persistence in the work of providing goods for the body, after the body has already been provided for; and it is a denial of the higher demands of the soul, after the time has arrived and the means are possessed of fulfilling those demands.

Since men have bodies and heads and hearts to be provided for, some provisions for the body is the duty first in order; because the body is the only earthly residence for the mind, and therefore must be taken care of; but when this first duty is amply fulfilled, then the other duties,—those which belong to the head and the heart,—become first, both in order and in importance. Because the lower service was once necessary, and has, therefore, been performed, it is a mighty wrong, when, without being longer necessary, it usurps the sacred rights of the higher.

Great wealth is a misfortune, because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice; and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he gives half of it away, no more makes a sacrifice, than, (if I may make such a supposition,) a dropsical man, whose skin holds a hog'shead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel. He is in a healthier condition after the operation than before it. If a donkey would be considered a fool among donkeys, for desiring to double the burden of gold that is already breaking his back, I see not why the shorter-eared variety should be judged by a different rule. The literal declaration that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, not only stands upon sacred authority, but is confirmed by all human reasoning. For, what kingdom of heaven can there possibly be, from which love and sympathy, and the tenderness of a common brotherhood, are excluded? and the man who hoards superfluous wealth while there is famishing in the next street; the man who revels in luxuries while the houseless and breadless are driven from his door; the man who, through an ostentation of literature, walls himself in with libraries which he cannot read, while thousands of children around him are destitute even of school-books,—the very seed-wheat of all knowledge;—such a

man has no love, nor sympathy, nor feeling of brotherhood, for his race; and, therefore, go where he will, the kingdom of heaven must be his antipode. One point in the circumference of a revolving wheel may as well attempt to overtake the opposite point, as he to reach that kingdom. The casting off of his loved burdens will give him the agility to attain it.

All above a fortune is usually the greatest of misfortunes to children. By taking away the stimulus to effort, and, especially, by taking away the restraints from indulgence, it takes the muscles out of the limbs, the brain out of the head, and virtue out of the heart. The same young man, who, with a moderate fortune, might retain the full vigor of his system till sixty, and be a blessing to the world all his life long, under the depraving influence of vast patrimony, is likely to die a sot or a debauchee at forty-five, if he does not shoot himself as a non-compos at thirty. The father may feel proud of his twenty per cent. or thirty per cent. stocks; but when the devil clutches the son for guilty spending what he clutched the father for guilty amassing, he surely proves himself the better financier; for he doubles his capital by a single speculation. Universal experience shows that the inheritor of a penny has a better chance for success in life than the inheritor of a "plum." But better far than either is the golden mean of Agur's perfect prayer.*

Vast fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The

* The following anecdote, which I believe to be authentic, is related of the late Stephen Girard. Meeting a wealthy and active business man, he accosted him thus: "Mr. A., I am surprised that a man having so much property as yourself should be so anxious to increase it." "You cannot be so much surprised at my course," retorted the friend, "as I am at your remark, coming as it does from a man who has a much greater fortune than I have, and seems much more desirous to enlarge it."—"Oh, yes," said Mr. Girard, "but you forget that I have no children to be spoiled by it."

feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force.—The millionaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our day, as was the baronial lord of the Middle Ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same conditions; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure,—their necessity for bread; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior.—The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword; and I may as well depend upon another for my head, as for my bread.

The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory Chieftains of the Dark Ages. Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed; where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of themselves, and not for the happiness of their subjects; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the "Three Estates" of the realm are Crime, Famine and Death!

But speaking of the criminality of hoarding vast wealth, whether to gratify acquisitiveness or to maintain family pride regardless of the suffering it might relieve, the vice it might reclaim, the ignorance

it might instruct, or the positive happiness which in a thousand ways, it might create, one grand exception should be made.—Perhaps you have demanded that this exception should be intimated, at an earlier point; but I have reserved it to the present time, in order to give it a distinct enunciation, and to do it ample justice.—Like every other act, the right or wrong of amassing property depends upon the motive that prompts it. If a man labors for accumulation all his life long, neglecting the common objects of charity, and repulsing the daily appeals to his benevolence, but with the settled, determinate purpose of so multiplying his resources that, at death, he can provide for some magnificent scheme of philanthropy, for which smaller sums or daily contributions would be insufficient, then he becomes a self-constituted servant and almoner of the Lord, putting his master's talent out at usury, but rendering back both talent and usury, on the day of account; and who shall say that such a man is not a just and faithful steward, and worthy of his reward? But the day is sure to come which will test the spirit that has governed the life.—On that day, it will be revealed, whether the man of vast wealth, like Stephen Girard has welcomed toil, endured privation, borne contumely, while in his secret heart he was nursing the mighty purpose of opening a fountain of blessedness so copious and exhaustless that it would flow on undiminished to the end of time; or whether, like John Jacob Astor, he was hoarding wealth for the base love of wealth, hugging to his breast, in his dying hour, the memory of his gold and not of his Redeemer; gripping his riches till the scythe of death cut off his hands, and he was changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from being one of the richest men that ever lived in this world, to being one of the poorest souls that ever went out of it.*

* I make this reference to Mr. Astor from no personal motive whatever. So far as my own feelings are concerned, it gives me pain to men-

The translators of the Gospel tell us that *Dives* is not a proper but a common name. Any one, therefore, who revels in superfluous wealth while living, or bequeaths injurious coffers to his children when dying, while he forgets the poor, the vicious and the ignorant, is *Dives*; and before he makes any more pecuniary investments, he is respectfully commended to the sequel of the parable!

Some metaphysicians have resolved the love of money into the love of power.—but surely no adult man whose heart is not all eaten out by avarice, surely no *young man*, can prefer the brute power of money before the moral power of character,—fear and passive submission before homage and willing obedience. Once, in familiar conversation with a very rich man, I asked him by what motive he had been prompted in accumulating his wealth. "Power," said he, "power;" and then, clenching his hands and teeth, and contracting all his muscles to their highest tension, he added, "I wanted, power, and I have got it."—"Yes," said I, "you have power over any quantity of water or steam, and over any number of wheels. You have power, too, over the *bodies* of certain classes of men; but do good with your wealth, and you will become a ruler over all men's *hearts*; nor will your reign cease when you die, but will last as long as you are remembered; and the love of men will not suffer your memory to perish."

It cannot be necessary here to give any formal answer to the inquiries, Who shall

tion his name. I select him "to point a moral" only because I suppose him to have been the most notorious, the most wealthy, and, considering his vast means, the most miserly, of his class, in this country. Nothing but absolute insanity can be pleaded in palliation of the conduct of a man who was worth nearly or quite twenty millions of dollars, but gave some half a million, or less than half a million, of it for any public object. If men of such vast means will not benefit the world by their *example* while they live, we have a right to make reprisals for their neglect, by using them as a *warning* after they are dead. In the midst of so much poverty and suffering as the world experiences, it has become a high moral and religious duty to create an overwhelming public opinion against both the parsimonies and the squanderings of wealth.

determine, or what amount shall determine, the line of demarcation between a sufficiency and a superfluity of wealth; or to show the unsoundness of the common definition, that "Enough" is always a little more than a man has. That there is such a line of demarcation, no man doubts; just as there is a distinction between penuriousness and liberality, or between necessities and luxuries, though it may not be practicable, in all cases, to say what lies upon one side of that line and what upon the other. Let the man who is ambitious of wealth acquire and possess, uncensured, all that any Christian man would allow; and, to avoid all controversy, let a small margin be given him besides. Is not this sufficiently liberal?

Now, the great moral which I would draw from all this is, that amid the obstacles to a sufficiency and the temptations to a superfluity of wealth, the young man should prepare himself for all the struggles of the *too little*, and against all the seductions of the *too much*. And however covetable a prize he may suppose wealth to be, let him never forget that honesty is a prize infinitely more covetable. However formidable the evils of want and poverty, of hunger and nakedness, of homelessness and starvation, let the eternal truth forever blaze before his eyes, that fraud, falsehood, and overreaching, are evils infinitely greater. If God has not given you the power to be rich, with perfect integrity and uprightness, then He never meant that you should be rich; and it requires but very little of philosophy or of religion to say, you had better submit to His will, "lest haply you be found to fight against God." If you cannot live by perfect honesty, then starvation becomes more honorable than any martyrdom by fire. Does strict veracity,—a punctilious regard for your word,—require you to lose a cargo, or a California, think you that the Infinite Creator and Possessor of all things has not something better

wherewith to requite your loss, than if every article in all your invoices were a cargo of India's riches, and every item in all your inventories were a California of washed and winnowed gold? Go out at night and look up into the starry heavens, and behold the "wealth of glory" with which they are stored. Cannot He who spread out this golden canopy,—cannot He reward you for being honest? Cannot the Maker of all these worlds, and the Owner of all these worlds, requite you, though you should lose a kingdom, or a continent, for His sake?

Honor, to a merchant, is what valor is to a soldier, or charity to a Christian. If there must be lying and codging and false pretences, let the dandy practise them; for it has been doubted whether he has a soul. From the barbarian and the heathen, knavery may be expected; for they have not the light of civilization, nor the Divine morality of the Gospel. But compared with the merchant who effects insurance upon property already lost, or smuggles goods, or gambles in stocks, the beggar that hires a babe and blisters its body into sores, in order to excite the compassion and extort the charity of the benevolent, is an honorable man. The man who sells one thing for another, or less for more, or an inferior for a superior quality, though he may enter a large item on the "Profit" side of his earthly ledger; yet, in the Book of Life, he will find it entered on the side of "Loss." Is there a young man in this city, who desires to be enumerated, in the moral census, as a rascal subject of that rascal kingdom of which Hudson, the 'railway king,' is the rascal sovereign? What are places and equipages, what though a man could cover a continent with his title-deeds, or an ocean with his commerce, compared with conscious rectitude; with a face that never turns pale at the accuser's voice; with a bosom that ever throbs at the fear of exposure; with a heart that might be turned inside out, and discover no stain of dishonor? To have

done no man a wrong; to have put your signature to no paper to which the purest angel in heaven might not have been an attesting witness; to walk and live, unseparated, within arm's length of what is not your own, with nothing between your desire and its gratification but the invisible law of rectitude;—this is to be a man; this is to be a child of God. He who cannot resist temptation is not a man. He is wanting in the highest attributes of humanity. The honor and nobleness of the old "knight-errantry" consisted in defending the innocence of men and protecting the chastity of women against the assaults of others. But the truer and nobler knight-hood protects the property and the character, the innocence and the chastity, of others, *against one's self.*

(To be concluded.)

POEMS BY S. G. GOODRICH.

For the last twenty years the name of Mr. Goodrich has been very constantly associated with American literature. He commenced as a publisher, in Boston, and was among the first to encourage by liberal copyrights, and to make attractive by elegant editions, the works of American authors. One of his earliest undertakings was a collection of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, with a memoir of that author, by his widow, with whom he shared the profits. In 1823 he began "The Token," an annual literary souvenir, which he edited and published fourteen years. In this appeared the first fruits of the genius of Cheney, who has long been acknowledged the master of the American engravers; and the first poems and prose writings of Longfellow, Willis, Mellen, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, and other eminent authors.—In "The Token" also were printed his own earlier lyrical pieces. The work was of the first rank in its class, and in England as well as in this country it was uniformly praised.

In 1831 an anonymous romance was published by Marsh & Capen, of Boston. It was attributed by some to Willis, and by others to Mrs. Child, then Miss Francis. It illustrated a fine and peculiar genius, but was soon forgotten. Mr. Goodrich appreciated its merits, and applied to the publishers for the name of the author, that he might engage him as a contributor to "The Token." They declined to disclose his secret, but offered to forward a letter to him. Mr. Goodrich wrote one, and received an answer signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne, many of whose best productions, as "Sights from a Steeple," "Sketches under an Umbrella," "The Prophetic Pictures," "Canterbury Pilgrims," &c., appeared in this annual. In 1839, Mr. Goodrich suggested to Mr. Hawthorne the publication of a collection of his tales, surrendering his copyrights to several of them for this purpose; but so little were the extraordinary qualities of this admirable author then understood, that the publishers would not venture upon such an experiment without an assurance against loss, which Mr. Goodrich, as his friend, therefore gave. The public judgment will be entitled to little respect, if the copyright of the works of Hawthorne be not hereafter a most ample fortune.

Mr. Goodrich soon abandoned the business of publishing, and, though still editing "The Token," devoted his attention chiefly to the writing of that series of educational works, known as *Peter Parley's*, which has spread his fame over the world. The whole number of these volumes is about sixty. Among them are treatises upon a great variety of subjects, and they are remarkable for simplicity of style and facility of illustration. Mr. Goodrich has accomplished a complete and important revolution in juvenile reading, substituting truth and nature for grotesque fiction in the materials and processes of instruction, and his method has been largely imitated, at home and abroad. In England many authors and publishers have disgraced the literary profession by works under the name of "Parley," with which he has

had nothing to do, and which have none of his wise and genial spirit.

Besides his writings under this pseudonym, Mr. Goodrich has produced several works of a more ambitious character, which have been eminently popular.—Among them is a series entitled "The Cabinet Library," embracing histories, biographies, and essays in science; "Universal Geography," in an octavo volume of one thousand pages; and a "History of all Nations," in two large octavos, in which he has displayed such research, analysis, and generalization, as should insure for him an honorable rank among historians. We cannot better illustrate his popularity than by stating the fact, that more than four hundred thousand volumes of his various productions are now annually sold in this country and Europe. No living writer is, therefore, as much read, and in the United States hardly a citizen now makes his first appearance at the polls, or a bride at the altar, to whose education he has not in a large degree contributed. For twenty years he has preserved the confidence of parents and teachers of every variety of condition and opinion; by the indefectible morality and strong practical sense, which are universally understood and approved.

Like many other eminent persons, Mr. Goodrich has sought occasional relaxation from the main pursuits of his life in poetry, and the volume before us contains some forty illustrations of his abilities, as a worshipper of the muse whose temples are most thronged, but who is most coy and most chary of her inspiration. They have for the most part been previously printed in "The Token," or in literary journals; but a few are now published the first time. In typographical and pictorial elegance the book is unique. It is an exhibition of the success of the first attempt to rival the London and Paris publishers in woodcut embellishment and general beauty of execution.

That Mr. Goodrich possesses the poeti-

cal faculty in an eminent degree, no one has doubted who has read his lines "To Lake Superior:"

Father of Lakes! thy waters bend,
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee
send

Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide,
The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all, a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore,
Have caught a strange and gibbering
tone,
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu—
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods!
Roll on, thou Element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou has no tale to tell of man.
God is thy theme. Yet sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan,
Deems as a bubble all your waves!

The "Birth Night of the Humming Birds" has been declared by the London *Athenæum* equal to Dr. Drake's "Culprit Fay," and it may be regarded as in its way the best specimen of Mr. Goodrich's talents. It is too long to be quoted in these paragraphs. In descriptions of nature he is uniformly successful, presenting his picture with force and exactness.

There are many examples of this in one of his longest poems, "The Mississippi," in which the tradition that cluster around the Father of Waters, and the advances of civility along his borders, are graphically presented. The river is described as rising.

"Far in the west, where snow-capt mountain's rise,
Like marble shafts beneath heaven's stooping dome,
And sunset's charming curtain drapes the skies
As if Enchantment there would build her home.

The bard laments that

"though these scenes are fair
As fabled Arcady, the sylph and fay,
And all their gentle kindred, shun the air,
Where car and steamer make their stormy way;"

Yet trust that in a future time,

"Perchance some Cooper's magic art may wake
The sleeping legends of this mighty vale,
And twice fond memories round the lawn and lake,
Where Warrior fought or Lover told his tale.

In the volume are several allegorical pieces of much merit, of which the most noticeable are the "Two Windmills," "The Bubble Chase," and "The Rainbow Bridge." Several smaller poems are distinguished for a quaint simplicity, reminding us of the old masters of English verse; and others, for refined sentiment, as the 'Old Oak,' of which the key-note is in the lines,

Here is the grassy knoll I used to seek
At summer noon, beneath the spreading shale,
And watched the flowers that stooped,
with glowing cheek,
Too meet the romping ripples as they played.

The longest of Mr. Goodrich's poems is "The Outcast." It was first published many years ago, and it appears now with the improvements suggested by reflection

and criticism. Its fault is, a certain *intensity*, but it has noble passages, betraying a careful study and profound appreciation of subtler operations of the mind; particularly, when in its most excited action, it is influenced by the observation of nature.

The volume will take its place in the cabinets of our choice literature, and will be prized the more for the fact that by selecting American themes for the most elaborate compositions, Mr. Goodrich has made literature subservient to the purposes of patriotism.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE ENCHANTED ROCK.

ABOUT four miles west-northwest of Cape Clear Island and lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland, a singularly shaped rock, called the Fastnett, rises abruptly and perpendicularly a height of ninety feet above the sea level in the Atlantic Ocean. It is about nine miles from the mainland, and the people say it is nine miles from every part of the coast.

The Fastnett for ages has been in the undisturbed possession of the cormorant, sea-gull, and various other tribes of sea-fowl, and was also a noted place for large conger-eels, bream, and pollock; but from a superstitious dread of the place, the fishermen seldom fished near it.

During foggy weather, and when the rock is partially enveloped in mist, it has very much the appearance of a large vessel under sail—hence no doubt the origin of all the wonderful tales and traditions respecting the Fastnett being enchanted, and its celebrated feats.

The old people all along the sea-coast are under the impression that the Fastnett hoists sails before sunrise on the first of May in every year, and takes a cruise toward the Darsey Islands, at the north entrance of Bantry Bay, a distance of some forty miles; and that, after dancing several times round the rocks known to mariners as the Bull, Cow, and Calf, it then

shapes its homeward course, drops anchor at the spot from whence it sailed, and remains stationary during the remainder of the year.

The Fastnett, however, it appears, is not the only enchanted spot in that locality; for at the head of Schull Harlor, about nine miles north of the rock, on the top of Mount Gabriel—about 1400 feet above the sea-level—is a celebrated lake, which the people say is so deep, that the longest line ever made would not reach its bottom. It is also stoutly asserted that a gentleman once dropped his walking-stick into the lake, and that it was afterward found by a fisherman near the Fastnett.

On another occasion, a female wishing to get some water from the lake to perform a miraculous cure on one of her friends, accidentally let fall the jug into the water, and after several months, the identical jug—it could not be mistaken, part of the lip being broken off, was also picked up near the Fastnett.

For such reasons the people imagine that there is some mysterious connection between the rock and the lake, and that they have a subterranean passage or means of communication. Captain Wolfe, indeed, during his survey of the coast in 1848, sounded the mysterious pool, and found the bottom with a line seven feet long! but the people shake their heads at the idea, and say it was all Freemasonry on the part of the captain; and ask how he accounts for the affair of the stick and jug? It will be sometime, I presume, before this puzzling question can be solved to the satisfaction of all parties; and the traditions of the stick and the jug; and many other extraordinary occurrences, are likely to be handed down to succeeding generations. The lake or bog-hole, must therefore be left alone in its glory; but, alas! not so with the Fastnett.

No more will it hoist sail for its Wal-purgie trip, and cruise to the Darseys, for it is now firmly moored; and in the hands of man the wonderful Fastnett is reduced

to a simple isolated rock in the Atlantic Ocean.

During the awful shipwrecks in the winter of 1846, and 1847, but little assistance was derived from the Cape Clear light, which is too elevated, and is often totally obscured by fog, and this drew attention to the Fastnett Rock as a more eligible site for a pharos, being in the immediate route of all homeward-bound vessels; but the great difficulty was to effect a landing, and make necessary surveys; its sides being almost perpendicular, and continually lashed by a heavy surge or surf.

After many attempts, Captain Wolfe did effect a landing; and having made the necessary survey, and reported favorably as to its advantages, it was determined by the Ballast Board to erect on it a lighthouse forthwith. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1847, by sinking or excavating a circular shaft about 12 feet deep in the solid rock; holes were then drilled, in which were fixed strong iron shafts for the framework of the house; and then the masons began to rear the edifice.

The workmen found it pleasant enough during the summer and autumn of 1847, and lived in tents on the summit of the rock, and looked over the mainland with the aid of a glass, like so many of their predecessors—the cormorants.

In the spring of 1848, however, when operations were resumed, after a cessation of the works for the winter, the scene changed. It began to blow very hard from the northwest; and the men secured their building, which was now several feet above the rocks, as well as they could, and covered it over with strong and heavy beams of timber, leaving a small aperture for ingress and egress, and then awaited in silence the result.

During the night the wind increased, and the sea broke with such fury over the whole rock, that the men imagined every succeeding wave to be commissioned to sweep them into the abyss. It only extin-

guished their fire, however, and carried off most of their provisions, together with sundry heavy pieces of cast-iron, a large blacksmith's anvil, and the crane with which the building materials were lifted on the rock.

The storm lasted upward of a week, during which time no vessel or boat could approach; and the crew of this island-ship remained drenched with water, and nearly perished with cold in a dark hole, with nothing to relieve their hunger but water-soaked biscuit. But the wind at length suddenly shifted, the sea moderated, and they were enabled eventually to crawl out of their hole more dead than alive.

In a few days a boat approached as near as possible, and by the aid of ropes fastened round their waists, they were drawn one by one from the rock through the boiling surf. The men speedily recovered, and have since raised the building some twenty feet above the ground:—the extreme height is to be sixty feet.

This is the last adventure of the Enchanted Rock; but we trust a brilliant history is before it, in which, instead of expending its energies in idle cruises, it will act the part of the beneficent preserver of life and property.

THE SARACEN EMPIRE.

We may take as some specimens of the magnificence of the Saracen Empire, in Spain, the single city of Cordova, which, in point of wealth and grandeur, was scarcely inferior to its proud rival on the banks of the Tigris. A space of twenty-four miles in length and six in breadth, along the margin of the Gaudelquiver, was occupied with streets, gardens, palaces, and public edifices. For ten miles the citizens might travel by the light of the lamps along an uninterrupted extent of buildings. In the reign of Almazor Cordova could boast of 270,000 houses, 80,000 shops, 80 public schools, 50 hos-

pitals, 911 baths, 3,877 mosques, from whose minarets 800,000 persons were daily summoned to prayers. The seraglio of the caliph consisted of the enormous number of 6,300 wives, concubines, and black eunuchs; the caliph was attended to the field by a guard of 12,000 horsemen, whose belts and scymiters were studded with gold. Such was Cordova; and the city of Grenada was perhaps equally celebrated for its wealth, luxury and learning.

After the time of which we now speak, nothing seemed more probable than that the western world and all coming generations, should receive their learning, civilization and religion at the hands of the followers of the false prophet. The tide of human affairs now indicated that the crescent, instead of the cross, would monopolize the vast resources of knowledge, of discoveries, inventions, improvements in arts, advancement in the sciences, and of all the modern facilities for the propagation and establishment of religion, which christianity now enjoys. Had not the tide of Mohammedan advancement been arrested just at the time it was, (a year before the discovery of America,) in all human probability the vast advantages which now accrue to christianity from the use of the press, the mariner's compass, the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion and the arts, and from the various rich improvements of modern days, would have been engines to propel onward the terrific car of Islam and crush in its course every rising germ of christianity.

But He that watches the falling sparrow, and numbers the hairs of your head, would not have it so. The mandate had gone out from the throne of the Majesty of Heaven, saying to the rolling billows of Arabia's mad fanaticism. "Thus far thou shalt come, and no further." When the imperial city of Grenada yielded to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the banners of the cross waved triumph-

antly over the red towers of the Alhambra, the tide of Mohamedanism was turned back, and from that good hour the religion of Calvary was fledged for her immortal flight.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The fatal day for the consumation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the 15th of December 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the Empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interest of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all my hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart to consult only the good of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thought and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraved on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the

rank and title of Empress. Above all let her not doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and earnest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, and the throne, and social order. But this marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commended by policy and exalted interest has cost his heart, but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue.

A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant armchair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold the

block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplating these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings.—The sympathetic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene.

The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hands, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense blending with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the mean time, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of his mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affec-

tionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair disheveled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish.—She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seems for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace.—The attendant was dismissed and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom

she had so long, so fondly and so faithfully loved.

After the Empress, had retired, with a desolated heart, to her chamber of unnatural widowhood, the attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left in darkness and silence to the dreadful companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and suffering.

Great as was the wrong which Napoleon thus inflicted upon the noble Josephine, every one must be sensible of a certain kind of grandeur which pervades the tragedy. When we contemplate the brutal butcheries of Henry VIII. as wife after wife was compelled to place her head upon the block, merely to afford the indulgence of his vagrant passion; when we contemplate George IV. by neglect and inhumanity driving Caroline to desperation and to crime, and polluting the ear of the world with the revolting story of sin and shame; when we contemplate the Bourbons, generation after generation, rioting in voluptuousness; in utter disregard of all the laws of God and man, while we cannot abate one tithe of our condemnation of the great wrong which Napoleon perpetrated, we feel that it becomes the monarchies of Europe to be sparing of their condemnation.

WORDSWORTH AND CARLYLE.

For well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS, an unfinished poem of very high pretensions, and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late—is he to be the last?—poet-laureate of Britain. At the tidings,

Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a very powerful calculator to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyricizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously-mingled emotions—mingled because although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relic—imperfect and magnificent—newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The "Prelude" is the first regular versified autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropped over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all revelation made, has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematical and slowly-consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the "Prelude" at once with Sartor Resartus—although the latter wants the poetic form—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exists.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon, Wordsworth the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is, "Give, give!" Wordsworth's "I have found it, I have found it!" Sartor can not, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be utterly idle; while to Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satis-

factory work. To Sartor, Nature is a divine tormentor—her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease. Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have a "demon," but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs—Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy—the other has passed it with Faithful, by daylight.—Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have part at least of his sad experience, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart; his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother man in fury and fever—Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun than ours. We love and fear; Sartor with almost equal intensity—Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies.—Sartor's is brief and abrupt as a confession, the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his woe—Wordsworth lingers over his past self, like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a remembrance of Prometheus—the "Prelude" an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but can not find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see is to believe with him. The lives of

both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shun his so abruptly, because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To use Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, "Here lies a man who did what he intended;" while over Sartor's, disappointed ages may say, "Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and his powers gigantic, but who from lack of proper correspondence between them did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story."

WHY THIS LONGING?

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Why this longing, clay-clad spirit?
 Why this fluttering of thy wings?
 Why this striving to discover
 Hidden and transcendent things?
 Be contented in thy prison,
 Thy captivity shall cease—
 Taste the good that smiles before thee;
 Restless spirit, be at peace!

With the roar of wintry forests,
 With the thunder's crash and roll,
 With the rush of stormy water,
 Thou wouldst sympathise, O soul!
 Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
 In a language of their own,
 Untranslatable to mortals,
 Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
 Thou wouldst see through Birth and
 Death
 Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—
 Thou a speck, a ray, a breath.
 Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
 As if thou couldst understand
 All the harmonies of Nature,
 Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic, tracing
 Upward from effect to cause.
 Thou art foiled by Nature's barrier,
 And the limits of her laws.
 Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!

Great Eternity denies
 The unfolding of its secrets
 To the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
 Dawning is not perfect day;
 There are truths thou canst not fathom,
 Swaddled in thy robes of clay.
 Rest in hope that if thy circle
 Grow not wider here in time,
 God's Eternity shall give thee
 Power of wisdom more sublime.

Clogg'd and bedded in the darkness,
 Little germ, abide thy hour,
 Thou'lt expand in proper season,
 Into blossom, into flower.
 Humble faith alone becomes thee
 In the gloom where thou art lain;
 Bright is the appointed future;
 Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain.

Cease thy struggle, feeble spirit!
 Fret not at thy prison bars;
 Never shall thy mortal pinions
 Make the circuit of the stars.
 Here on Earth are duties for thee,
 Suited to thine earthly scope;
 Seek them, thou Immortal Spirit—
 God is with thee—work in hope.

DEATH OF HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.*

On the 5th of July, 1789, Howard quitted England to return no more. Arriving at Amsterdam on the 7th, he proceeded by slow stages through Germany and Prussia into the empire of the Czar, which he entered at Riga. He was destined never more to quit the soil of Russia. The tremendous destruction of human life to which the military system of that country gives rise, had not then, as it has since, become a recognized fact in Western Europe; and the unconceived and inconceivable miseries to which Howard found recruits and soldiers exposed in Moscow, induced him to devote his attention to

* From "John Howard and the Prison World of Europe."

them and to their cause. In these investigations horrors turned up of which he had never dreamed, and impressed him still more profoundly with a sense of the hollowness of the Russian pretense of civilization. In the forced marches of recruits to the armies over horrid roads, being ill-clothed and worse fed, he found that thousands fell sick by the way, dropped at the roadside, and were either left there to die of starvation, or transferred to miserable hospitals, where fever soon finished what fatigue had begun.

The waste of life was quite systematic. An hospital for the reception of the poor wretches had recently been erected at Kremenschuk, a town on the Dnieper, which contained at that time 400 patients in its unwholesome wards. Thither Howard repaired to prosecute his new inquiries. The rooms he found much too full; many of the soldiers were dreadfully ill of the scurvy, yet they were all dieted alike, on sour bread and still sourer quas, alternated with a sort of water-gruel, which, if not eaten one day, was served up again the next. From this place, Howard went down the Dnieper to Cherson, where he examined all the prisons and hospitals, and made various excursions in the neighborhood for the same purpose.—The hospitals were worthy of the evil which they were designed to alleviate.—Our countryman thus sums up his observations upon them: "The primary objects in all hospitals seem here neglected—namely, cleanliness, air, diet, separation, and attention. These are such essentials, that humanity and good policy equally demand that no expense should be spared to procure them. Care in this respect, I am persuaded, would save many more lives than the parade of medicines in the adjoining apothecary's shop."

While at Cherson, Howard had the profound gratification of reading in the public prints of the capture and fall of the Bastille; and he talked with delight of visiting its ruins and moralising upon its

site, should he be again spared to return to the West. But, however moved by that great event, so important for all Europe, he did not allow it to divert him from his own more especial work; the suffering of poor Russian soldiers in the hospitals of Cherson, Witowka, and St. Nicholas, had higher claim upon his notice at that moment, than even the great Revolution making in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris.

The reader will recall to mind, that, at the time of Howard's residence at Cherson, a desperate war was raging between the Sultan and the Autocrat. The strong fortress of Bender had just fallen into the power of Russia, but as the winter was already too far advanced to allow the army to push forward until spring, the commander of the imperial forces gave permission to such of his officers as chose to go and spend the Christmas with their friends in Cherson. That city was consequently crowded with rank and fashion. All the city was in high spirits. The victories of the imperial troops produced a general state of jubilation. Rejoicing was the order of the day, and dancing and revelry the business of the night. But in the midst of these festivities, a virulent and infectious fever broke out—brought, as Howard believed, by the military from the camp. One of the sufferers from this disorder was a young lady who resided about twenty-four miles from Cherson, but who had been a constant attendant at the recent balls and routs. Her fever very soon assumed an alarming form; and as a last resource her friends waited upon Howard—whose reputation as a leech was still on the increase—and implored him to ride over and see her. At first he refused, on the ground that he was only a physician to the poor; but their importunities increasing, and reports arriving that she was getting worse and worse, he at length acceded to their wish—being also pressed thereto by his intimate friend, Admiral Mordvinoff, chief admiral of the

Black Sea fleet—and went with them. He prescribed for the lady's case; and then, leaving word that if she improved they must send to him again, but if she did not, it would be useless, went to make some visits to the sick of an hospital in the neighborhood. The lady gradually improved under the change of treatment, and in a day or two a letter was written to Howard to acquaint him with the circumstance, and requesting him to come again without delay. Very unfortunately this letter miscarried, and was not delivered for eight days—when it was brought to him at Mordvinoff's house.—When he noticed the date, Howard was greatly alarmed—for he had become interested in the case of his fair patient, and thought himself in a manner responsible for any mishap which might have befallen her. Although, when the note came to hand, it was a cold, wintry, tempestuous night, with the rain falling in torrents, he did not hesitate for a moment about setting off for her residence. Unfortunately, again, no post-horses could be had at the time; and he was compelled to mount a dray-horse used in the admiral's family for carrying water, whose slow pace protracted the journey until he was saturated with wet and benumbed with cold. He arrived, too, to find his patient dying; yet, not willing to see her expire without a struggle to save her, he administered some medicine to excite perspiration and remained for some hours at her side to watch the first signs of effect produced. After a time, he thought the dose was beginning to operate, and, wishing to avoid exposing her to the chance of a fresh cold by uncovering her arms, placed his hand under the coverlet to feel her pulse. On raising it up a little, a most offensive smell escaped from beneath the clothes, and Howard always thought the infection was then communicated to him. Next day she died.

For a day or two, Howard remained unconscious of his danger; feeling only a

slight indisposition, easily accounted for by his recent exertions; which he nevertheless so far humored as to keep within doors; until, finding himself one day rather better than usual, he went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinoff. There was a large, animated party present, and he staid later than was usual with him. On reaching his lodgings he felt unwell, and fancied he was about to have an attack of the gout. Taking a dose of sal volatile in a little tea, he went to bed. About four in the morning he awoke, and feeling no better, took another dose. During the day he grew worse, and found himself unable to take his customary exercise; toward night a violent fever seized him, and he had recourse to a favorite medicine of that period, called "James' Powders." On the 12th of January he fell down suddenly in a fit—his face was flushed and black, his breathing difficult, his eyes closed firmly, and he remained quite insensible for half an hour. From that day he became weaker and weaker; though few even then suspected that his end was near.

Acting as his own physician, he continued at intervals to take his favorite powders; notwithstanding which his friends at Cherson—for he was universally loved and respected in that city, though his residence had been so short—soon surrounded him with the highest medical skill which the province supplied. As soon as his illness became known, Prince Potemkin, the princely and unprincipled favorite of Catherine, then resident in Cherson, sent his own physician to attend him; and no effort was spared to preserve a life so valuable to the world. Still he went worse and worse.

On the 17th, that alarming fit recurred; and although, as on the former occasion, the state of complete insensibility lasted only a short time, it evidently affected his brain—and from that moment the gravity of his peril was understood by himself, if not by those about him. On the 18th he

went worse rapidly. A violent hiccuping came on, attended with considerable pain, which continued until the middle of the following day, when it was allayed by means of copious musk drafts.

Early on the morning of the 20th, came to see him his most intimate friend, Admiral Priestman—a Russianized Englishman in the service of the Empress. During his sojourn at Cherson, Howard had been in the habit of almost daily intercourse with his gallant ex-countryman. When taken ill, not himself considering it at first serious, no notice of it had been sent out; but not seeing his friend for several days, Priestman began to feel uneasy, and went to his lodgings to learn the cause.—He found Howard sitting at a small stove in his bedroom—the winter was excessively severe—and very weak and low. The admiral thought him merely laboring under a temporary depression of spirits, and by lively, rattling conversation endeavored to rouse him from his torpidity. But Howard was fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was not to die in Egypt; and, in spite of his friend's cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him. 'Priestman,' said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has not terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other."—And then he went on to say—"I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever.—If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a

man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment—and therefore I must die;" and then turning to his friend, added, smiling—"It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers."

This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion; his heart was full, and he remained silent, while Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphiney—this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

In this strain of true Christian philosophy did Howard speak of his exit from a world in which he felt that he had done his work. The ground in which he had selected to fix his everlasting rest, situated about two miles from Cherson, on the edge of the great high-way to St. Nicholas, belonged to a French gentleman who had treated him with distinguished attention and kindness during his stay in the vicinity; and, having made his choice, he was very anxious to know whether permission could be obtained for the purpose, and begged his gallant friend to set off immediately and ascertain that for him. Priestman was not very willing to leave his friend at such a time and on such a gloomy errand; he fancied people would think him crazy in asking permission to make a grave for a man still alive, and few as yet knew to be ill; but the earnest-

ness of the dying martyr at length overcame his reluctance, and he set forth.

Scarcely had he departed on his strange mission, when a letter arrived from England, written by a gentleman who had just been down to Leicester to see young Howard, giving a highly favorable account of the progress of his recovery, and expressing a belief that, when the philanthropist returned to his native land, he would find his son greatly improved.—This intelligence came to the death-bed of the pious Christian like a ray of light from heaven. His eyes brightened; a heavy load seemed lifted from his heart; and he spoke of his child with the tenderness and affection of a mother. He called Thompson to his bedside, and bade him tell his son, when he went home, how long and how fervently he had prayed for his recovery, and especially during his last illness.

Toward evening, Admiral Priestman returned from a successful application; with this result Howard appeared highly gratified, and soon after his arrival retired to rest. Priestman, conscious now of the imminency of the danger, would leave him alone no more, but resolutely remained, and sat at the bedside. Although still sensible, Howard had now become too weak to converse. After a long silence, during which he seemed lost in profound meditation, he recovered for a moment his presence of mind, and taking the letter which had just before come to hand—evidently the subject of his thoughts—out of his bosom, he gave it to the admiral to read; and when the latter had glanced it through, said tenderly: "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" These were almost the last words he uttered. Soon after, he fell into a state of unconsciousness, the calm sleep, of an unbroken rest—but even then the insensibility was more apparent than real, for on Admiral Mordvinoff, who arrived just in time to see the last of his illustrious friend; asking permission to send for a certain doc-

tor, in whom he had great faith, the patient gave a sign which implied consent; but before this person could arrive he had fallen off. Howard was dead!

This mournful event took place about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790—1500 miles from his native land, with only strangers round about his bed; strangers, not to his heart, though their acquaintance with his virtues had been brief—but to his race, his language, and his creed. He, however, was the friend of all—the citizen of the world, in its highest sense—found friends in all. Never perhaps had mortal man such funeral honors. Never before, perhaps, had a human-being existed in whose demise so universal an interest could be felt. His death fell on the mind of Europe like an ominous shadow; the melancholy wail of grief which arose on the Dnieper, was echoed from the Thames, and soon re-echoed from the Tagus, and the Neva, and the Dardanelles. Every where Howard had friends—more than could be thought till death cut off restraint and threw the flood-gates of sympathy wide open. Then the affluent tide rolled in like the dawn of a summer day. Cherson went into deep mourning for the illustrious stranger; and there was hardly a person in the province who was not greatly affected on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance to his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people improvised a public funeral. The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, pris-

oners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these martial honors had ever been; and from this after, a humbler train of followers; arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. When the funeral pomp was over, the remains of their benefactor lowered into the earth, and the proud procession of the great had moved away, then would these simple children of the soil steal noiselessly to the edge of the deep grave, and, with their hearts full of grief, whisper in low voices to each other of all that they had seen and known of the good stranger's acts of charity and kindness. Good indeed he had been to them. Little used to acts or words of love from their own lords, they had felt the power of his mild manner, his tender devotion to them, only the more deeply from its novelty. To them, how irreparable the loss! The higher ranks had lost the grace of a benignant presence in their high circle; but they—the poor, the friendless—had lost in him their friend—almost their father.—Nature is ever true; they felt how much that grave had robbed them of. Not a dry eye was seen among them; and looking sadly down into the hole where all that now remained of their physician lay, they marveled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home, and his friends and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away; and not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away—wondering at all that they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him,

The hole was then filled up—and what had once been Howard was seen of man no more. A small pyramid was raised above the spot, instead of the sun-dial which he had himself suggested; and the casual traveler in Russian Tartary is

still attracted to the place as to one of the holiest shrines of which this earth can boast.

Words can not depict the profound sensation which the arrival of this mournful news produced in England. The death-shaft cut the withes which had kept his reputation down. All at once that nation awoke to a full consciousness of his colossal fame and his transcendent virtues. Howard was now—history. Envy and jealousy were past: rivalry had ended on the brink of the grave. Death alone sets a man on fair terms with society. The death of a great man is always a calamity; but it is only when a country loses one of its illustrious children in a distant land, and under peculiar circumstances, that the full measure of the national calamity is felt. They who can recollect the wild and deep sensation of pity and regret which the arrival of the news of Byron's death at Missolonghi produced in England, can alone conceive of any thing like the state of the public mind on the first announcement of the close of a career still more useful and more glorious.—Every possible mark of honor—public and private—was paid to the memory of Howard. All orders of men vied with each other in heaping honors upon his name: The court, the press, parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage—each in its different fashion—paid the well-earned tribute of respect. The intelligence of his demise was publicly announced in the official Gazette—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The muses sang his virtues with innumerable voices; the churches echoed with his praise; the senate and the judgment-seat resounded with the tribute to his merits; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the foot lights.

Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The long dormant Committee of the Howardian fund was resuscitated,

and the sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full length marble statue of the Philanthropist. At that time it was in contemplation to make St. Paul's serve the double purpose of a cathedral and a Wal-halla; and this design was inaugurated by placing there, as the first great worthy of England, the statue of John Howard.—It stands immediately on the right hand of the choir-screen; it is a handsome figure, tolerably faithful, and is illustrated by emblems of his noble deeds, and by the following inscription: "This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored, while living, in the manner which his virtues deserved; he received the thanks of both houses of the British and Irish Parliaments, for his eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind.—Our national prisons and hospitals, improved upon the suggestions of his wisdom, bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment, and to the estimation in which he was held. In every part of the civil-

zed world, which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery—from the throne to the dungeon—his name was mentioned with respect, gratitude and admiration. His modesty alone defeated various efforts that were made during his life to erect this statue, which the public has now consecrated to his memory. He was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726. The early part of his life he spent in retirement, residing principally upon his paternal estate at Oardington, Bedfordshire; for which county he served the office of sheriff in the year 1763. He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the 20th of January, 1790, a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt to ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for the plague. He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent but unintermitted exercise of Christian charity: may this tribute to his name excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements!"

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.*

BY RAPHAEL.

With a heart warmed by woman's true devotion,
 She turned to cast one longing look behind
 Upon that cherished home where fond emotion
 And happy dream had ever been enshrined.

Loved ones were safe beside her—but unheeding
 Their anxious haste—their dread of coming wrath—
 She paused—she turned—her heart with sorrow bleeding,
 Traced each familiar scene and daily path.

*She sinned—she fell—*by one rash action losing
 Her life below—*perchance a Heaven of bliss.*
 Who would not, all their care on God reposing,
 By careful watching, shun a fate like this?

And yet how many a heart, when sad and weary,
 Prostrated by affliction's sudden blast,
 Till hope seems fled and all beyond is dreary,
 Turns with sad joy the bright leaves of the Past!

* St. Luke, xvii. 32.

And reading there of long forgotten pleasures,
 Of happy dreams and happier waking hours,
 The heart, half cheated by these hoarded treasures,
Forgets its grief o'er a few faded flowers.

"This ought not so to be"—the mournful Present
 Will cause thy wounded spirit to repine :
 Let the dead Past but leave a memory pleasant,
 And wake from dreams—a nobler task is thine !

Press on—shake off the lethargy of sorrow—
 Be ardent in the strife—forget thy grief—
 Fulfil thy mission—God, who brings the morrow,
 Can with it bring a hope and a relief.

This is the lesson that Affliction giveth,
Strengthened to suffer—fitted to endure—
 The soul thus purified serenely liveth—
 Noble and cheerful, pious, calm and sure.

Existence to the young is but delusion—
 The light of day will banish all these dreams—
 Still if too rudely wakened from thy vision,
Remember—life is dearer than it seems.

Look far before thee—unattained Ambition
 Wealth, power and learning, while sweet human Love
 Offers her home—and thine a holier mission—
 To win a high place in the world above.

Oh look not back—waste not by indecision
 One moment of thy swiftly fleeting time,
 But onward press with Heaven-directed vision,
 To merit for thy soul a life sublime.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1851.

"JUDGE NOT"

Many years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age ; his coat, once black, was

worn threadbare ; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face ; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way toward the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislaus Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of food, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious *savans* of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipzig and Gottingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Appenines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the government wished to profit by his talent; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so

Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest and said:

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic?"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister.—Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relatives?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor.—There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out

of my library; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."

"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—**JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.** Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I can not now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislaus Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as

though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and a very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislaus Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

LOUIS PHILLIPE.

LOUIS PHILLIPE, late King of France, died on the 26th of August, at Claremont, England, where he has resided since he became an exile. His health had gradually failed since he first left France, but it was not until the 24th, that he became fully sensible of the gravity of his disease. On that day he was carried out into the open air, and was present at dinner with his family, although he ate nothing. During the night he was restless, and was informed by the queen that his medical

attendants despaired of his recovery. The next morning, the doctor, on being asked his opinion, hesitated. "I understand," says the king, "you bring me notice to quit." To Col. Dumas he dictated a last page of his memoirs, which terminated a recital in which he had been engaged for the last four months. The king then sent for his chaplain, with whom he had a long interview. He repeatedly expressed his readiness for death, which came upon him at eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 26th.

Louis Philippe was born in Paris, Oct. 6, 1772, and was the eldest son of Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, known to the world by the *cobriquet* of Philippe Egalite. His education was intrusted to Madame de Genlis, under whose direction he made himself familiar with the English, German, and Italian languages, and with the ordinary branches of scientific knowledge. In 1793, being then Duke de Chartres, he made his first campaign against the Austrians, fighting at Valmy and Jemappes. His father was executed January 21, 1793, and he was summoned with Gen. Dumouriez, before the Committee of Public Safety, seven months after. Both, however, fled, and escaped to Austria.—Retiring to private life, and refusing the offer of Austria, he was joined by his sister Adelaide and their former preceptress, and repaired to Zurich, whence, however, he was soon compelled to make his escape. He became greatly straightened for means, and, finally, found protection in the house of M. de Montesquiou, at Baumgarten, where he remained until the end of 1794, when he quitted the place, and resolved to go to the United States. He was compelled to abandon this project from lack of funds, and traveled on foot through Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

Negotiations were now opened on the part of the Directory, who had in vain attempted to discover the place of his exile to induce him to go to the United States, promising, in the event of his compliance,

that the condition of the Duchess D'Orleans should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers should be permitted to join him. Through the agency of M. Westford, of Hamburg, this letter was conveyed to the duke, who at once accepted the terms offered, and sailed from the mouth of the Elbe in the *American*, taking with him his servant Baudoin. He departed on the 24th of September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia after a passage of twenty-seven days.

In the November following, the young prince was joined by his two brothers, after a stormy passage from Marseilles; and the three brothers remained in Philadelphia during the winter. They afterward visited Mount Vernon, where they became intimate with General Washington; and they soon afterward traveled through the western country, and after a long and fatiguing journey they returned to Philadelphia; proceeding afterward to New Orleans, and subsequently, by an English ship, to Havanna.

The disrespect of the Spanish authorities at Havanna, soon compelled them to depart, and they proceeded to the *Bacama* Islands, where they were treated with much kindness by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorized to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They, accordingly embarked for New York, and thence sailed to England in a private vessel, arriving at Falmouth in February, 1800. After proceeding to London they took up their residence at Twickenham, where for some time they enjoyed comparative quiet, being treated with distinction by all classes of society.

Their time was now principally spent in study, and no event of any importance disturbed their retreat, until the death of the Duke de Montpensier, on the 18th of May, 1807. The Count Beaujolais soon afterward proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. The Duke of Orleans quitted Malta, and went to Messina, in Sicily, accepting an invitation from King Fer-

dinand. During his residence at Palermo he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, and was married to her in 1809. No event of any material importance marked the life of the young couple until the year 1814, when it was announced in Palermo that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the restoration of the Bourbon family was about to take place. The duke sailed immediately, and arrived in Paris on the 18th of May, where, in a short time, he was in the enjoyment of the honors to which he was so well entitled. The return of Napoleon in 1815, soon disturbed his tranquility; and, having sent his family to England, he proceeded, in obedience to the command of Louis XVIII. to take the command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March, 1815, when he resigned his command to the Duke de Treviso and retired to Twickenham.

On the return of Louis, after the hundred days—in obedience to the ordinance issued, requiring all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers—the duke returned to France in 1815; and, by, his liberal sentiments, rendered himself so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned to England, where he remained until 1817. In that year he returned to France, continuing now in a private capacity, as he was not a second time summoned to sit in the Chamber of Peers. For some years after this period the education of his family deeply engaged his attention; and while the Duke of Orleans was thus pursuing a career apart from the court, a new and unexpected scene was opened in the drama of his singularly eventful and changeful life. In 1830 that revolution occurred in France which eventuated in the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne.—The cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons having been pronounced hopeless, the king in effect being disrowned, and the throne rendered vacant, the Provisional Government which had risen out of the

struggle, and in which Lafitte, Lafayette, Thiers, and other politicians, had taken the lead, turned toward the Duke of Orleans, whom it was proposed, in the first instance, to invite to Paris, to become Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and afterward, in a more singular manner, to become King.

The Duke of Orleans, during the insurrection, had been residing in seclusion at his country seat, and, if watching the course of events, apparently taking no active part in dethroning his kinsman. M. Thiers and M. Scheffer were appointed to conduct the negotiation with the duke, and visited Neuilly for the purpose. The duke, however, was absent, and the interview took place with the duchess and Princess Adelaide, to whom they represented the danger with which the nation was menaced, and that anarchy could only be averted by the prompt decision of the duke to place himself at the head of the new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers expressed his conviction "that nothing was left the Duke of Orleans but a choice of dangers; and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty was to run full upon the republic and its inevitable violence."

The substance of the communication having been made known to the duke, on a days consideration he acceded to the request, and at noon on the 31st came to Paris to accept the office which had been assigned to him. On the 2d of August the abdication of Charles X. and his son was placed in the hands of the Lieutenant-general, the abdication, however, being in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. On the 7th the Chamber of Deputies declared the throne vacant; and on the 8th the Chamber went in a body to the Duke of Orleans; and offered him the Crown on the terms of a revised charter. His formal acceptance of the offer took place on the 9th. From the accession of Louis Philippe as King of the French, in 1830,

his life is universally known. His reign was marked by sagacity and upright intentions. He committed the unpardonable error, however, of leaving the people entirely out of his account, and endeavored to fortify himself by allying his children to the reigning families of Europe.—He married his eldest son Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, (born 1810,) to the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; his daughter Louisa (born 1812) to Leopold, King of the Belgians; his son Louis, Duke of Nemours (born 1814) to the Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his daughter Clementina (born 1817) to Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg Gotha; his son Francis, Prince of Joinville (born 1818) to the Princess Frances Caroline, of Brazil; his son the Duke of Anmale (born 1822) to the Princess Caroline, of Salerno, and his son Antony, Duke of Montpensier (born 1824) to Louisa, sister and heir presumptive of the reigning Queen of Spain. But these royal alliances served him not in the day of his distress.

The fatal 24th of February came, and swept away the throne he had taken so much pains to consolidate, and he signed his act of abdication, accepting the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. His subsequent fate is familiar to all. His flight from Paris to the sea-shore; his escape in disguise to England; his kind reception in that country, are well known.—Claremont was given him as an abode, and there, with the exception of occasional visits to Richmond and St. Leonard's, Louis Philippe continued to reside. There, too, he breathed his last on Monday morning, the 26th of August, in the 77th year of his age. His death excited general comment, but was universally regarded as an event of no political importance.

"An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave."—*Shelton*.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Oroye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a Wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church-mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-scurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing any thing for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and every thing, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like every body else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every-day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves

or from inspiration.* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful: they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know; somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea-plants stretching their long waving arms

* Anne Dysart, *a Tale of Every-day Life*. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas.

Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the very every-day young lady. The author did not invent her: she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every-day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronising kindness. She is reputed by these persons as a “nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel.” When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion. In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: “As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and a pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs. Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, ‘Really, poor thing, she does look very interest-

ing!’ felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source.”

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set, thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Where upon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bete noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation, which at length begins, consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable, and impertinent, interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

“Did you fall on purpose?” said he.—The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives: “Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow tho’ a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr. Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong.

and even then perhaps could not have defined it," She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.

"But still, Mr. Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my very limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, is appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered; I know one person at least whom every body loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who *was* all he *seemed*."

"I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man."

"Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?" said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

"Why?" he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. "Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart, rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity and entrap the admiration, of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day; I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average."—Mr. Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from his wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects

you are very childish or, it would be as correct to say, *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr. Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him.

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused.—Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty. He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post. The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterward, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming

to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the old gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness; his deep-set eyes become soft; his lips relax; and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognized. We do not stand upon the color of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognize them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affections and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an

every-day young lady sitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded; let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

From the Ladies Repository.
THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

BY PROF. LARRABEE.

(Concluded from page 133.)

2. The past speaks of the perfectibility of human nature. Greatness is only comparative. It implies that one is above another. Were there no object of comparison we could have no ideas of greatness.—In estimating greatness we usually limit our comparisons to the present; but in estimating the improvement of man, and his progress toward perfection, we compare one age with another. As man in his individual character passes through four stages of existence—childhood, youth, manhood, and age, so in his collective or national character there are four similar periods. Every nation, every government, has its infancy, its youth, its maturity, and as surely its decline. As surely as the human body has in its inmost nature the elements of decay, so every human institution has in its constitution the elements of dissolution.

Man as a race has had his infancy and his youth, and he may have somewhere in the future his maturity, and away in distant ages, his period, not of decay, but of change of sphere. But the past speaks to us only of infancy and of youth. She knows nothing of maturity, nothing of decay in the history of human nature.—While individual man dies, while nations cease to be, the race dies not, human nature ceases not to exist.

Man improves in knowledge. From the very dawn of human existence the race

has gone on constantly increasing in science. From the time when Tubal-cain first began to handle brass and iron, man has been advancing toward perfection in the arts. The ancient mariner ventured not beyond the isles of the *Ægean*, or the Mediterranean, while the modern sailor explores

"Seas not his own, and worlds unknown before."

The ancient message-bearer trusted only to the speed of his foot, or of his horse, while the modern express is whizzed along by steam, or flashed by lightning.

Man improves in virtue. There are several species of virtue. The principal are political virtue and moral virtue. Political, social, and personal freedom are ever in proportion to the virtue of the people.—In this species of virtue the progress of human society is evident. The earlier forms of human government were despotic. The one governed the millions.—Under the republics of Greece and Rome the tens were free, and the thousands slaves. In the feudal ages the hundreds were free and the thousands still slaves.—In modern days, the tens, the hundreds, the thousands, the millions, the universal race, are rising emancipated, disenthralled, regenerated, to the full measure of perfect and unrestrained liberty. Nor is less evident the progress of man in moral virtue. Every age develops some new application of moral principle, and adds something to the sum of human virtue. Nothing has been lost, but much gained. There has never been any human virtue, which does not yet exist. There have been vices which have ceased to exist; and there are new virtues constantly generating. So that on the whole the race of man is progressing in virtue. In the progress of humanity there is no retrograde; the tendency is ever upward; each age forms a stage in the advancement. The primitive ages cleared away the rubbish, and leveled off the site. The classic ages prepared the materials,

and left them to season. The feudal ages laid the foundation. Modern ages are carrying up the structure stage after stage. Up still goes the edifice, the great temple of humanity, each age taking up the work where the preceding age left it.

Such are the teachings of the past on the question of human improvement.—Her doctrines are sustained by the facts of human history, and are delightful to the heart of the Christian philosopher, who sees therein sure indication of a glorious future.

3. The past speaks of the omnipotence of truth. Truth is a rock in the midst of quicksands. It lies on a deep and firm foundation, immovable, though all around be fluctuating and changing. Truth is the pure gem, which rusts not, and changes not its lustre, but shines on from age to age with increasing light. Truth is the lever which moves the world. By means of it, the great work of human improvement is effected. Whoever wields this lever may be sure of success.

On the omnipotent prevalence of truth the past speaks in language distinct, explicit, and certain. The past tells us of One, who, some two thousand years ago, in an obscure village of Palestine, appeared in human form, and with human feelings, as the representative of truth itself. His message, however, was disregarded, himself despised and rejected, and his life sacrificed to appease an angry mob. Before his departure, however, he called to his side twelve men of like passions with ourselves, and committed to them the truth, which he had come to reveal. To these men he assigned the task of changing the faith and the religion of the world. They were obscure and unknown among men, unlearned in the wisdom of the world, and unaccomplished in the arts and refinements of society.—But the truth rendered them invincible.—They went before the Jewish Sanhedrim; they stood up before governors, and kings, and even the emperor himself, and spoke

the words of truth and soberness. The truth made them omnipotent. By its power they changed the habits, the faith, and even the civil institutions of society.

The past tells us of Luther, who, with the truth in his hand, defied the power of the Emperor, the Pope, and the Devil; of Wilberforce, who, planting himself on one single principle, solitary and alone, moved the whole British empire, from "India's coral strand" to the Pacific's isle, where last fall the beams of the setting sun; of Wesley, who, reviving a religious truth, which, through corruption of the times had fallen into neglect, set in motion a machinery, which may yet spread Scriptural holiness over all lands; and of Monticello's sage, who, in one single truth, has furnished a lever, which will yet overturn the throne of every despot on the globe.

Blessed be the man who happily presents to the eye of humanity a new truth. He does a work which can never be undone. He plants a seed which can never be uprooted—a seed having in itself life and immortality. It may, through unpropitious circumstances, lie for awhile dormant. It may be trampled by the rude foot of recklessness. But

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The immortal years of God are hers."

What matters it, then, O thou that lovest truth, whether men hear thee, or smite thee? What imports it though the world believe or scoff? Truth is immortal, and thou shalt share her own immortality.

4. The past speaks to us of the wisdom and power of Providence. Though individual human greatness is nothing, yet man is great. Though the individual dies, yet the race lives on, ever advancing. Though truth may lie long scoffed and neglected, yet she will in the end make her voice heard. All this is owing to the superintendence of Providence, a power incomprehensibly higher than human, watching incessantly over human affairs.

One age has no power to connect itself with the past or the future; but He that sitteth on the circle of the heavens; that hath stretched out the north over the empty space, and hung the earth on nothing; that leadeth forth Arcturus, Orion, and the constellations of the south, and that dispenseth the sweet influences of the Pleiades, joins the past, the present, and the future together by indissoluble links.

Thus speaks the past for the comfort and hope of man. Her voice is one of gladness to the human race. But she has another voice, which she sometimes utters in the ears of mortals. To me she often speaks with the gentle voice of the venerable one, who breathed her prayer over my sleeping infancy, who first taught me to read the Bible, and to trust in God, but who for thirty years has been sleeping on the hill side that looks out on the Atlantic waters. Again she comes, and speaks with the musical voice of the fair one, companion of my childhood, who rambled with me over the meadows, and by the brook, gathering flowers, in the spring time of life, but whom we laid to rest long ago beneath a bower of evergreens on my native plains. She comes again, the past, alas she comes too often, amidst my garden walks, and at the bower, calling me with the voice of the beautiful being,

"Whom I laid to rest in the lonely bed—
The lost and the lovely, the early dead."

I cannot but listen to the voice with which the past speaks to me, nor can I dispel from my heart the sadness which her echoes produce. Though the picture which her fitting forms cast on the mirror of my soul be one of deep shades, yet I must look on it.

"O, unrelenting past,
Strong are the barriers of thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Thou hast my better years,

Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the
kind;
Yielded to thee with tears,
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire
intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck the captive
thence.

In vain. Thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence de-
part,
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken
heart.

Thine for a space are they,
Yet thou shalt give thy treasures up at
last;
Thy gates shall yet give way;
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past!

All that of good and fair
Hath gone into thy tomb from earliest
time,
Shall then come back to wear
The beauty and the glory of its prime.

They have not perished, no,
Kind words, remembered voices, once so
sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent
seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Her by whose kind maternal side I sprung.
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the lone grave, the beautiful and
young."

Wisdom and virtue are more easily ap-
preciated when found with wealth and
power.

From the *Liberia Advocate*.
EXPLORATION OF AFRICA.

"Such a country as we passed through
in that missionary tour, I have not seen
surpassed in either of the West India
Islands which I have visited, from Trini-
dad to Tortola and the Virgin Island.—
It is an elevated, mountainous country.—
Ranges of mountains, running most gen-
erally parallel with the line of coast—
from Northwest to Southeast—rises up be-
fore the delighted eye of the traveler,
convincing him that he is no longer in the
land of burning sands and deleterious
swamps, such as are encountered in prox-
imity with the shores; but in quite another
region. And such are the gradual un-
dulations of its surface as would greatly
facilitate the objects of agriculture. There
are few, if any, very steep acclivities—
nothing like the bold, precipitous moun-
tains, which gently slope down to the lev-
el country lying between them.

It is a well watered country. During
the eight hour's travel which we were
frequently obliged to perform in a day, we
never walked more than two hours or two
and a half at one time, without coming
to some beautiful stream of cool and very
pure water, either a tributary of the St.
Paul's or some other of the many smaller
rivers which intersect that African Canaan.
And here it may be proper to add, that
my attention was directed to an examina-
tion of these streams to the purposes of
machinery, sites for mills, &c., and I hes-
itate not to affirm, that within the Goulah
country especially, any number of the
most eligible situations may be found,
where at any time during the year, good
water power may be obtained for any of
the purposes which an enterprising com-
munity, of agriculturists and mechanics
may require. My journey was performed
in the very middle of the dry season, and
yet we found plenty of water in the dif-
ferent streams.

It is a well timbered land. Through

an extensive forest of acres of miles which lay in our return route, I was so struck with the gigantic trees of immense height, which united their luxuriant foliage, forming above us one dense and rich canopy, that I called the attention of the colored ministers of the Liberia Annual Methodist Conference who accompanied me, to this evidence of the richness of the country which God had given to the Africans, and to which their exiled brethren were invited by so many powerful considerations. I measured several trees, and my journal, kept at the time with scrupulous exactness, records 23, 24, 25 feet as the circumference of many of them within six feet from the ground. Let me remark that the variety and superior quality of the wood found in these forests, and indeed all along the borders and around the settlement of Liberia, from Grand Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, or Maryland, cannot be excelled anywhere within the Torrid Zone. From a species of poplar, soft and adapted to all the purposes for which the white pine is used in America, up to the teak, a species of mahogany, a beautiful species of hickory very abundant at Cape Palmas, the iron wood, the brimstone susceptible of a polish for furniture of surpassing beauty, and many others, an almost endless supply may be found.

"It is an exceedingly fertile soil. The immense undergrowth of shrub and vine interwoven around the giants of the forest so thick, so impenetrable, without much effort, and through which a footpath only conducts the traveller, is the best proof of this. But the grains, roots, fruits and vines of the tropics, all concentrate here, and may be raised with a degree of comparative ease, a rapidity of growth and an abundance almost incredible. I have stood erect under the branches of a cotton tree in a Goulah village, as they spread forth from the main trunk, laden with bolls, and supported by forked sticks to prevent their being broken down by their own weight, and found on measuring, that

the tree covered a space of ten feet in diameter. On examining the staple, as the ripened bolls burst into maturity, it was found as good, and equal in the fineness of its fibre to the cotton of any country.—As to coffee, I will only borrow the words of the report as a comment on themselves: "Coffee of a quality superior to the best Java Mocha is raised in Liberia, and can be cultivated with great ease to any extent." It is a country where tobacco, that great article of commerce, may be cultivated in any quantity with great success.

But the region in the vicinity of Liberia, is one of great mineral wealth. This remains for Science to fully develop, but we may confidently arrive at the conclusion from what has been discovered. Of the gold coast your Committee say right, when they assert that 'England has received altogether \$200,000,000 of Gold from Africa. Liberia is adjacent to the gold coast.' But I would speak of what is better than gold—iron. And such is the purity of the iron ore obtained by the natives of Africa immediately in the vicinity of Liberia, which they describe as being abundant, that they have no furnaces; they need none. All their rude agricultural and warlike instruments are made by them of ore so pure that when heated it becomes at once sufficiently malleable to admit of being wrought into any shape or form. They make knives, bill-hooks, war-cutlasses, spears, axes, hoes, &c., out of this ore, without the process of smelting."

From the Home Journal.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

She is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear,
Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear.
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her.
Perhaps than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
 That may rebuke demand?
 Ere I can speak a hasty word,
 Or lift a chiding hand,
 An angel's face comes flitting by,
 With looks so sad and mild—
 A voice floats softly from the sky—
 "Would'st harm my orphan child?"
 No—witness thou and all above,
 I'll cherish her as mine,
 Or may I lose her father's love,
 A love that once was thine.

A LITTLE STIMULANT—A TEMPER- ANCE TALE

ROSA LINDSAY, when first I knew her, was a beautiful and elegant girl, the pride—and almost the support—of her mother and sisters, whom she assisted greatly by her exertions as an artist and drawing mistress, and the affianced bride of Walter Gardner, a young merchant, then abroad in one of our colonies. Their marriage had been delayed on account of the uncertainty of Walter's plans: he could not tell for some time whether he would settle in England, or be obliged to remain with the branch house abroad. Rosa was devotedly attached to him, and their separation weighed heavily on her spirits. Nor was this her only trial, poor thing! The Lindsays had first lost much property, and then their troubles were aggravated by long and severe illness of one of the girls, who was seized with an incurable internal complaint which confined her entirely to her bed; and also by a far worse blow, the death of their fond, indulgent father, who sank beneath these varied sorrows. Man can not bear as woman does; he will fight hard with the world, and if he cannot conquer it he perishes in the effort to submit. A fallen man can seldom raise himself; he dies and makes no sign; a woman strives on—endures all to the last.

This was the Lindsays' fate, left almost destitute by the father's death. Women

who, till but a short time since, had never known a care—whose path through life seemed to have been on velvet—now came forward prepared for the struggle for daily bread; casting aside the silken habits of luxurious ease, relinquishing the cherished appliances of refined opulence almost without a sigh; confronting the world almost cheerfully, if, by so doing, they could shield that dear father's name from reproach; nerving themselves for the thousand undreamed-of stings that fall to the lot of those once rich, when reduced to poverty, supported only by the hope of paying off some portion of his liabilities. How often might we see this! how little do we suspect it! Should such conduct be revealed to us, as it occasionally is, "I did not think it was in them!" we exclaim. Not one in ten thousand knows the heroism which lies hidden in the heart of a true woman.

But this is a digression: to return to my story. Rosa had one solace left, the best of all: Walter remained true to her. He did not turn from her now that she was poor; he did not look less kindly on her because the elegant talents he had been so proud of were now exerted for her maintenance; nor was he less anxious to call her his wife now that her helpless family were in a degree dependent on her—far from that; he but cherished her the more fondly now that she had so little left her. He was true to her and to himself. He would have gladly taken her abroad with him; but this could not be, for she had her duties to fulfil. Her sisters were too young to support themselves; and as her exertions were so necessary to the family, she decided on not marrying till she had put them all forward. Walter could not combat so praiseworthy a resolution; he could only sigh and acquiesce in it; and indeed Rosa did not keep it without severe self-sacrifice. Say, is it nothing, when love, worth, and competence are offered to our grasp, to put them by—to toil on day by day, year after year,

to feel that he we love better than life itself, better than all the world holds (save duty) is alone, uncheered in his task, far from us, from his home, perhaps ill and no one near to minister to him, while we might be his all, his wife?—to doubt even his truth, as the year drags wearily on, and friends fall off in turn, and the world turns harsh and dreary, and we feel our own once-loved charms decrease, and we compare ourselves with bitter regret to what we were when he first knew us; and yet a word would unite us never more to part—would solve each dreading doubt would set our trembling alarms at rest: is it nothing to feel and fear all this, and yet pursue the path which still keeps us from the haven? No, no, this indeed is the Battle of Life, when hopes and affections are opposed to duty. When duties themselves jar, then comes our bitter, bitter trial.

Rosa and Walter bore their burden nobly; but her mind was torn, worn out in the strife. The excitement of her art was wearing in itself. When the fancy paints what the unpracticed hand can not yet realize; when the unerring decrees of a cultivated taste condemn the sketches which poverty forces before the world; when the exhausted soul and body would gladly renovate themselves by complete inaction; but the demon of want cries work, and the cry must be obeyed. And then the drudgery of teaching, when the clumsy attempts of a tasteless, often unwilling pupil, seem like desecration of the art we worship—oh, this indeed is torture! It needed not the sickening misery of hope deferred, the blight of early hopes in addition, to pale the poor girl's cheek and break her spirits. Her appetite grew uncertain, her eye and step were heavy; her art became a task; her temper even was rendered variable. Mrs. Lindsay was alarmed, and called in a physician.

"Miss Lindsay is merely nervous, my dear madam," (merely nervous, indeed! people never say, "her life is merely a

curse to her"); "her system is too low; we must throw in a little stimulant. She wants bracing, that is all."

So spake Dr.—; he was right, doubtless: but those few words sealed his patient's doom. The glass of wine, warm, spicy wine, when she returned from her wearying lessons, was so invigorating! The world grew brighter as she drank; she had fresh hope, fresh strength. Again she sipped, and again she worked—little dreaming she was laying the foundation of a fearful habit. Do not blame her too severely, madam. Wait till your whole frame is overtasked either in action or endurance, till the world seems a blank before you; or worse, a cold, dreary, stagnant pond—you need not be poor to feel all this—then, when the cup is sanctioned by a mother, nay, ordered by your physician; when you quaff it and find your chilled energies renewed, your blood dancing in your veins, happy thoughts, gleams of sunshine crowding on your mind—then, if you can refuse a second draught, you are most happy. Be blest, even in your admirable firmness; but oh, pity, be merciful, even to the drunkard!

She did not become that despicable thing at once; the path is slow though sure; it was long ere she reached its inevitable termination. "Wine gladdeneth the heart of man;" far be it from us to blame the generous juice which our Lord himself sanctioned by his first miracle and last command, "this do in memory of me;" it is the abuse, not the use, we deprecate; but there are some who insensibly become its slave—Rosa was one of these. The glass of wine gave so much strength, that instead of taking it sparingly, she flew to it on every demand on her tried energies. Her mother, seeing the benefit she derived from it, feeling how much was dependent on her, had not courage to check her, and was the first to offer it to her, never thinking of the fatal craving she was encouraging. No one suspected the gifted, animated girl we all

so admired, of this degrading propensity ; no one thought the sparkling eloquence which charmed our tiresome lessons, the fanciful sketches, now of fairies floating among green leaves and flowers, where reality and imagination were gracefully blended, or of some cool glade and ivy capped tower which led us far from towns and man ; but all beautiful, tender, and pure in their design ; no one thought all these were inspired by the poison which debases us lower than the brute creation. No, Rosa Lindsay was a creature to be loved, admired, respected, emulated. What is she now ? What indeed ?

Her exertions redoubled at first, and money poured in ; then they became fitful, she was no longer to be depended on. Pictures were ordered, sketched, and then they remained untouched for months ; her outline was no longer as bold, her colors less skillfully arranged. The first was gorgeous and full of beauty, but it remained confused, as if the germ could not be developed—the tints were more glaring, the whole less well defined. Pupils too talked of unpunctual attendance, of odd, impatient, flighty manners ; she was no longer the gentle, patient girl who had first directed their unformed taste, and had charmed out the lingering talent. There was nothing whispered as yet, but there was a feeling that all was not right. She was so respected by all, we dared not admit the suspicion of intoxication even silently to ourselves : still it *would* come, and we could not repel it ; it was not mentioned, even among intimate friends, but there it lurked. Mrs. Lindsay became uneasy, but it was too late—her feeble exertions, her remonstrances could not check the habit : besides, Rosa had never openly exposed herself—been *drunk* in fact. Her mother only feared she sometimes took a little drop too much, and it was difficult to refuse this medicinal cheering draught to so exemplary a daughter.

They were now in easier circumstances ;

the sisters were educated and supporting themselves ; one was well married ; the only brother was now adding to the family fund, and Walter was returning ; there was no longer any bar to Rosa's marriage. How anxiously we all looked forward to his return ! At last she received a letter, written from Southampton : he had landed—he would be with her in a few hours. What joy, what delight for the Lindsays ! Now Rosa would be rewarded for her noble sacrifices—at last she would be happy ! The moments sped rapidly on in eager anticipation ; the time drew nearer—he would soon be by her side. She grew restless, nervous, unable to bear the prolonged suspense : she who had endured a separation of years, sank under the delay of a few minutes. She had recourse to her accustomed solace, a little stimulant. Walter came ; and she was prostrate on the sofa, in disgusting insensibility.

What a meeting for that ardent loving heart ! Mrs. Lindsay in tears, the whole family evidently bent on concealment ; and Rosa, who should have flown to his arms, drunk !—no, not drunk ; he could not, would not believe it—his pure, noble-minded Rosa could not have sunk so far : even though a smell of ardent spirits pervaded the room, it was the last vice he could suspect in her. We all had long resolutely closed our eyes against the evidence of our senses : could he who once knew her inestimable worth, who had her precious letters, breathing the highest, most delicate, most womanly feelings, could he so pollute her image ?

"What is this ?" he cried, "Rosa ill ! Oh, what is this ? Good heaven, Mrs. Lindsay !" his eye rested on the half-empty tumbler.

The mother answered that mute question. "Rosa had not been well," she said ; "she has over-exerted herself lately ; the excitement of expectation was too much for her. Dr.—has prescribed a little occasional stimulant, and I am afraid

I have over-dosed the poor child ; she has been in violent hysterics."

Walter believed the explanation. The very shame and confusion around him, Mrs. Lindsay's candor, all re-assured him; besides, he was so willing to be convinced ; and when Rosa recovered, horror-struck at her situation, and hid her tears and blushes on his shoulder, he rapturously kissed the lips yet fresh from the contaminating draught. Tears of shame and repentance poured down her cheek ; and still she felt rejoiced—inexpressibly relieved—by Walter's evident belief that this was accidental. She felt that she would break this dreadful habit now he was with her ; now she would be happy ; she need not make any humiliating disclosure.

"Forgive me, save me !" she cried, "Dear, dear Walter, say you do not despise me ?"

"Despise you, my own love, my Rosa ?—never ! Now don't look cross ; I have a hair in your neck, sweetest, and mean to pull it sometimes."

It was thus Walter laughed at what should have been a warning ; but his nature was entirely unsuspecting, and he loved so tenderly. Rosa now put a strong restraint on herself, she was again what we had first known her ; and all our fears were dispelled.

They were married. Not a cloud lowered to cast a shadow on their bliss but the slight disapprobation of some distant relations of Walter's, who, not knowing the Lindsays save by hearsay, thought he might have done better than to wed not only a portionless bride, but one whose family he must assist. However, as these fault-finders had no right to interfere, their remonstrances remained entirely unheeded. No bride could be happier than Rosa, no husband prouder than Walter. They were not rich ; but they had more than enough for elegant economy, and were not debarred any of those refined enjoyments which give value to life. Books, music, Rosa's art, a well-chosen though small circle of

friends, a pretty house, with its cultivated garden, and enough of labor for each to sweeten their repose ; luxuries were not required here, they had the best blessings of this world within their reach, and some months were indeed passed in supreme felicity.

Mr. Manson, an uncle of Walter's, and one of those who had objected to his marriage, had come up to town on business, and his nephew was naturally anxious to pay him some attention and introduce his darling wife to him. The uncle was of the old school, fond of the pleasures of the table, an admirer of dinner-parties, and convinced that their cold formalities are the great bond of union in business and politics. It may be so ; there is a certain look of respectability in a ponderous dinner-table—in the crimson flock-paper of the dining-room—in the large sideboard and heavy curtains ; but unless the entertainer be a rich man, how the words "dinner party" torture his poor wife ! It is the prelude to a week's anxiety to a day's hard work, to the headache, to the fidgets, to worried servants, to hired cooks, to missing spoons, to broken glass and china ; and, after all, to black looks and cross words from her unreasonable husband, who votes the whole thing "a confounded bore," and cuts short the supplies, leaving her to make bricks without straw, to give a dinner without a double allowance. Walter, as yet new in his spousedom, was more amenable than an older hand ; but Rosa had no want of anxiety in this her first dinner-party. She felt sure that something would go wrong ; that Mr. Manson would see some fault.—How could she steer between the rock of meanness on which so many are split, and the whirlpool of extravagance where so many are engulfed ? the Scylla and Charybdis of housekeeping ! She flitted incessantly from the kitchen to the dining-room, and long before the appointed time was wearied to death. A tempting bottle of port was decanted ready on the side-

board; she ventured on a glass—it refreshed her exceedingly, she was fited for further exertions. Had she taken no more she would have been a happy woman; but after the first drop she could no longer withstand temptation; she drank again and again: her orders were contradictory, her servants saw her state and were impertinent; and when Walter returned to dress for dinner, accompanied by Mr. Manson, his beautiful wife lay prostrate on the floor, with unmistakable proofs of her fault.

The uncle gave a contemptuous whistle, and withdrew from the disgraceful scene; the husband carried her up-stairs and flung her on the bed, while tears such as man seldom sheds showed his bitter shame, his agonized disgust, as he looked at the prospect life now presented. “She is my wife! my wife!” he cried. “Oh, God! would she were in her coffin; I could love her memory had she died; but now—oh! Rosa, Rosa!”

She roused herself at his voice, and feebly staggering toward him, offered her cheek for his accustomed kiss. He pushed her from him. She looked at her disordered dress, at his swollen eyes; a ray of reason penetrated even through the imbecility of drink.

“Walter, Walter!” she screamed; “my husband, my dear husband! tell me—am I?—am I?”

“You are drunk, madam,” he answered.

“No, no, no; I am not; I cannot be, now you are here! Walter, we shall be late; we must dress to see your uncle. I am sober, indeed I am.”

Fresh guests now arrived; the miserable husband locked his no less wretched wife in her room, and hastened to apologise for her unexpected illness.

Again he forgave her, and again she sinned; the greatest pang, the shame of detection, was over—the demon of drink was now ascendant. A puny wailing child was born, that child for whom the father had once so fondly hoped, but whose

advent was now a fresh link in misery’s chain. Even the babe paid the penalty of its mother’s vice by its enfeebled frame, its neglected state; its earliest nutriment was poisoned. Rosa was soon debarred one of the holiest pleasures of maternity—her child was taken from her feverladen breast. It became very ill; nature’s voice was heard, the mother sacrificed her habits to her child. A new and celebrated physician was called in: he carefully examined the poor infant. “Strange,” he said; “now, had this child been born in a less respectable sphere, I should say it was suffering from a drunken parent.”

A muttered curse escaped from Walter, a cry from Rosa. The doctor looked at her more narrowly; in her watery eye and shaking hand he read the truth of his accusation. “You have killed the child, madam,” he continued. “Be thankful it is your only one.”

Could not that little pallid face, peeping from its shroud, the father’s mighty grief, her own despair, her agony, as each toll of the funeral bell fell on her crushed brain, and seemed to repeat the physician’s words—could not this check her mad career? No, all was blighted around her—she had not a hope left; she drank for oblivion.

And Walter?—alas! he now drank with her. He long struggled with his dreary discomforts at home, with the dull, companionless evenings, when his Rosa, that once highly-gifted creature, lay steeped in the coarsest Lethe, or would in wild intoxication hurl reproaches at him. He had taken the keys away from her; she broke open the locks; she bribed the servants for drink; she parted from her valuables, even his books and plate, to procure the necessary stimulant; she made his disgrace and hers public.

No friend could come to their house; such fearful scenes occasionally took place there; his home was blasted—drink became his solace. The wild orgies of their despair were indeed terrible: but I need

not dwell on this repulsive theme; suffice it to say, Walter's affairs were now entirely neglected—he was soon irretrievably ruined.

The Lindsays made them a weekly allowance, for both were unfitted for any continuous exertion—they cumbered the earth. As soon as their pittance came in, it was squandered in drink; and then they quarreled, and even fought. Rosa, the elegant, refined, and graceful woman, fought with her husband for drink, and often bore evident traces of his violence. Her beauty had long since vanished; her features were red and bloated, her voice cracked, and her person neglected; who would have believed that genius, and high noble, womanly feelings had once been hers!

At last, in one of their furious encounters Walter struck her brutally; she fell bleeding at his feet. The sight sobered him, and his cries raised their humble neighbors—(they had long since left their pleasant home, and were now in lodgings more suited to their circumstances.) A crowd of screaming women filled the room, while he sat shivering in helpless imbecility.

"Ah, poor dear, her troubles are over now!" said the women. "See what you've done, you wretch! you cowardly wretch! you've killed your poor wife, and a lady, too, as she was. But you'll hang for it, if there's justice to be had for love or money!"

The threat recalled his scattered senses: a razor lay near, and its bright steel tempted him—one plunge and all was over! A heavy fall disturbed the crowd around Rosa—her husband lay dead—a suicide.

She was slowly recovering her consciousness when the exclamations of those around told her there was still more to be dreaded; she hurriedly looked around:—"Walter!" she shrieked; "my husband dead?—dead? I am unforgiven—he was angry with me—tell him to give me but one word, one look. Walter you cannot

die thus!" She saw the self-inflicted wound: "Oh, God! Oh, God! I have been his bane through life: will the curse follow him to the other world?"

She is now mad, in an asylum. Thus ends the story of Rosa Lindsay. It may seem overdrawn: it is truth.

From the Boston Museum.

A VISION OF WORLDS.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

Lost to the sense of earth's dull sights,

On new-lent wings my spirit flies,
And resting on heaven's terraced heights,
It reads the mysteries of the skies.

Faint, glimmering beams of distant light,
Are now no longer all I see,
Of world's which measure in their flight,
The circles of infinity.

Unfathomed depths sweep far below;
Measureless heights above I see;
While towering systems from the gates,
Which shut from sight the Deity!
Infinite lengths their folds embrace,
As o'er all human thought they rise,
Where mighty deeps of blazing worlds,
Form the faint outlines of the skies.

Her central suns shoot forth their rays,
While rolling orbs their cycles keep,
And forming spheres like isles of light,
In seas of ether seem to sleep.

On, with unutterable pace,
Come sweeping realms of filmy light,
While o'er interminable plains,
Lie long eternities of night.

Anthems are sung, and echoes heard,
Waking the mysteries of sound;
The solemn hymns of singing world's,
Make music in the deep profound.
O! if an angel's soul were mine,
With powers divine to grasp each sight,
No measured lengths of rolling years,
Should mark the boundaries of my flight.

But, lo! a trembling child of earth,
 I view God's power—his glory here;
 Lost in infinity of sight.
 My human heart is touched with fear.
 In vain my thoughts essay to rise;
 Imagination's swiftest pace,
 Grows faint, and slow, when mortals strive,
 The majesty of God to trace.

But we believe that he who formed,
 And rules this vast immensity,
 Will give to an undying soul
 A life of immortality.
 Mysterious whispers in its depths
 But faintly tell what it shall be;
 In the undying light of stars,
 It reads its own eternity.

Westfield, 1851.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

This poet has arrived upon our shores, and will be hailed as his merits demand, by all who can appreciate worth and excellence. The readers of the Miscellany have, heretofore, been favored with extracts from the writings of this eminent English author; and we shall be glad to increase their admiration of the author, and their gratitude to us, by making extracts still. He must be a happy man, whose description is thus rapturously given by the Home Journal. May it be the ambition of every author to secure such warm-hearted friendship and such well-merited praise:

"The beloved author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' embarks for this country during the present month—or, so says a paragraph. This is a land where the men leave the care of 'lions' entirely to the ladies, and, of course, the information wanted in advance, is first, as to the coming favorite's personal appearance and manners. Mr. Tupper is too handsome ever to have thought of dress except as a covering from the weather, or of manners except as they followed his feelings of their own accord. He is frank, natural,

earnest, and plainly dressed—the type of the best class of untitled Englishmen of fortune. If he has a fault which is likely to offend, it is a never waiting for the ink to dry upon his impulses—sending a new idea abroad upon a 'mere nomination,' without waiting for its 'confirmation by the senate' of after-thought. Being as English as he possibly can be, and America being more French than English, he will probably see much, with his clear bright eyes, which he will bluntly disapprove.—This, of course, will run an even chance of making him very much liked or very much disliked—as honesty is an intensifier either way—but how our country impresses a thorough English sense we shall know from him, with the truthfulness of a daguerreotype.

Mr. Tupper has a beautiful English home—a heaven, of wife, children and comforts—and there is unusual certainty of his leaving his heart on the other side of the water. His books, however, have given so good an idea of this probable absentee that perhaps the ladies will not call him heartless without it. We have seldom seen a man we liked better; though how he will look—without rosy children on his knee, a lovely and thoughtful wife sitting at work at the table, old armor and old pictures hanging on the walls, and corners crammed with objects of art and English comforts and elegancies—we cannot safely predict. He will be cordially received, however. The public owes him a great deal, (as we owe a great deal to every man who runs threads of golden thought through the dull woof of this homespun life of ours,) and the debt will be paid to Mr. Tupper, we doubt not, by a large and cordial hospitality."

GLORIOUS DESTINY OF OUR RACE.

Hugh Miller closes the "Old Red Sandstone" thus:

"We pursue our history no farther. Its after course was comparatively well

known. The huge sauroid fish was succeeded by the equally huge reptile—the reptile by the bird—the bird by the marsupial quadruped; and at length, after races higher in the scale of instinct had taken their precedence in succession, the one of the other, the sagacious elephant appeared, as the lord of that latest creation which immediately preceded our own. How natural does the thought seem which suggested itself to the profound mind of Cuvier, when indulging in a similar review! Has the last scene in the series arisen, or has Deity expended his infinitude of resource, and reached the ultimate stage of progression at which perfection can arrive? The philosopher hesitated, and then decided in the negative, for he was too well acquainted with the works of the omnipotent Creator to think of limiting his power; and he could, therefore, anticipate a coming period in which man would have to resign his post of honor to some nobler and wiser creature—the monarch of a better and happier world.—How well it is, to be permitted to indulge in the expansion of Cuvier's thought, without sharing the melancholy of Cuvier's feeling—to be enabled to look forward to the coming of a new heaven and a new earth, not in terror, but in hope—to be encouraged to believe in the system of unending progression, but to entertain no fear of the degradation or disposition of man! The adorable monarch of the future, with all its unsummed perfection, has already passed into the heavens, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, and Enoch and Elias are there with him—fit representatives of that dominant race which no other race shall ever supplant or succeed, and to whose onward and upward march the deep echoes of eternity will never cease to respond!"

☞ Let no young man fail to read the successive numbers of the article by Hon. Horace Mann. We received a printed copy from the gifted author, and cannot do better for our readers than to publish it in the Miscellany—its value is inestimable. We shall conclude this article in the June No

ONE WORD, DEAR READER.

We have now finished the double labor of our first two months' life as publishers. We have published and sent out *four numbers* in this time, and are now even with time, having beaten him in the race two to one. The February, March, April and May numbers are now before you—the three last exclusively our own—the first having been partly prepared for the press before the purchase of the Miscellany. We do not claim to have done all we have desired to do, and what we still intend—to make the Miscellany as interesting and useful as one of its class can be. We are surrounded by Magazines of great merit, and whose excellence we can, and do appreciate. Our object will not be to traduce them, but if possible to make our own work more deserving and profitable. We shall bid them God speed, whether we are in the van or in the rear, while they continue to seek, as we shall, to elevate, morally and intellectually, those who give us their patronage. We say to all go ahead, not of us, but in the great work of blessing the world. Our object is a specific one: we are intending to supply the public with a useful and elevating literature, as cheap as the debasing and destructive works, which are scattered broadcast in community. In this we stand perhaps on different grounds from any other publication. We advocate no distinct theory, and therefore all friends of man can unite with us, and we only ask them to do so, while we pursue the path marked out to ourselves on the first page of our cover. We intend now to keep along with the march of time, and as we are now used to toil, and are at peace with the world, and with our subscribers in particular, we shall not fail to labor constantly to maintain this peace and establish it. So far as our subscribers are concerned, we can hope for nothing without punctuality; (shall it be mutual?) but by a conscientious regard to every promise we make, we expect to have

the confidence of every person who shall take the Miscellany: and we hope to have confidence in all who patronize us.

☞ We intended to have sent out bills this month, but a press of business hindered us: and we hope our friends will hinder us from doing so next month, by sending *bills* to us on any of our paying Banks. Do it as soon as you see this, and you will save us the disagreeable task of asking for what is now due us. At much expense we have placed the Miscellany on a firm basis, and rendered it a certainty that you will get your books from month to month.

We feel that after saving hundreds from loss, we can expect nothing less than an effort on the part of all to extend the sphere of our usefulness, and especially do we expect prompt payment on the part of those, who, by withholding what was due the Miscellany Office, have perilled the work heretofore. If you are not interested in it, why take it? If you are, why not pay for your entertainment? Is not the Miscellany calculated to do good? Then why not sustain it for the sake of others, if not for yourself?

☞ The Miscellany will appear in future at the commencement of the month, and we believe will afford satisfaction and enjoyment to the numerous readers who honor us in its perusal. We shall have more time to devote to getting it up, and shall give more attention, both to the matter and arrangement, in future. We shall spare no pains to make it all that we and our friends desire it.

☞ There has been a call for the republication of an article by Rev. H. D. Kitchell, called "The Anglo-Saxon Element in English and American Society." If we find there is a general wish for it, we shall insert in the July number a copy of this article corrected and amended by the author. Our subscribers can express themselves through our agents, or personally, as they find it convenient.

☞ All letters should be postpaid. We get a letter occasionally from some person saying stop the Miscellany, and what gives peculiar interest, in some cases, they have had the work for months *without pay*, and lay us under an *additional obligation* to them, by obliging us to pay the postage on their letters. We mean to retaliate, by making the MISCELLANY so interesting that these same friends will regret that they closed their pockets, and turned the cold shoulder to the work which is intended to be, the first of its class. We claim them still as friends.

☞ Let all who have not received the Miscellany write, and inform us when they subscribed, and to whom, and what amount they have paid, and what office they wish their numbers directed to. We want in all cases the agents name.

☞ Will our friends the Postmasters, be kind enough to say, when returning a book that is refused, what office it is returned from. An attention to this, which would cost them a moments time, would save us at times, an hour which we know not how to spare. We, sometimes, have a Miscellany returned without the name of the Subscriber or the Post Office, to which it had been sent. We send a great many in single wrappers, and the name is consequently on the envelope, how shall we know whose name to erase; when one of these comes to hand, with simply the word "discontinue" on the envelope?

Such was the interesting position we found ourselves in a few days since.—

☞ Please give the name of the person discontinuing as well as the name of the office from whence returned. Please be explicit. ☞ And when one discontinues as when one subscribes, (which is much more agreeable to us.) "Give them a local habitation and a name."

☞ No one is authorized to get subscribers as a traveling agent, unless he can show a written or printed certificate under the hand of the publishers of the Miscellany.

Q.

MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

BY HON. HORACE MANN.

(Concluded from Page 202.)

Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest drop in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousand fold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer.—The false man is more false to himself than to any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the centre; that centre is the profligate's own heart. A man can be wronged and live; but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do wrong is the first and the second death.—The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused or misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and its energy. Physiology teaches us that all privation and all violence suffered by our physical system, before birth, impairs the very stamina of our constitution, and sends us into this world, so far shorn of the energies, and blunted in the fineness of the preceptions, we should otherwise

possess. So every injury which we inflict upon our moral nature, in this life, must dull, forever and ever, our keen capacities of enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our power of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending. It must send us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that however high we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been, and however exquisite our bliss, it will always be less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being. Every instance of violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music, and mar its harmonies forever.—Tremble, then, and forbear, oh man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature and the immortal glories of thy destiny; for if thou dost cast down thine eyes to look with complacency upon the tempter, or bend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move forever and ever through inferior spheres of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ, with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity!

In all business transactions, let Justice be the pole-star. Without justice, the

foundations of private character and foundations of the state are, alike, rottenness. The old adage, '*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,'—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is founded upon a supposition which truth pronounces impossible. The more you do justice, the more the heavens will not fall; the stronger will their foundations stand: and the higher will the superstructure rise into realms of purity and bliss. Injustice alone can shake down the pillars of the skies, and restore the reign of Chaos and Night.

But though the Prophet of our age would address the acquisitiveness of young men in the language of restraint and warning, yet, with an energy and fervor like that of the Prophets of old, he promises them immortal rewards for every deed of philanthropy, for every aspiration after Human Brotherhood. The world is entering upon a new moral cycle. —The horrid reign of War and Conquest is drawing to its ignominious close. That domination of wealth, also, which has crushed the head and imbruted the heart of the millions, in order to subject their bodies to unresisting and unremitting toil, will soon share both the dethronement and the infamy of that sovereign Brute, called Force, whose place it has supplied. The discoveries of science and the progress of philosophy have so enlarged and dignified the dialect of the priest and the moralist, that their brother of the old monastery or comelave could now hardly understand them. Nineteen twentieths of all that was held to be knowledge, in the time of the schoolmen, is known to be folly now; nineteen twentieths of all that a Free State holds to be patriotism now, was infidelity or atheism then. Men have made the great discovery that Ethics and Theology, though founded upon unchangeable truths, are still progressive sciences, not less than Physiology or Geology.—Under the sublime law of progress, the present outgrows the past. The great heart of humanity is heaving with the

hopes of a brighter day. All the higher instincts of our nature prophesy its approach; and the best intellects of the race are struggling to turn that prophecy into fulfillment. Thoughts of Freedom, Duty, Benevolence, Equality, and Human Brotherhood, agitate the nations; and neither the Pope with his Cardinals, nor the Czar with his Cossacks, can repress them. Were these thoughts imprisoned in the centre of the earth, they would burst its granite folds, speed onward in their career, and fulfil their destiny.—They are imbued with a deathless vigor. They must prevail, or the idea of a Moral Governor of the universe is an imposture, and the divine truths of the Gospel a fable. Here, then, is opened a new and noble career for the ambition of emulous youth;—nor the ambition for subduing men into slaves, but the holy ambition of elevating them into peers; not for usurping principality or kingdom, but for building himself up into principality and kingdom; not merely for gathering renown as it were, star by star, to be woven into a glittering robe for his person, or to make a crown of glory for his head; but to expand his own soul into grander proportions, to give it angelic and archangelic loftiness of stature, and to fill it perpetually with that song of joy which even the morning stars could not but sing when they beheld the splendor of the Godhead reflected from the new creation. Here are opportunities, means, incitements, through which the young man may build himself up more and more into a likeness of the universe in which he dwells, and configure himself more and more to the Infinite Perfection that governs it.

In a universe like this, where the primary and fundamental relation,—the basis of all other relations,—is that which exists between the creature and the Creator, this fact must be eternally true:—Whatever direction the genius and energy of the creature may take, whether it be right or wrong, in that direction new dis-

coveries will be made, new forms of good or of evil will be unfolded to view. In a physical and in a spiritual sense, the universe around us is full; and, as we cannot go beyond the circumference of present physical discoveries without discovering new theatres of being, so we cannot go beyond the circumference of existing spiritual relations without finding new spiritual relations.

Columbus was devoted to the study of geography. As the result of that study, he felt that there was a continent to be discovered; and he discovered it. The mind of Newton pondered on astronomical truths. His contemplations engendered the belief that some cohesive principle bound together the worlds on high; and he demonstrated the law of gravitation.

Washington was a patriot. He yearned for liberty; and by his valor and his wisdom our republic was established. So new moral blessings and beauties are certain to reward the efforts of new moral power, whatever direction that power may take. Grander discoveries than any which have yet been made,—revelations that lay beyond the ken of Bacon's far-seeing vision, and beauties that shone outside the imagination of the vast-minded Shakspeare,—await the evoking power of philanthropic genius. Benevolence is a world of itself,—a world which mankind, as yet, have hardly begun to explore. We have, as it were, only skirted along its coasts for a few leagues, without penetrating the recess, or gathering the riches of its vast interior. Hostile nations and repugnant races of men are wayward and devious orbs, yet to be brought into a system of Brotherhood by the attractions of love. Justice, honor, love, truth, are the corner-stones of the holy government which is yet to be organized upon earth. For all true-hearted adventurers into these new realms of enterprise, there are moral Edens to be planted, such as Milton with his celestial verse could never describe; and there are heights of moral sublimity

to be attained, such as Rosse with his telescope could never descry.

Glowing with a vivid conception of these truths, so wonderful and so disputable, let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and which angels might look down upon with an ecstasy too deep for utterance, is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight than that of a young man, just fresh from the Creator's hands, and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapped up in his bosom, surveying and recounting, in the solitude of his closet or in the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent career of usefulness and of blessedness which has been opened before him; and resolving, with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing vow, *that he will live, true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature!*—If aught can be nobler or sublimer than this, it is the life that fulfils the vow.—Such a young man reverences the divine skill and wisdom by which his physical frame has been so fearfully and wonderfully made; and he keeps it pure and clean, as a fit temple for the living God. For every indulgence of appetite that would enervate the body, or dull the keen sense, or cloud the luminous brain, he has a "Get thee behind me!" so stern and deep, that the balked Satans of temptation slink from before him, in shame and despair.—If obliged to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, or by the sweat of his brain, he is "not slothful in business." Fired with energy himself, he energizes all around him. He is a Leyden jar always charged to a plenum; and whenever he comes in contact with dead things, or lifeless men, he emits a spark so potent that they are electrized into celerity.—Holding punctuality among the major virtues, he is ever true to the appointed place and hour; and as he goes and comes, men set their watches by him, as though he were a clock-face of the sun, and moved

by solar machinery. In selecting his vocation for a livelihood, he abjures every occupation, and every profession, however lucrative they may be, or however honorable they may be falsely deemed, if with his own weal, they do not also promote the common weal; and he views the idea with a deep religious abhorrence, that anything can advance the *well-being* of himself which involves the *ill-being* of others.

However meagre his stock in trade, if he engages in business, he will not seek to enlarge it by entering Conscience and Honor in his books under the head of "Merchandise;" nor will he begin the sale of goods to customers, by selling his soul to Satan. If he ever ventures to embark on the perilous sea of politics, he steers his course by the eternal lights in the skies; and not by the Will-o'-the-wisp, or by any meteor glare, which popular fermentation, or party heats, may engender. He labors earnestly for all the means of health, comfort, and improvement, but scorns the parade and the ostentations of wealth; shuns pomp and poverty with equal solicitude; and, in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, he avoids those streets of our cities where cholera rages and fevers consume, and also those other streets of Fashion and Pride, where the prevailing epidemic is an ossification of the heart. Holding an affectation of saintliness to be the worst of wickedness, he does not, like Pilate, take water and wash his hands, when about to consummate a deed that blackens and defiles his soul. The locks and bolts and bars, by which men seek to secure their property, have no relation to him; for, the nearer he is brought into contact with another's goods or gold, the more he is filled with an opposite polarity; and a farthing, a mill, an infinitesimal, of another man's wealth, would burn his palms with so fierce a heat, that red-hot balls would be more tolerable. The honor of man is holy, the chastity of woman is three holy, in his keeping.—When he has acquired that golden mean

of property which carries its possessor out of the temptations of want, without carrying him into the temptations of wealth, and which, as a patrimony for his children, will nourish and not blast the vigor that is in them,—he leaves the money-making treadmill, and takes himself to some walk of public usefulness most congenial to his taste;—either to adorn literature by his genius, or to advance science by his studies, or to organize charities for supplying the privations of sense, or relieving the loss of sanity, or to combine and strengthen the conservative and progressive forces of civilization; or to combat, hand to hand, with some of those terrific monsters that infest society,—ignorance, bigotry, intemperance, slavery, or war,—which need some hunter mightier than Nimrod for their extirpation. Or, if he still continues to gather in the golden harvests of wealth, he opens a set of books with heaven, becoming the Lord's steward for men's redemption from suffering and crime, and laying up his treasures where moth, nor rust, nor thieves can approach them. He is so passionate a lover of the Fine Arts, that he discovers diviner forms of beauty, and more celestial harmonies of coloring, than mortal sculptor or painter ever dreamed of. Not a cultured imagination alone, but reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him that the finest and most elegant of all the arts, earthly or supernal, is to plant smiles and ruby joys upon the wan cheek of suffering infancy; to quench the demon fire of passion that blazes from the eye of precocious wantonness, and kindle in its stead the serene light that radiates from a fount of inward purity; to hang round and pre-occupy the chambers of the juvenile mind with all types and images of loveliness and excellence, and to build up all the glorious faculties of the soul, as in colossal architecture, to some nearer resemblance to the Divine Original. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that he who crowds the walls of his own

dwelling, or the city's ampler galleries, with the painting and statuary of all the great masters, while orphanage sinks to ruin around him, in default of christian care, and while all the hideous images of depravity and shame are daily and hourly *rescued* into the souls of lost, abandoned childhood, only proves with what daubs and impostures and caricatures the walls of every mansion in his own soul are covered. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that when the starving babe shall no longer wail for sustenance upon the starving mother's breast; when blasphemy and obscenity shall no longer be the lullaby with which the intemperate father or mother lulls infancy to sleep; when parental wickedness shall no longer teach falsehood to the youthful tongue, and theft and violence to the youthful hand; when the infinite woes and agonies of earth, *which its superfluous wealth and its wasted time might so easily prevent*, shall cease to be,—then may opulence and taste and leisure devote their time and means to galleries of art, and saloons of music, and halls of dancing and festivity, *without enormous guilt*. And while hypocrisy and pharisaical pride are infinitely loathsome to the young man of a true heart, yet he rejoices to be known, at all times and everywhere, as a religious man; for, not less in the marts of business and the hilarities of social intercourse, than in the sanctuary or on the death-bed, he feels how infinitely unmanly it is to be ashamed of the noblest and divinest attribute in all his nature. And when, in the fulness of patriarchal years, crowned with clustering honors, and covered with the Beatitudes, as with a garment, he brings his heroic life to a triumphant close, the celestial light that bursts from the opened and welcoming gates of heaven, breaking upon his upturned countenance, is reflected into the paths of all surviving men; and the wings of his spirit, as it ascends, fan the earth with odors from the Upper Paradise.

The Germans and French have a beautiful phrase, which would enrich any lan-

guage that should adopt it. They say, "*To orient;*" or, "*to orient one's self.*"

When a traveller arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night, or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points,—east; west, north, south,—take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the pole-star in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground,—how best he can intrench his front or cover his flank, how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counterwork another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand result. *He orients himself.*

Young Man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few days you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself! Orient yourself!* Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures, if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or paradisaise the heart! Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions,—appetite, pride, selfishness,—but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies!

But study and obey the sublime laws on
which the frame of nature was construct-
ed; study and obey the sublimer laws on
which the soul of man was formed; and
the fulness of the power and the wisdom
and the blessedness, with which God has
filled and lighted up this resplendent uni-
verse, shall all be yours!

For the Miscellany.

LINES

on the Death of C. W. B., a Class-mate.

BY A. G. O.

Fare thee well Brother.

The clear morn of life, poured 'round thee its
light,
And the sky of the future was beaming and
bright.
The long tide of years was still to roll by,
For youth yet was thine, with its hopes ever
high,
And missioned from heaven, thou fain would'st
be,
The soul of thy fellow from gulle to free.

Fare thee well Brother.

The spoiler on stole, whose breath was a blight,
Like the Simoons blast, where the sands are
bright;
Disease in his train, and death's lone pillow,
The pall and the shroud, the grave and the wil-
low,
And the voices of kindred in mourning for thee.
The lost and the lov'd forever to be.

Fare thee well Brother.

The winds often chill the spring's first flower,
And the star oft sets ere the midnight hour,
Yet the bud and the blossom, again will be seen,
And the star yet gleams 'neath the clouds silken
sheen,
So the spirit that goes in its freshness and truth,
Yet lives, and forever in its undying youth,

Fare thee well Brother.

We'll stand by thy grave, when the wild birds
note,
And the summer wind's sigh, shall around us
float;
Aye; When a band unbroken, no more we'll be,
But scattered afar on life's wild sea,
We'll think of thee yet, as the years steal by,
When the brow is furrowed, and dimmed the eye
Till time and its storms shall all be o'er,
And the hearts, that mourn thee, beat no more.
ANN ARBOR, April 10th 1851.

For the Miscellany.

"TWILIGHT DEWS."

BY RAPHAEL.

In this still twilight hour,
Why wilt thou—oh fond memory—awake.
And from my heart, its calm contentment take?
As by thy magic power
Rise up the buried hopes—the grief and woe,
The dreams and wishes vain of "long ago,"
In this still twilight hour!

Unto my childhood home,
Why wilt thou, oh sad memory return—
And (as the autumn winds at nightfall mourn,)
So sad, yet faithful room?
Haunting each well known path and cherished
spot,
Recalling hours that pray to be forgot,
Dark hours in that lone home!

In that far silent room—
The room made sacred by love's first sweet spell
Why wilt thou, oh my heart, still weeping dwell,
In loneliness and gloom?
Dreaming forever of the faithless one,
Listlessly brooding over joys long gone,
Alas! that silent room!

Those vows of constant love—
Those promises of lasting truth and faith,
Whispered by lips now cold, but *not by death*,
Oh heart—why wilt thou rove?
When other ties formed since that day of change
Should from all former idols thee estrange,
Alas, that faithless love!

The blessing and the prayer—
Oh soul, how can'st thou breathe them still for
one,
Who wrecked thy happiness e're 'twas begun?
Who wandering now afar,
Perchance gives not one passing thought to
thee,
Or thinking—muses cold and carelessly,
Unheeding thy fond prayer!

Oh weary—weary heart!
Oh soul—still faithful to a faithless love!
Oh memory, swift, the "bitter fount" to move!
When will the wardepart?
When will the sad remembrance leave my
breast?
When will the "troubled waters" be at rest?
Oh weary—weary heart!!

OCTOBER, 1850.

THE INFLUENCE

Of the Physical World on the Development of Mind and the Formation of Character.

BY PROF. LEWIS R. FISK, A. B.

In considering "the influence of the physical world on the development of mind and formation of character," we enter upon the investigation of a subject almost boundless in its extent. It brings within its limits every nation on the face of the earth. It includes every clime—the frozen snows of the polar skies and the profuse luxuriance of the tropical regions. It comprises the fortunate, far-famed Caucasian race, the dark, degraded Negro of central Africa, and the fearless, roaming, wild-wood Indian of the western world.—It reaches back to the remotest ages of antiquity, following the course of time thro' the dismal labyrinths of the gloomy past, up to the effulgent noon of the present eventful century. It passes not by one lowly hut or royal mansion, the prisoner's loathsome cell, or the happy home of the innocent and blessed. The proud and the gay, the thoughtful and the wise, the savage and the sage, all drink at this exhaustless fountain which sends forth its waters both bitter and sweet. We shall not attempt to develop *all* the relations we perceive to subsist between mind and the external world, nor trace these various relations in their *minutest* detail, which would lead us far beyond the limits of our present design.

As preparatory to what may follow, permit us to remark, that we reject positively and fearlessly the unphilosophical and infidel doctrine, that the different varieties of the human race had a distinct, a separate origin. We say we reject it, for it breathes the rankest poison. It strikes at the very foundation of every equitable institution. It is the watchword of the most determined and unmitigated tyranny. And, if man was created as he is, with all that disparity of talent and mental development which is now discovered

among the different races of men, where shall we look for a resting place, a safe retreat, whence we may trace the influence of peculiar circumstances in modifying the destiny of man? Strike then from thy vocabulary the word "*progression*."—Write in its stead the chilling, freezing words, "*inevitable fate!*" O! sweep from the delicate tendrils of thy warm, pulsating heart, that syren, lulling hope of purest intellectual pleasures wrapped up in the mysteries of coming years. Annihilate the cheering prospect of elevating the degraded nations of despotic lands to the noble dignity of the enlightened and the free. But, humiliating as it may be, we cannot escape the conclusion which God has written in bold relief on every feature of humanity, that all the people of the earth, of every country, and color, are brethren—the members of one common family. We must acknowledge the stupid Negro of Ethiopia as our brother, the imbecile Esquimaux of North America, and the besotted cannibal of New Zealand.

Admitting that all mankind have a common origin, which fact, not only is revealed in the scriptures of divine truth, but from the science of ethnography, is susceptible almost of mathematical demonstration what causes have produced the striking dissimilarities in the intellectual character of nations in different parts of the globe? Why does not the crowded mass of human beings who veil in darkness Africa's fair face, and cast a dismal shade of intellectual night on that exuberant portion of the physical creation of God, exhibit those marked characteristics of mental power and mental ascendancy which distinguish the active and enterprising nations of Europe, and the Caucasian race in North America? Why linger in imbecility the dwarfish tribes which wade the polar snows of Greenland's cold, bleak shore? Why have not *all* the nations of the earth advanced to the same grade of intellectual improvement. We believe there are causes, known and de-

terminate, which have produced the wonderful results, and among these the institutions and physical condition of the respective countries, we regard as the most prominent. We shall content ourselves with tracing some of the effects which the mind experiences from contact with external nature.

Mind is created a blank, not having received the slightest impression. It has a tablet on which can be inscribed in imperishable characters, the sublimest truths, the noblest conceptions of genius; but they must be written there; they are not born with the mind, nor do they constitute a part of it. There are *capabilities*, there are *deathless energies* which enter into its formation, that may exert a mighty power that may control the fate of a nation's weal or a nation's woe; but they lie slumbering in passive inactivity; they need the breath of earth, the magic touch that wakes to life and vigor all the faculties which sleep in unconscious being in the bosom of man. The mind is a mighty engine with every portion of the machinery in perfect harmony, in complete adaptation, yet of itself, isolated and alone, disconnected from the vast creation of God, dwelling in its own unvisited and cheerless sphere, it is as feeble as the pebble dashed madly along by the raging ocean's heaving billow, or the pendant rain-drop, which is dissipated by the first sunny breath of morn. There must be a motive power *applied*, a hand to move, guide and control, a substance to impart energy and strength, and furnish the facilities and occasion for action. The *capabilities* for action are embedded deep in the soul, but they would slumber till Jehovah's voice should rouse them from the lethargy of their quiet resting place, did not the contact of external things present a theme for thought, and, operating through the medium of the senses, and the brain—material as is its structure—excite sensations in the mind. The mind *can't think*, but it is not thought itself; it

can reason, but it is not reason. It *can acquire* ideas, yet ideas are no part of its essential being.

Not only must the mind *acquire* its ideas, but we are utterly unable to trace any medium for this acquisition except the physical world. The mind could gain no knowledge from sight were it not for the eye, nor from sound were there no material ear. The spicy fragrance wafted on the gentle breeze along the summer's sky, cannot delight the mind by the *direct* influence of its soothing richness, nor could we experience the sensation of taste or touch, had we not a physical existence. Point to the first glimmering ray of intellectual light emanating from the sacred shrine of thought, unwrought upon by nature's potent spell, uninfluenced by the contiguity of the material world. Annihilate matter and you may as well annihilate mind, should its constitution remain as it now is. Annihilate matter and you extinguish the last dawning of intellect, the last radiant beam that illumines the mental world. If then external nature is the only medium through which we can receive the impress of ideas on the mind, will not these ideas be modified by the character of this medium, its majesty and grandeur, or diminutive insignificance?

We then enunciate a broad and general principle, a principle that will form the basis of a portion of our reasoning—that peculiar and characteristic mental developments are induced to a great degree by the nature and appearance of that part of the physical creation which is brought directly within the range of mind, recognized through the bodily senses. That which is noble and grand, which rises in sublime magnificence before our soaring vision, must excite sensations in accordance with its own nobleness and grandeur. Great scenes and objects have possessed a powerful influence in moulding the destinies of earth, in preparing the millions who have occupied its savage

wilds, its lonely retreats, its shaded groves and romantic mountains, to assume the position where history has enrolled their names on the page of antique glory.

Visit Niagara—stand above that foaming, dashing mass of waters, that leap in maddening fury into the frightful gulf beneath. Listen to the awful roar that comes up from the ingulfing bosom of that yawning, devouring cataract. Tread cautiously the earth which trembles beneath the frowning wrath of nature, which quakes at the approach of the heaving billows which roll in tempestuous magnificence along their rock-girt channel. Bend over that frightful chasm, that vast, deep, raging abyss, from which the dim distance below, sends up its mingled notes of wailing and of woe. View the mighty ocean of troubled waters which pour themselves—a liquid mountain—down into the craggy depths of their rocky bed. What emotions at such an hour, crowd thick into the soul! How august the scene! Solenn but sublime are the thoughts awakened in the breast. Who can contemplate a spectacle like this without having the mind agitated and tossed, like the billows, which heave in their ocean surges before his wondering gaze! It would be an absolute impossibility at such a time to suspend the operations of mind, to banish reflections, noble and elevating, which spring spontaneously into life. We *must* think, and we must think *deeply* too. Our meditations must be on the grand, the mighty, the awful, the sublime. We cannot cherish a *trifling* thought, nor speak a *careless* word. Wrapped up in the majesty of the scene we gaze to wonder, we wonder to adore. We turn our eyes from the spot, but an image still lingers before the mental vision. It fades not away till it has left an impress imperishable as the constitution of our being which becomes almost a part of our existence. In after years we recur to the terrific grandeur which had agitated our swelling bosoms, and live again the life

which crowded volumes of thought into the brief space of a few fleeting moments, as we stepped upon the trembling brink of Niagara's eddying current.

Who will say that such an hour was not freighted with the most sacred treasures, that were ever in reserve for man?—It is impossible then to avoid the conclusion, that scenes noble in themselves, possessing a native, an inherent grandeur, do exert a powerful influence in moulding the character of man. Mind can only be developed as its faculties are brought into exercise. They must be aroused. There must be presented a theme for thought, and they must be induced to dwell upon this theme, to *grasp* the subject in consideration, and to trace its relations to whatever it may be allied. The requisite, therefore, for the improvement and cultivation of mind is to cause it to think, to think closely and with energy, to have its whole being absorbed and wrapped up in thought. Any portion of the physical world which possesses the adaptation to excite an interest, to engage the attention, to enlist the feelings of the soul, will inevitably modify those qualities which make us intelligent, rational beings. Not only must the subject elicit thought, but it is of infinite importance how, and on what we bestow that thought. The mind is developed strictly in accordance with the *nature* of the theme it contemplates.—If it is worthless and puerile, if it is trivial and insignificant, the mind will be degraded, it will sink to a level with the theme. It must adapt itself to it and partake of its nature. But if it is lofty and noble, if it is elevated and exalted, the mind will rise. It will be borne aloft on its soaring pinions to the proudest summit ever reached by the undying aspirations of genius. It may scale the heavens if it rests its ladder against a star. Thought is the food of the mind, and if this food be the ambrosia of the Gods, adds one more altar at which mortals may worship.

The lofty range of mountains, capped with heaven's eternal snows; the deep,

measureless abyss, wrapped up in the cloud of its rayless night; the blue expanse of ocean, rolling its angry billows in majestic grandeur from shore to shore, rocking to its very base the continent whose sea-girt sides are laved by the briny waves that sport in terrific fury in the hollow bosom of their mighty cavern, cannot be viewed by thoughtful man without exciting a train of reflections which possess a power to mould and fashion the character of the mind, and determine the relative position it shall occupy here on earth. We then contemplate nature in its lofty, extended sphere. The imagination soars away to dwell in sublimer regions, to seek a resting place among the noble and the grand.

Why worshipped the Greeks at Olympus base, or sacrificed to the ocean god? Why ascend their adorations along up this rugged mount of Jove's proud temple among the stars? Why, like the Jews at Sinai's base, did they gaze with fearful looks to its misty top, and paint among the clouds the sacred images of their celestial visitants? Why saw they in every gentle ripple, or the mighty movings of the tumbling mass of the fathomless abyss, the guiding hand of some mystic Divinity who presided over the waste of waters and ruled the howling tempest and the foaming sea? There was a nobleness, a grandeur, a sublimity that engaged their attention, and fixed inevitably the tenor of their thoughts. Mind will not fail to perceive the adaptation of things, to trace an apparent cause from observed effects, and to make that cause correspond in dignity and power with the effects produced. What more appropriate place could Jupiter select, than the Thessalian mount rising in romantic beauty till it was lost beyond the floating clouds? Where should Jove fix his blazing throne if not in such a lovely and transcendently glorious spot? It was the queen of mountains, and therefore it must be the residence of those whose power doth awe the world. If the ocean boils,

and tosses its furious billows heavenward, what supernatural being dwells beneath, whose moving breath thus agitates the passive waters of the sea? Must it not be a god whose wand has touched the obedient surface of the deep, and raised the dashing surges that roll in wild commotion to the quivering shore? The ancients had the physical world before them; the effects of nature's laws were in full view. They gazed, they wondered, they speculated.—They attempted to solve the mysteries that hung in the drapery of night around them. That faculty which searches the source, the agent, the cause did not sleep in unconscious existence in their bosoms. True to the instincts of nature and the dictates of reason, they assigned to the vast and the wonderful, causes adequate to produce the effects. It was in this manner that a great part of the ancient mythology was formed. It was not the pure offspring of the brain unaided, acting within and through itself. There would have been no gods to rule the world, had not the necessity of the case seemed to require it. And their notions of the character and situation of these lofty personages were derived strictly from analogies drawn from the human race, making suitable allowance for the comparative diversity of circumstance in which they were placed. Their ideas were cast in the mould of the physical universe around them. Their senses took cognizance of the state and situation of external things which insensibly, but with the certainty of fate fixed an indelible impress on the mind.

If, then, thought is at first originated and subsequently modified by the physical creation, is it not of great importance what scenery is brought before the mind, what objects are permitted to give character to the thoughts, to exert a determining power over them? Is it not a subject worthy of attention to analyze the effect produced upon the mind by the various material objects which are brought within its range, and so to complete and perfect

this analysis as to enable us to derive the greatest benefit from the principles evolved? We know there is no portion of created things, either noble in itself, or relatively insignificant, which is not adapted to influence in some degree the peculiar manifestations of mental character. Tell us what would be the result were this earth one vast unbroken plain, with no hills, mountains, nor valleys, to diversify the scene. With no rivers whose purling waters glide beautifully along their winding channels, nor ocean to lash the guardian shore with swelling surfs, or whose placid bosom is like the mirroring purity of a celestial spirit, reflecting the brightest lustre of the skies? but one dreary monotony of existence? What a sameness would we discover to exist among all the nations on the face of the earth! With other circumstances accordant with each other, we should not behold as we now do the towering greatness of some favored race, and deep, cheerless degradation in a sister land. This might be fitly illustrated, perhaps, by the sailor's life. Place him away upon the waste of waters which bound in every direction his vision. Let no storms arise, nor tempests howl about him. Let not the bosom of the sea be ruffled by the slightest breeze—but a death calm reign in its solemn stillness around. Let him float in the ocean current where nothing meets his gaze but an immense expanse of waters, till he has forgotten the scenes of former years, the sights which are presented in the bustling theatre of life on the shore. Make his thoughts such alone, as the monotony, in which he dwells suggests to his mind. The ocean is his home, his knowledge pierces not the veil that separates him from the active realities that enliven the tide of human affairs in the heart of Europe, or on the proud shores of Columbia's soil. With no incitements to effort, with nothing to engross the attention, to arouse the feelings of the soul, or to kindle the undying flame of ambition in the breast, *how* lofty would be his aspirations for fame, *how*

active that immortal principle of intelligence, *how* varied the emotions that faintly glimmer in the heart? The dullness and sameness that would characterise every mental effort, would substantiate the correctness of the position we have assumed: that materiality bears an important part in the development of our immaterial existence. The sighing winds cannot moan their plaintive strains thro' the hollow air and not breathe sadness into the soul. The dark and lowering cloud that hangs in awful, potentous night above our heads, enshrouds our whole being in gloom, and writes upon the tablet of the heart a solemn lesson, un-effaced by the fleeting moment that gave it birth.

The change of seasons which we experience the philosopher regards as fraught with blessings innumerable to the human race, not only as producing a pleasing variety, but as sustaining an intimate connection with the degree of mental development of the whole family of mankind. Give us an endless summer and you blot from the intellectual heavens the bright sun that illumines our path. You envelop us in a night of mental darkness as rayless and impenetrable as that which enshrouds the sable sons of Africa's burning clime.

There is one consideration of primary importance in the examination of this subject, but to which we can only briefly allude, which is the deduction drawn from the *philosophy of language* in favor of the position we have maintained. We have remarked that the mind can only be developed by thought, and everything, therefore, which displays the mode and occasions of thought, may assist us in our investigations. It is a fact long since conceded by every careful observer that the improvements in the intellectual condition of a nation always correspond with the progress of its language. The language of a people may indicate with unerring certainty its character, the grade it

occupies in the scale of civilization and mental advancement. Mind will not ascend far above its medium of expression.

With what does language prove that the thoughts have been principally employed? What is its constitution, the nature of the parts of which it is formed? In the ruder states of society we often find written language but the representation of material objects. Every idea, although it possesses not the slightest allusion to the external world, was delineated by some object of nature. This shows conclusively that our first thoughts were originated by means of those objects, which on every hand meet our view—that they are for a long time uppermost in the mind, and only disappear as *through themselves* they direct attention to that which is more ennobling and exalted. It has been found impossible to reach the loftier flights of genius, to soar into the purer realms of unclouded intellectual day, except up the steep and weary way that winds among the attractive scenery of earth.

Abstract ideas are not the first that are formed, but denote an advancement in the scale of mental improvement. Our childhood's visions are those of earth, the bright picture painted on the canvass of time, and decked with the floral wreath which grew in the sunny garden of the world. Newton did not from the deep labyrinths of the brain evolve the grand and momentous law of universal gravitation, and *then* extend the principle in its detail to the falling of an apple. The expansive power of steam was not first determined by the light of reason, and *then* demonstrated by experiment. The mighty and mysterious power of electricity, with all its wonderful phenomena, was not revealed to man as an astounding truth, and the eye *subsequently* turned with solicitous gaze to the black and fearful cloud to test the truthfulness of the startling announcement. The present self-instructed genius of man, did not from the matchless power of its own inherent greatness, pre-deter-

mine what must be the constitution of our earth, the order and elements of its several parts, and the system by which its various developments may be satisfactorily explained: and *afterwards* submit its deductions, correctly drawn, to the test of observation and application. This is emphatically a material world in which we live. We breathe the clear, the serene air of science; we drink at the silvery, enchanting fountain of truth; we unfold the divine principle of intellectual grandeur, of omnipotent thought, alone by the magic power of earth. We could not lip one simple word, nor think one silent thought, without recourse to the agency of the physical world. Our mental existence and its *mode* of being, seem wrapped up in the inclosing folds of nature.

Napoleon remarked of La Place, the distinguished French mathematician, that "he carried the infinitely small into every thing," an observation which, in the connection in which it occurs, illustrates an important and universal law of our being. Although deservedly one of the most renowned men of his time; although he possessed a mind that could fathom the deepest labyrinths of science, and unravel the most abstruse and perplexing questions—questions requiring the nicest mathematical precision, yet he was wholly unfitted to perform the duties of a cabinet officer in the excitable and volatile nation of his parent land. Yes, *he carried the infinitely small into every thing.* Accustomed to indulge in the minutest calculations, to carry his computations to the utmost precision, the most undeviating accuracy, his mind acquired a habit of thought and action unsuited to the revolutionizing scenes, which surrounded him during the turbulent and hazardous times in which he lived. It was then no time to deal in the niceties of mathematical exactness. Politics, the interests of civil government, required men of a bold, comprehensive, and intuitive genius, who were not obliged to await the deductions of a formula in flux-

ions, involving points needing the aid of a powerfully magnifying microscope to be discovered before they could proceed to action. La Place was too particular. The reasonings of mathematics have their appropriate and well defined sphere. There are definite and unfailing premises on which to build, which render our inferences absolutely and indisputably correct — But moral reasoning, the reasoning of the politician and statesman, cannot have this incontestable certainty. The very nature of the case forbids it. The habits of mind which La Place had formed, derived from the peculiarities of the subject to which his attention had been directed, disqualified him for the exigencies which inevitably arise amid the turbulence which necessarily attends the revolutions of a mighty and struggling people. This instance then brings clearly to our view the principle so often illustrated already, that the particular direction in which our thoughts are turned, induced by the peculiar circumstances in which we may be placed, exerts a commanding influence over the nature of the mind itself. If from our relations to the external world we are led to contemplate one portion of the works of God, we experience a far different effect than if our thoughts should be absorbed in the consideration of objects possessing a character utterly distinct and diverse from the former.

But we are not left to speculations merely, nor the examination of isolated and extraordinary cases. We cannot open our eyes upon the world teeming with its millions of dissimilar intelligences, without reading everywhere, in lines of truth immutable and imperishable as the throne of Omnipotence and the manifestations of creative power, the same lesson of instruction, the same exhibition of the providence of God in the adaptation of all his works. Why wear the Indians of the forest that distinctive cast of mind, those singularities of mental temperament which distinguish them from every other nation on the face of the earth? Are they a race by

themselves, indigenous to the soil? Are they not members of the great family of mankind, the descendants with us of the same common parent? Has the Almighty placed a stamp upon them which must forever separate them from the universal brotherhood of the nations of the world? — Why do they exhibit that roaming wildness, that love of unrestrained freedom, which so remarkably characterizes them as a people? The tyrant's sword may crush them, but it cannot subdue them. — The last surviving warrior raises the streaming arm of vengeance, and swears a solemn oath upon the altar of ancestral liberty, to consecrate the last flowing drop of his heart's blood in the sacred cause of freedom, or range his own native woods unchecked by a foreign power. Is not the character they manifest just such as we might reasonably expect from the life they have lived? They breathe a spirit as free as the deer they chase. They know no bounds to the rights they own, for the wild woods they roam present no barrier to their advancing step. Untrammelled by the refinements of minute municipal regulations, they bow not willingly to the yoke of bondage. They see inscribed on every feature of nature as they behold it in the grandeur of its own native, unartistic loveliness, the impressive lesson, that there is no power, whose prerogative it is to bring them into subjection, that all created things wear the sign and seal of freedom; and shall not they too enjoy the pure air of a free and independent clime?

Observe carefully the character of those nations which dwell amid the bold, rugged mountains of Europe. The bluffs rise in imposing majesty about them, and the billings of their bosoms rise along with them. The rude and daring scenery by which they are surrounded, writes its image on the tablet of the mind, which endures until the spectacle fades away in the opening light of a spirit world. Every thought is one of fearless intrepidity. The mind soars to the towering height that

is peering among the clouds, and marks every projecting rock and frowning cliff along up the steep ascent. The dangers which seem to threaten soon vanish from the thoughts, and the mind in time acquires a fearless recklessness, induced by the savage and imposing aspect of the scenes which lower about on every side. The Goth and the Vandal, that deluged Southern Europe with their arms, and spread with their conquering power a deathly tremor throughout the civilised world, issued from the bold and rugged regions of the North, where the enervating touch of effeminate nature never softened the rough lineaments of a fearless spirit, nor subdued the intractable manifestations of a refractory mind. Every "swarm from this Northern hive" possessed the same marked characteristics, wholly unlike their neighbors at the South. Their feelings, their mental temperament, and their whole character, were peculiar to themselves.

The Indian tribes which, descending from the frigid clime of Northern British America, founded the kingdom of the Aztecs in the heart of Mexico, in the distinctive features of mind they bore presented a striking contrast to their brethren in the other portions of the western world. We might adduce instances almost innumerable to substantiate what we regard as clearly an incontestible doctrine—that "the material world exerts an important influence on the development of mind and formation of character."

There is one consideration to which we have not yet alluded, and of which we solicit a careful examination. We refer to the effect that climate produces on individual and national character. The influence of climate on the physical, intellectual and moral condition of mankind, has received elaborate discussion at different periods of the world. That it has a powerful, a controlling effect, I think cannot be denied. The history of the whole human race from the earliest records of national existence down to the present pe-

riod, embracing every clime and every people, proves conclusively that mighty changes are produced, that great and important revolutions are accomplished by the sole agency of climate. But that its power is resistless, that its decrees are as authoritative and binding as the unyielding destinies of fate, is undoubtedly assuming too much for the relations and constitution of any mere material substances. Yet it has an influence, and one too that the world has felt and witnessed for ages past. That climate operates *directly* on the mind none would maintain except those who would make its constitution material. Its effects must be experienced through the medium of the body. And is our mental being, are those perceptive, reasoning, discriminating faculties of the mind, so dependent on our physical organization as to furnish a ready explanation of the causes, of the striking diversities of intellectual powers, which so evidently pertain to nations inhabiting different localities on the earth's surface?—Have the burning rays of a scorching sun, which pour down upon the bosom of Africa, written mental degradation, intellectual death, on this bright and sunny clime? Is the inferiority, the debasement, the utter prostration of all the ennobling qualities of human nature, which seem to form the distinctive features of that unfortunate race which darkens the fair face of this portion of God's Universe, attributable to the enervating agency of its sultry heat, enfeebling all the energies of the soul?—Is it the withering, chilling air of the polar regions, freezing up the fountains of thought, and blasting every bud of intellectual hope, that produces the universal mental imbecility which constitutes a melancholy feature of every frigid clime?—The mysteries that would seem to envelope this subject are easily solved by a recurrence to the fixed and determined laws of our being. In the temperate regions, which are considered the best adapted to the development of thought, we find everywhere life and activity. Man is obliged

to labor; nature does not produce everything for his comfort and convenience without his agency. And not only is exertion requisite, but the greatest rewards are offered for the noblest personal efforts. It is not the struggle as despair settles down on the hopeless spirit, as the last expiring ray flickers feebly in the distance, and then sinks beneath the horizon to appear no more on earth; but it is the grand, the aspiring, the ennobling struggle, when victory is in full view, when success, brilliant and inspiring, crowns the directive energies of a rational being. In the polar regions, however, there is nothing for which to labor. Hope does not enliven the soul with its bright dreams encircling the future. The dreary, blasting wind that sweeps its wailing notes in dismal accents o'er the land, sighs a sad requiem over the tomb of a crushed and sunken mind. Here are no motives for action. The thoughts are not elevated above the mere sustenance of the body.—The mental horizon darkens as we look forth upon the world around, and man appears the powerless victim of a relentless clime. No incitements nerve the soul. Passive, unaroused, the faculties of the mind sleep their quiet sleep, never to awake into the blazing glories of a bright, a cloudless day. Beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun, the scene is changed, and the opposite, yet no less unfavorable extreme, marks the progress in a torrid clime. Here, nature has lavished her blessings in the richest abundance. She has left nothing for man to do. He need not toil, he need not labor, he need not plan the future. Though thoughtless, though not the least glimmering of deliberate reason lights up his bosom, not a passing reflection of coming days, dwells in that limless breast, yet the bounties of earth still linger before his vision, and urge themselves on his acceptance. Why should care furrow his brow, or sorrow weave its icy mantle round the soul? Why harass the feelings of the heart when the greatest profusion smiles on every side?—

In the expressive language of Guyot—
 “The man of the tropical regions is the son of a wealthy house. In the midst of the abundance which surrounds him, labor too often seems to him useless: to abandon himself to his inclinations is a more easy and agreeable pastime. A slave of his passions, an unfaithful servant, he leaves uncultivated and unused the faculties with which God has endowed him.—The work of improvement is with him a failure.”

But not only are there no inducements for vigorous and persevering exertion on the exuberant soil of a torrid clime, but man is rendered unfit for that lofty and towering effort, those noble aspirations of an undying soul, which reach beyond the present, and grasp the mighty and sublime truths which must be evolved by the deathless powers of an intelligent and energetic man. Here a lassitude steals on his spirits. The physical system labors under the deepest depression. Every power is unnerved, and a weariness, a disinclination to effort of every kind, silently enshrouds the soul, and sinks it into a state of listless inactivity. You have all experienced the effects of the oppressive heat of a summer's sultry day, when it required all the resolution of a determined spirit to arouse into exercise the faculties which were reposing quietly in the unagitated bosom. But increase this effect ten-fold, and let it commence when the infant first breathes the air of heaven, and cease not till the silvered brow of age shall rest in the tomb, what would be its influence, who could estimate its power? And in connection with the fact that there is nothing in a tropical region to excite the burning flame of ambition in the human breast, the inevitable tendency of its climate is to degrade man in the scale of existence, to lower him far beneath the commanding position occupied by his brethren of the temperate clime.

Why differed so much the national spirit of the Incas, when Pizarro toiled across

the rugged mountains of Peru, thirsting for renown, from the bold, intrepid daring with which the Mexican hosts, spurred on by the maddening fury of an injured race, attempted to beat back the valorous troops that Cortes was leading on to victory and conquest? The red man of Peru and the copper-colored Mexican surely acknowledged a common origin. They together were members of one branch of the family of mankind. Every feature bespeak the truthfulness of this deduction. Why then did the shrill notes of war, which reverberated from mountain wave to mountain wave upon the briny surface of the heaving deep, from Spain's proud shore to the dreary wilderness of the western world, in its first echo among the Peruvian hills, convey the knell of death to the *passive, unresisting* minds, and sound its terrors in the ear of those who *quietly submitted* to the fate of a conquered people; while the *same warlike* cry which rung along the frost-bound sierras of Mexico's savage wilds, and floated on the tremulous breeze that pensively wailed throughout this agitated realm, stirred up in the breast of Montezuma's loyal tribes that spirit which sunk not with the decline of liberty, but struggled when freedom had expired beneath the conqueror's sword, to regain the rights so wrongfully snatched from their embrace? The proper reply, we think, is very evident. No satisfactory explanation can be given without admitting the agency of climate, in some degree, in producing these results.

The Mexicans and Peruvians, as we have said, had a common origin. They emigrated from the same parent land.—The same national feeling pervaded their bosoms. Why, then, these peculiar distinctive characteristics? Why did not the rugged landscapes of Mexico impart to its inhabitants the cast of mind the Peruvians bore, and why did the dwellers on the plains of Peru exhibit a marked resemblance to other nations of the same latitude? If climate be regarded as pow-

erless, why is there such a contrast between nations inhabiting unlike localities on the earth's surface: those in certain latitudes invariably manifesting inferior mental developments to others whose home is in a different clime? Why is South America degraded below North America, and Africa below Europe? And what causes this complete correspondence of intellect to climate in every part of the world?

There are, however, other physical causes which tend to stamp on Africa's sons their present mental imbecility, and which, perhaps, in some degree, may be applicable to South America. We refer to the general configuration of the continents. Africa has less extent of sea-coast than any other body of land of equal dimensions on the whole earth. It is one unbroken mass, with no indentations of gulfs and bays, with no large rivers dividing it up into separate portions, and furnishing the medium of commerce and exchange. It is a solid trunk, with no members to give it life and action. Its heart has no veins and arteries connecting it with different parts of the system, by which may be preserved a free and easy communication. The millions who darken this portion of the heritage of God, and rest as a black spot on the fair face of earth, are crowded together beneath the piercing rays of a scorching sun, with no intercourse with other nations of the world, but one immovable, impenetrable cloud they settle down like the shades of night, enshrouding in gloom one of the brightest regions on the globe. They may, it is true, act and react on each other, but it is the corrupting, debasing touch which is sinking them lower and still lower at every instance of social contact. They dwell within their prison walls, and should one ray of light reach them, borne on the billowy ocean wave, it bears the message of human sorrow, and causes them to shrink away from the gaze of the civilized world.

With all these considerations brought before our view, with the truthful history of mankind imprinted on the tablet of time, and displayed to our sight, with the whole theatre of life in every clime and on every shore enacted before our vision, can we avoid the inference which crowds itself upon our conviction with the force of demonstration, that the external world, in its various forms and modifications, exerts a moulding, determining influence on the development of mind and formation of individual and national character? We know this deathless principle within, this power to think and reason, to create and subdue, to discriminate and comprehend, depends for its exercise on the physical world with which it is so intimately associated, and is subject to nature in the degree, strength, and character of these exhibitions of thought, and the peculiarities of mental temperament.

As supplementary to this, an interesting question presents itself for our solution. Do the unlike developments of nature, the dissimilarities in climate, and all the general varieties of feature on the whole face of earth, present an insuperable barrier to the elevating those nations which are now depressed, and placing all mankind more nearly on the same broad platform of mental equality? Do the physical characteristics of the world stamp an impress on the soul which the determined energy, the godlike effort of man cannot resist or counteract? We fearlessly and emphatically answer in the negative. The Almighty has not thus sealed our doom, and made mind the slave of matter, this ethereal being, this essence of divinity, the fated victim of a relentless power. We yet, with our own hand, may register our destiny on the flaming tablet of future years, and, as supreme dictator, may bid its execution. We have enunciated the proposition, that the faculties of the mind could be enlarged and strengthened only as they were induced to put forth effort; and that the physical

world served but as the occasion of thought, the material on which the intellect could act. It is, after all, the mind that must do the work, if anything is accomplished, and it retains within itself the ability to use such materials and such agencies as it shall deem proper. It is only its capability of exciting a particular train of thought, or mode of thinking, that gives materiality its power and influence. Let thought be incited by any other means, and the same result will inevitably follow. The institutions of a country which make it necessary for each individual to act, and act, too, from the dictates of reason, to judge and determine for himself, to sit the arbiter of his nation's destiny, stand out before us, the mighty agencies of intellectual culture, of national aggrandisement and power. Yes, there are appliances that may be used, which can elevate, which can ennoble every branch of the great family of mankind. God never ordained the majesty, the peerless grandeur of an immortal mind, and then subjected it to laws which must, by the decrees of heaven's high court, crush its rising energies, or dim its dawning glories. No, a brighter sun will yet bathe with its holy light the face of earth, a purer air will yet fan its brow, a nobler era will deck the record of its changes of history. Traced at the birth of time, by the finger of Almighty power, in the beaming radiance of celestial truth, on the world's sacred scroll, we read the cheering and swelling assurance, that the future will unveil the proudest triumphs of mind in every land where the providence of Deity has fitted a habitation for man.

An important lesson we may adduce from the principles here evolved, a lesson intimately connected with our own happiness and well-being. If the physical world affects the mind by the thoughts it excites; if its influence is derived from its reflex action on the mind, contemplating material objects as noble and grand, or diminutive and insignificant, we behold illustrated the necessity of directing our

thoughts to those subjects which are worthy and elevated, which are calculated to exalt and ennoble the faculties of the soul. We derive, unexpectedly, perhaps, a convincing proof that "man is the architect of his own fortune," for if the mind is susceptible of such great and wonderful changes, dependent on the themes it selects for contemplation, or which are suffered to engross the attention, we have our destiny placed in our own hands. We can direct the channel of our thoughts, and God will hold us responsible for the improvement we make of our talents in an intellectual as well as a moral point of view. We have the world of nature around us, placed at our command; we have every appliance necessary for our improvement. All things are nicely adapted to our mental advancement, and the obligation, solemn and imperative, rests upon us to leave unused none of the means a kind Providence has placed within our reach, to accomplish the designs of our being.

GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL.

Partly for the love of adventure and partly for advantage to his health, in the spring of 1841 Mr. Kendall determined to make an excursion into the great southwestern prairies, and the contemplated trading expedition to Santa Fe offering escort and agreeable companions, he procured passports from the Mexican vice-consul at New Orleans, and joined it, at Austin. The history of this expedition has become an important portion of the history of the nation, and its details, embracing an account of his own captivity and sufferings in Mexico, were written by Mr. Kendall in one of the most spirited and graphic books of military and wilderness adventure, vicissitude, and endurance, that has been furnished in our times. The work was published in two volumes, by the Harpers, in 1844. It has since passed through many editions, and for the fidelity and felicity, the bravery

and *bon homie*, that mark all its pages, is likely to be one of the choicest chronicles that will be quoted from our own in the new countries.

After the publication of his narrative of the Santa Fe Expedition, Mr. Kendall resumed his more immediate services in the *Picayune*—always, it may be said without injustice to his associates, most attractive under his personal supervision; and in the angry and water-tending controversies with Mexico which filled the public mind in the succeeding years, he was one of the calmest as well as wisest of our journalists. When at length the conflict came on, he attended the victorious Taylor as a member of his staff along the mountains and valleys which that great commander marked with the names of immortal victories, and had more than satisfaction for all griefs of his own in seeing the flag of his country planted in every scene in which his country had been insulted in his own person.

Upon the conclusion of the war, Mr. Kendall commenced the preparation of the magnificent work which has lately been published in this city by the Appletons, under the title of *The War between the United States and Mexico, by George W. Kendall, illustrated by pictorial drawings by Carl Nebel*. Mr. Nebel may be regarded as one of the best battle-painters living.—He accompanied Mr. Kendall during the war, and made his sketches while on the several fields where he had witnessed the movements of the contending armies; and in all the accessories of scenery, costume, and general effect, he has unquestionably been as successful as the actors in the drama admit him to have been in giving a vivid and just impression of the distinguishing characteristics of each conflict. The subjects of the plates are the Bombardment of Vera Cruz, the Battle of Cerro Gordo, the Storming of Cherusco, the Attack on Molino del Rey, General Scott's Entrance into Mexico, the Battle of Palo Alto, and the Capture of Monterey. In some cases, there are two representa-

tions of the same scene, taken from different points of view. These have all been reproduced in colored lithography by the best artists of Paris. The literary part of the work, comprising very careful and particular accounts of these events, is excellently written—so compactly and perspicuously, with so thorough a knowledge and so pure a taste, as to be deserving of applause among models in military history. Mr. Kendall passed about two years in Europe, for the purpose of superintending its publication, and its success must have amply satisfied the most sanguine anticipations with which he entered upon its composition.

New England is largely represented among the leading editors of the South and West, and it is a little remarkable that the two papers most conspicuous as representatives of the idiosyncrasies which most obtain in their respective states—the *Picayune* and George D. Prentice's *Louisville Journal*—are conducted by men from sections most antagonistical in interests and feeling, men who have carried with them to their new homes and who still cherish there all the reciprocated affections by which they were connected with the North. When George W. Kendall leaves New Orleans for his summer wandering in our more comfortable and safe latitudes, an ovation of editors awaits him at every town along the Mississippi, and, crossing the mountains, he is the most popular member of the craft in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston—an evidence that the strifes of party may exist without any personal ill-feeling if the editor never forgets in his own person to sustain the character of a gentleman.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.

It might be supposed that the every-day married lady was formerly the every-day young lady, and has now merely changed her condition. But this is not the case,

for nothing is more common than to see the most holiday spinsters settle down into the most working-day matrons. The married lady; in fact, of the species we would describe, has no descent in particular. If you can imagine a pupa coming into the world of itself without any connection with the larva, or an imago unconscious of the pupa, that is the every-day married lady. She is born at the altar, conjured into life by the ceremonial and having utterly lost her individual existence, becomes from that moment a noun of multitude. People may say, "Oh, this is our old acquaintance, Miss Smith!" but that is only calling names, for the identity is gone. If she is anything at all but what appertains to the present, she is the late Miss Smith, who has survived herself, and changed into a family.

We would insist upon this peculiarity of the every-day married lady—that her existence is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours and us. She respects the rights of paternity so much, as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their actual or possible offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern. And this is all the better for her tranquility: for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out very well. She feels that she is only a passenger; and although, as such, she may recommend to shorten sail when weathering a critical point, or, for the sake of safety, to come to anchor in the middle of the sea, she has still a certain faith in his skill or luck, and sleeps quietly in the storm. For this reason the every-day married lady is comfortable in the figure, and has usually good round features of her own. The Miss Smith, she has survived, has a

slender waist and small delicate hands; but this lady is a very tolerable armful, and the wedding-ring makes such a hollow on her finger, that one might think it would be difficult to get off.

The every-day married lady is commonly reported to be selfish; but this is a mistake. At least her selfishness embraces the whole family circle: it has no personality. When the wife of a poor man, she will sit up half the night sewing and darning, but not a stitch for herself: that can be done at any time; but the boys must go comfortably to school, and the girls look genteel on the street, and the husband—to think of Mr. Brown wanting a button on his shirt! She looks selfish, because her eyes is always on her own, and because she talks of what she is always thinking about; but how can one be selfish who is perpetually postponing herself, who dresses the plainest, eats the coarsest, and sleeps the least of the family? She never puts herself forward in company unless her young ladies want backing; but yet she never feels herself overlooked, for every word, every glance bestowed upon them, is communicated electrically to her. She is, indeed, in such perfect rapport with the concern, that it is no uncommon thing for her to go home chuckling with amusement, overpowered with delight, from a party at which she had not once opened her lips. This is the party which she pronounces to have “gone off” well. Half-observant people fancy that the calculation is made on the score of the jellies and ice, and singing and dancing, and so on, and influenced by a secret comparison with her own achievements; but she has more depth than they imagine, and finer sympathies—they don’t understand her.

The every-day married lady is not unsocial—not at all: all comfortable people are social; but she is partial to her own class, and does not care to carry her confidence out of it. She has several intimate friends whom she is fond of meeting; but besides that, she is a sort of a freemason in her way, and finds out every-

day people by the word and sign. Rank has very little to do with this society, as you will find if you observed her sitting at a cottage door, where, in purchasing a draught of milk, she has recognized a sister. If these two every-day married women had been rocked in the same cradle they could not talk more intimately; and, indeed, they have heavy matters to talk about, for of all the babies that ever came into this breathing world, theirs were the most extraordinary babies. The miracle is, that any of them are extant after such outrageous measles, and scarlet fevers, and chicken-poxes—prophesied of, so to speak, even before their birth, by memorabilia that might have alarmed Dr. Simson. The interlocutors part very well pleased with each other: the cottager proud to find that she has so much in common with a real lady, and the lady pronouncing the reflection of herself she had met with to be a most sensible individual.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word can not well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand, however, what it means, altho’ few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, “This is comfort!” it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or

dressed the dinner, or threw the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spicing, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine that the every-day married lady is the English wife of foreigners and moralists.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread-and-butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *no body* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea; that is a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labor of love. With her daughters, in the mean time, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend companionably toward each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honor to their breeding. The husband calls this "dawdling," and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother.—Not that the sentiment is steady and uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessary not requiring any special notice.—But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the pining girl flies for refuge and comfort; see what *abandon* she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation; and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They dote on their every-day grandmamma. Their natures, not yet sored and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognize instinctively those blessed souls to whom God has given, to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives?—The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; "their purposes are broken off;" they desire to have nothing more to do with the world; they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when

they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

"We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth;
We miss her when the evening falls—
A trifle wanted on the earth !

"Some fancy small, or subtle thought,
Is checked ere to its blossom grown;
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now—she hath flown !"

And so she passed away—this every day married lady—leaving memorials of her common-place existence every where throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

There is a proverb which says, "better is the enemy of well." Perhaps we may go further, and say, that "Well sometimes makes us regret bad."

You would have confessed the truth of this latter axiom if you had known, as I did, an excellent young man named Horace Castillet, who had been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect, an amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gayety and vain dissipation which so often ensnare youth. Forsoaking the flowery paths of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, up-hill road of diligent, persevering study. He wrought with ardor, and already success crowned his efforts. Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled his hours of solitary study, but he was amply consoled by the prospect of fortune and well-earned fame which lay before him. So he always appeared in society amiable and cheerful, enlivening the social circle with

the sallies of his wit and genius. He used sometimes to say, laughing: "Fair ladies, mock me, but I will take my revenge by obliging them to admire me!"

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace, and said to him: "I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discovery of science, and be, at the same time, a great and a handsome man." Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he reappeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognize him. "Yes," said he, "it is I myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature! Now, gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasure of the world, without any longer having to fear its raillery!"

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken among those of the great men—if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the ardent young man drink of the world's poisoned springs. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! Æsop, perhaps, might never have composed his Fables had orthopedia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make him amends for his natural defects. His uncle, seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends: "I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have acted like the traveller who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!"

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever working mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy.

When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his workshop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the state. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stutter; a skillful operator restored to him the free use of his tongue, and the world, to its astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool! Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect; and a half-spoken word seemed to imply far more than it expressed. But when the flow of language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own commonplace declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eyeballs, and said—"Come with me; I will restore your sight." The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

"You mistake," said the mendicant, producing a paper; "here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates."

"Stuff!" cried the official; "this license is for a blind man, and you seem to enjoy

excellent sight." Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of working for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much-applauded comic actor named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivaled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair; but when, after a time, his excitement cooled down, he dispatched a friend, a trusty eavey, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

"She does not like you," said the candid ambassador; "she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and, besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves."

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

"Come," said his friend, after musing for a while, "if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet."

"Explain yourself?"

"You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a frightful squint?"

"I know it."

"Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation." No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage, after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character: the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

"Samuel!" "Where is Samuel?" "We want Samuel!" was vociferated by pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights and said—"Here I am, gentlemen: I am Samuel!"

"Out with the impostor!" was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage.—He had lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar: he could no longer appear in his favorite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny: he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence. 'Let well alone' is a wise admonition: "Let bad alone" may sometimes be a wiser.

CHARLES WOLFE.

It is probable that to many of our readers the name which stands at the head of this sketch is unknown, and that those who recognize it, will only know it as that of the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore—a lyric of such surpassing beauty that so high a judge as Lord Byron considered it the perfection of English lyrical poetry, preferring it before Coleridge's lines on Switzerland—Campbell's *Hohenlinden*—and the finest of Moore's Irish Melodies, which were instanced by Shelly and others. Yet, unknown as the Rev. Charles Wolfe is, it is unquestionable that he was a man possessing the highest powers of imagination, and a powerful intellect, cultivated to a very high point of perfection, and fitting him to become one of the brightest stars of the world of literature. Why he is unknown, is then probably a question which will suggest itself to the minds of many, and the answer must be, because he did so little for the world to remember him by. The whole of his literary remains, including his sermons, and a biographical sketch, which fills one half of

the book, is contained in a moderate sized octavo volume published after his death, by the Rev. J. A. Russell, Archdeacon of Ologher, whose affection for the memory of Mr. Wolfe prompted him to edit and give to the world the fragmentary manuscripts, which are the only lasting and appreciable records of the residence of a great spirit among us. But it may be asked why, with such capabilities and powers as we have stated Mr. Wolfe to possess, he did so little? And to that interrogation many replies may be given.—Mr. Wolfe died at the early age of 32, just when the powers are in their full vigor—and in the latter years of his life, he had devoted himself enthusiastically to the duties which had devolved upon him as curate of a large and populous parish in the north of Ireland. Neither of these reasons, however, is sufficient, for we know that the poetic intellect is precocious, and brings forth fruit early, Shelly, who died younger, left productions behind him which will hand his name down to the latest posterity; and the comparatively voluminous writings of, the witty dean, Sidney Smith, prove that a man may bear the weight of the clerical office, and take an active part in politics in addition, and yet leave enough behind him to keep his name green in the memory of the world.

The true reason why Mr. Wolfe did so little, is no doubt to be found in the character of his mind, and this is easily traceable, both in the mild, child-like, almost simple, but intelligent expression of the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume to which we have adverted, and in most of the passages of his life. There was a want of strong resolution, and an absence of concentration so marked, that he seldom read completely through even those books which most deeply interested him—there was a nervous susceptibility and an openness to new impressions, that caused him as it were to dwell upon every passage he did read, to linger over its beauties, to start objections to its theo-

ries, to argue them out, and to develop to its fullest every suggestive thought; and there was in him a spirit of good nature trenching upon weak compliance, which put his time at the service of all who chose to thrust employment upon him. Added to this, and arising out of his want of steady resolution and earnest will, there was a habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, of which he was himself fully sensible, and which he speaks of in one of his letters, as that "fatal habit of delay and procrastination, for which I am so pre-eminently distinguished."

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, and was born in Dublin on the 13th of December, 1791. The family was not unknown to fame, for the celebrated General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was one of its members, and Lord Kilwarden, an eminent man at the Irish bar, and who was afterwards elevated to the dignity of a judgeship, was another. At an early age the father of our hero died, and the family removed to England, where Charles Wolfe was sent to a school at Bath. Here, however at the age of ten years, his studies were interrupted by failing health for a period of twelve months. After that, he was in the establishment of Dr. Evans, of Salisbury; and in 1805 we find him at Winchester school, under the superintendence of Mr. Richards, senior. Here he became conspicuous for his classical knowledge, and his great powers of versification, and which gave promise of future excellence. What appears more distinctly, though, than his mental ability at this age, was the amiability of his disposition, and the tractability of his nature. His kindness, cheerfulness and open sympathy drew to him the love of his fellows; and the esteem in which he was held by his masters may be judged from the fact, that during the whole period of his pupilage, his conduct never drew down upon him punish-

ment or even a reprimand. His tender and affectionate disposition endeared him to his own family, with whom he was an especial favorite; and in connection with this we may mention one circumstance strongly indicative of his yielding character. In spite of his gentle nature, he, animated no doubt by that desire for glory so common to poetical minds, and which, looking on the brighter side of war, hides its terrors and its horrors from the young and ardent, wished to enter the army, but finding that the idea gave pain to his mother, he immediately abandoned the notion, and appears from thenceforth to have looked upon the clerical office as his destined part in life. Strange transition, from the aspiration to carry forth death and destruction, to that of being the bearer of the glad tidings of "peace on earth, and good will toward men." The change however, is one which we believe to be one not unrequent. The same desire for fame urges men to the bar, the pulpit and the tented-field, and but for maternal love Charles Wolfe, carrying with him that martial spirit which now and then breaks out in his poetry, might have been like his namesake, the General, a blood-stained hero instead of a peaceful, loving Irish curate. So powerful are circumstances to mould man's fate—and Wolfe was of that mould on which circumstances act with peculiar force. Had he been a soldier, it may be that the occupation would have strengthened his *physique* at the expense of his mentality, and that his bodily powers, unimpaired by sedentary habits, would have carried him on to a good old age. There is food for reflection in that idea, of how every course of life has its mixed good and evil.

In 1808 his family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 Charles Wolfe became a student of Dublin University. Here his classical learning and poetical attainments soon made him conspicuous, and he carried off prizes from the most distinguished of his competitors. The Historical Society of the University, the object of which

was the cultivation of history, poetry and oratory, also afforded him scope for the display of his talents. Most of the few poetical efforts of Mr. Wolfe were made at this period, including the death of Sir John Moore, and a beautiful song, connected with which is an anecdote so strikingly characteristic with the nature of the author's mind, and so indicative of his extreme sensibility, that it is worth notice.

He was particularly open to the influence of music, and one of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air "Gramadhree," to which, at the request of a friend he wrote the following song;

"If I had thought thou could'st have died

I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy bleak, chill corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am all alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

His friends asked him whether he had any real incident in his mind which suggested the stanzas; he said "he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

In the first year of Mr. Wolfe's attendance at the University, death took his mother, to whom he was most affectionately attached—an event which, for some time, interrupted his studies, and when he resumed them, he did not manifest much inclination to apply himself to the exact sciences. Here, however, that kindness of disposition which had made him more useful to others than to himself, and induced him to neglect his own interests and lend himself to those of his friends with an almost fatal facility, came to his aid and stood him in good stead. The desire to assist a less gifted acquaintance impelled him to study more strenuously than he would have done for his own benefit, and had the effect of so drawing out his own talents for scientific pursuits that at an examination upon the severer sciences, he carried away the prize from a host of talented candidates. Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he discovered the benefits of his scientific acquirements; but in that capacity his amiability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

After the usual period at the University, Mr. Wolfe took a scholarship, with the highest honors, and went into residence, and in 1814 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His friends, seeing the talents he possessed for scientific pursuits, urged him to read for a fellowship, and for some time he prosecuted his studies with marked effect, but the want of the power of continuous application and intense concentration, made him the sport of

every trifling interruption, and the habit he had of throwing aside books partly read and dwelling upon striking passages and disputable theories, impeded his progress. It is probable, however, that with his great mental facilities, a less amount of exertion would have sufficed than with less gifted students; and that despite his want of industrial energy, and his unfavorable habits of mind, he would have succeeded, but he was doomed to be disappointed in a manner which must have had a very depressing effect on a mind constituted as his was.

He had formed an intimacy with a family in the vicinity of Dublin, and while his visits to the beautiful scenery in which their dwelling was situated, stimulated his poetical faculties, the charms of a daughter of the house touched the sensitive heart of the young scholar. The attachment was mutual, and ripened apace, but his want of "prospects" induced the prudent parents to break off the intimacy. The expectant fellowship, indeed, would have afforded him sufficient means, but a barbarous statute was in force which imposed celibacy upon the fellows, and barred his hopes. If this disappointment had happened to a man of strong resolute will it would, in all probability, after the first shock was over, have thrown him back upon his studies more determinedly than ever, but on a nature like that of our hero, it had the contrary effect. It damped his ardor, he lost both his mistress and the chance of preferment; and, turning to religion for consolation, he was ordained in November, 1817, and shortly after, was engaged in temporary duty in the North of Ireland, and finally settled as curate of Donoughmore, where he continued the greater part of the remainder of his life.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest—the strong impulse supplied

by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the university had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him, to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction and even insult from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered round him and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons, which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. He lived in an old, half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot in all weathers to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician.

His return to his parish after that short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers.— His health, however, still continued to fall, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and to use his own words, "stripped him of his gown." Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and sea-sickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergyman, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the 32d year of his age. About a twelvemonth previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All the letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring friends.

Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interest and wishes of his fellows, which friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

SPEAK IN KINDNESS TO THE STRANGER.

BY E. D. NEWBERRY.

Once I saw a rich exchanger
Lolling in his easy chair,
When a weary Magyar stranger
Asked relief from want and care,
Rough, I heard the answer given;
Heard the stranger's saddened sigh—
Saw his way-worn heart was riven,
Read this passage in his eye.

Speak in kindness to the stranger
Called from home and friends to part,
Through this chilling world a ranger,
None can tell how lone his heart.
Gentle words are easy spoken,
But they fill the soul with cheer;
Oft they ease the heart that's broken,
Oft they dry the falling tear.

Speak in kindness to the stranger,
Till ye feel ye ne'er can know,
Of the lone ones toil and danger,
Of his deep despair and woe.
One kind word may save from madness,
Waking hope within the heart;
Others fill his soul with gladness,
And console his heart to rest.

Speak in kindness to the stranger,
 For one day, thou too mayst be,
 Of thy home a constant changer,
 Then kind words will comfort thee,
 Then will gentle accents charm thee,
 Like the love-tones of a dream,
 And forbidding cares to harm thee,
 Fill thy soul with joy's bright beam.

Speak in kindness to the stranger,
 For our Saviour, from his birth,
 From his cradle in the manger,
 Wandered, lonely through the earth.
 Then thy Saviour here will bless thee,
 If thou cheer the stranger's heart;
 Then at death he will confess thee,
 And in bliss appoint thy part.

For the Miscellany.
 OUR TAVERN:

How we came to have it, and how it worked.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHELL.

Of all our Institutions there is no one so prominent and sharing so largely in the practical notice of men, that at the same time so much escapes consideration and enjoys the largest liberty to be and do what it pleases, as the Tavern. The flower of its virtues does not pretend to be one that is "born to blush unseen," or to blush at all; and we are disposed to break the silence which it enjoys, and ask the world to meditate a little on the nature and significance of what often goes under the name of a Tavern. And let me turn the eye especially on this one, distinguished among its kind and deserving to be no longer unknown to fame. The Half Way House, kept by B Franklin Shrews, Esq., at Spruce Plain Corners, on the New Franklin or South Cut, from Livy to Brownstown. In its time and in its way this Institution has accommodated more men and beasts, taken without any nice distinctions, than any other in the whole twenty miles around.

Very slowly did our Village of Spruce Plains rise to its present importance.—

Thrown aside from the great ways of the world, with nothing but its own modest and retiring worth to recommend it to notice, it had slowly gathered in a pioneering population, who after ending the stern warfare of settlement and winning the victory, had nearly all of them ceased to live just as they had fairly achieved a place to live in. Another generation had entered into their labors. Hitherto the rudy and hardy race had been content to thrive in independent obscurity, caring little more for the world than the world for them. Little was it the rest of the world could do for them, and that little it through a miscellaneous mercantile establishment down at the Corners, and by a little mail boy, toted across that way on Saturdays.

But all this was destined to pass away. Improvement, marching up and down the world, at last marched that way, and demanded a new turnpike directly through Spruce Plains; and already for a whole week a daily had rolled punctually up in its glory, at 3 o'clock, P. M. and paused for ten minutes at Sol Larkins' mercantile depot aforesaid. It was now again almost the stage hour of the second Saturday, and no small assemblage had gathered to witness the arrival. The fathers of the commonwealth of Spruce Plains are there, and the sons are not far off. It is the hour!—Far off its covering shines—and four passengers, one after the other, and each smarter and more gentle than another, let themselves down among the admiring population, and strolled hither and thither, with an air of ease blended with dignity such as had never been witnessed in those parts. And he that seemed the man of them all, and who carried away all hearts by his ways of excellent influence made his way presently to the shady end of Mr. Larkins' depot, appropriated to the wet articles, and got himself supplied, swearing much and in a most taking style of profaneness, at "the vile stuff—and the barbarous want of all accommodations on

this route—would go round next time by way of Tromp's." That threat he cruelly repeated at the door in the hearing of many—"that's what he would!" Then the stage received the indignant gentleman and bore him away, red in the face, with much sympathy of the by-standing people.

An hour later, while the juveniles were wisely forgetting this and much else in a rushing game of ball, the Fathers were foolishly remembering it in grave deliberative session all along on Larkins' benches. "This will never do," exclaims Col. Borden; "we must have a tavern here.—There's no reason why we should'nt.—This'll be a place yet—but it can't unless we improve it and have accommodations.

Then Larkins testified that the same painful and humiliating scene had already been witnessed by him before then that very week. Repeatedly had the call been made for accommodations, and made, he was grieved to say, almost in vain.—Evidently the Public was now coming that way, and would every day be calling at Spruce Plains; and he was clear that active measures should be entered upon at once for providing suitable accommodations.

"Nice spot for it over there," exclaimed Abel Norton, whose genius was forever chalking out the details of some vast conception; "see, lay out a sort o' green here—put it up large, two-story, with a cupola—then for the village lots all along here—why not?" And he looked at the large heavy man who sat in the chair.

The large man in the chair was Seth Henniman, Esq., and in him vested the fee simple of Spruce Plain Corners. Very portly and heavy was he, and words worried him, and so he only said, "Who'd keep it?" And the way he said this was such, that all perceived it was a thing determined on in the breast of this man of few words and much land. And so it was. Already the vision was before him—a village was fast stretching itself out

city-like over these very acres of his. It should be done. So far had the matter come so soon. Oh! that the stage had all gone that day by way of Tromp's.

Who would keep it? It had come to that. Then spake John Trimble: "I know who'd keep it if he could have his way. I've tried that matter, and I say it's a chance. Start it right—first-rate house—stage drive here? why, all the travel's got to come this way, besides the home custom."

And why could not Mr. Trimble have his way? And why couldn't he relieve Mr. Henniman's suspense by saying outright, he'd keep it himself. "Ah, the women folks hated the work." Oh now, John, you knew, and all knew, that you had indeed, tried that matter, and that your women-folk, that decisive and discerning Mrs. Trimble of yours, had but recently plucked you as a brand out of that famous Inn you kept away down in Maine—a brand, charred all over in the burning, and smoking yet. Years ago you would have been a finished landlord, but for her. And now you would like to try it again. But all seemed to acquiesce in Trimble's conclusion, let him come to it as he could.

"Public opinion evidently demands a house of entertainment here," observed T. Watson Walker, Esq., the politician and attorney of Spruce Plains; "and I shall be sorry to see the credit of the place suffering any longer as it has to-day. And more than that, I think I know of just the man for us—a man of experience and reputation, who would draw an immense custom, if we could only obtain him."—But that was very doubtful. And when pressed, he at length consented to state that the man he had in mind was no other than his wife's brother, the celebrated B. Franklin Shrews, Esq., who had been entertaining the public for six months with unparalleled success in the Brownsville Exchange. And this was the way we came to have our Tavern at Spruce Plain Corners.

From this time the public-spirited enterprise of which we have traced the origin, went forward with an alacrity such as the Public does not always witness in its service. Six months later the Half Way House was ready for the occupancy of Mr. Shrews, whom it was found less difficult to obtain for this important post than had been anticipated. Abel Norton's plan of putting it up large, two-story, was not exactly followed—though the cupola was not omitted; nor was Mr. Trimble's idea altogether carried out of having it a first-rate house. Mr. Henniman put it together in a style of his own, and said little to anybody. It was a rare affair, when at last it stood in its perfected glory. The front rejoiced in two coats of white, and the ends in one. With a prophetic forecast of its destiny, the bar-room spread itself out over half the ground floor; the kitchen retreated into the rear, and the little parlor gathered itself up closely in one corner, with blinds very green on its one window. The whole stood out convenient to the road—its sign visible for miles, all ways—barn over across the green; and such was the topographical ingenuity displayed in the work, that, taking the sign-post as centre, with a radius of forty feet you just swept the steps of the Half Way House on this corner, the steps of Larkin's Emporium on that corner, and the horse-shed on the third—for, as should have been stated, the corners were three, and not four, as the reader may have been erroneously supposing. And here, of a bright afternoon, it was a never failing delight to see how Winkle the Driver would circulate—first an explosion of whip-cord just as he crossed the Run yonder, then passing the shed with fervid wheels he coasted around by Larkins', the mail-bag leaping high through the air to the feet of J. W. Walker, Postmaster, and at last, absolutely without pause, he would bring up all standing with a sudden crash of silence before the Half Way House.

—But not to dine. Why should it?—

That was a fancy touch of Trimble's.—Are men to go up and down the country perpetually dining, on all highways, at all Half Way Houses? Most men have serious objections to that course. Three o' clock—half way to Brownstown—no man was ever so odd as to speak of dining at Spruce Plain Corners; nor was it ever reported that Mrs. Shrews' table was of a nature to justify twice dining there at any hour in all the twenty-four. Nevertheless it was one of the most entertaining of houses; and many a wayfarer went on his way thence refreshed.

And the public—why did it not make its appearance, now that all things were ready for its accommodation? Day after day for a time Mr. Shrews sat in his door waiting and looking for the traveling public to come that way. But it would not arrive. In truth, only a very inconsiderable and quite private portion of that sort of public ever thought of coming by way of Spruce Plains. It had so many other ways to go, and so much to go for in other directions. And so Shrews at length grew philosophical and resigned himself to meritorious obscurity, declaring of the whole traveling world, "it might go what way it pleased—he could do without it."

And that was true. For here we must call attention to the fact, that, in spite of all appearances—let the stage drive where it would, and travel go what ways it pleased—the Half Way House at Spruce Plain Corners was a most successful operation. Henniman received rent and many privileges, and Shrews revelled in profits beyond belief. There was not a more thriving publican in five counties than he. And he was not without competitors.—Half way from the Half Way House each way rose a Quarter Way House—"The Cottage"—"The Pavilion"—neither did these fail to thrive; but they did not attain to the thrift of Mr. Shrews. "Shrews had such a faculty!"

We passed that way last month. Al-

most eleven years had gone by since that jaunty gentleman swore up such a movement of public opinion in at Larkins', and unconsciously laid the corner-stone of this Half Way House. Come round that way with us, reader, and let us look into the matter, how it has worked.

We roll in here from the East, and the village that was to stretch itself out city-like lies around us here, sure enough.—The village came to pass. Only look at it, straggling off on its three streets, ragged as a cloud and cloud-colored—such a miscellaneous compilation of all the choicest orders of disorder, sprawling out, dilapidated and dirty! Shed or shanty, pitch in your edifice—it will do. Yet what variety, particularly in the department of domestic glazing—not all hats of straw, nor all rags of red, but the monotony agreeably relieved by an occasional shingle.—But pass on. Desolation sits throned on yonder leaning sign-post, and sings us a welcome in the creaking of that pendulous board. How the very air seems laden with sighs! Like a third funeral of a cold sleety day, something is here that tells one of many woes that will not smile and then pass away, but must stay and infect everything with an epidemic color and permanence of sorrow. For miles we have felt it gathering and pressing down on the heart. But here we are now.

Blessings on the Inn!—the real Inn, the quiet home-like scene that wraps you, weary and far away, in its ready comforts—the snug little parlor, cozy and blazing—the clean cloth, the sweet bed, that have been waiting for you there all the day long, and now open their glad arms for you, as if there was a heart in them that knew you and loved you. There are such, and they are worth a journey to meet with. Such a genuine Inn is a public blessing; and the man that keeps it, and the man's wife that helps him keep it, are benefactors of their kind. I give them thanks, each and several, the land over, in my own behalf, and that of a much abused

and suffering public. That is one thing, the real Inn—but it is far to find on most roads. And to be taken in and done for in the way Shrews does it, is another thing. But you shall see him now for yourself.

Let us enter courageously. This convocation of boozy and swaggering vagabonds will, perhaps, not resent our presence if we carry it discreetly. Here "drouthy neebors, neebors meet." These are mostly Spruce Plainers, with a sprinkling of foreigners from the neighborhoods of Hardscrabble and Purgatory, dropt over to brighten the links of amity and good-fellowhood. They are not yet in full tide, an hour later the fun will get fast and furious. But they are firing up for it. And now set your eyes on B. Franklin Shrews there—the man that has papers in his pocket setting forth and certifying, that whereas the dwellers in Spruce Plains upon a time, became impressed with the necessity that some fit person should be invested with authority to accommodate the public among them: The Town Board had considered of the matter, and after diligent search through all those parts, had chosen out *this one*, and duly nominated him to the County Court, and that such nomination of him had been ratified, as one of the fittest of all for that responsible office—this is that man, so sought after and thrice sifted out to serve the public good—look at him now and see him do it. He is in the very act, hard at it, right and left, mixing up, discerning in drinks, ever meting out, concocting, stirring up something! And the public here present are manifestly accommodated to their liking. Great is ho in all mixtures, so much and so much; and Russ Brant and Bony Burton there, are just testifying to each other over their cups, that he has hit it this time to a drop. And we see Shrews now, as he seizes a moment of rest, red and panting, and refreshes his weary spirit with some of that same. Through the blue-rum steam and much pipe-fog,

observe him deeply. Just see that spider up there over his head—his broad, stout net fast moored to those broken bottles—how lazily the huge creature creeps out now and tastes of this and then of that fly among the many that quiver along the lines. Look at that picture up there, and then on this. Shrews does not see that—he would kill the cruel thing if he did. He is busy in his own hole, sucking his own flies, not killing them outright, but keeping them over to suck again as long as they last. And the meshes of his net, radiating from his den here, stretch out over the whole ten miles round. And his many victims, once snared and bit a little, come ever back to him to be bitten again; and slowly dying, they give him a great deal for taking such pains with them, poor creatures.

Yes, a great deal do they give him.—Little cares he for dining the stage now—it would be a serious interruption of his business. It would be an equal impertinence, too, if travelers were to call, instead of whipping on so, even when night falls, to some distant point, shrewdly mindful how he did it for them once when they did call. No, no—these are his patrons; here is his public; and he devotes himself to these with an assiduity that is very touching to their grateful hearts. A more accommodating man would be hard to find.

Mr. Shrews, as we said before, had such a faculty. Why, when he came here more than ten years ago, most men would have given it up before two months had gone over. Larkins, to be sure, had kept wet articles in one end of his establishment, and most of the people knew it too well. But it was no great things he did that way; now and then a jug-full went off, and on a Saturday afternoon when the mail was tardy, he was more busied with folks at that end than usual. And so it was that when the Half-Way House was opened, the people ignorantly supposed at first that they had no more to do with it; that it was for the public, and would get on

well enough now. That was a great misapprehension, for Mr. Shrews explicitly stated to J. W. Walker, at the close of the first quarter, that his receipts, all counted would not half cover his rent—not half; that, as to dining the stage, that was all smoke, a thing he neither wished to do, nor expected to do when he came; that he had never fallen before among so close and ungenerous a set, as the people of Spruce Plain; that he, for one, desired they might know that he was ready to quit them, and leave them to be no place still if they were ready to be quitted. Upon that hint Walker spake, and it was soon thoroughly understood by the people, that their salvation from being given up of Shrews to be no people at all forever, depended on their pursuing a more honorable and open-handed course, and encouraging a man who was making such sacrifices for the up-building of Spruce Plains. And so from that time they adopted a different course, and with results very different in many respects. Mr. Shrews never complained more.

They gave him a supper. They gave him parties; a variety of parties. They dropt in, old and young. And Shrews was a hearty fellow, He made nothing of drinking them all round, free as the franking privilege. Many and many a time he was known to do it. And it was remembered of him. He said nothing; matters would progress; he would bide his time.

The first year he barely paid his way, but no man was farther from desponding. He had sown his seed, he could see it springing up; he should reap it by and by. Already his bar room was the favorite resort of an evening or a wet day, to a large circle of the leading Spruce Plainers. The love of drink was fairly enkindled. Man and boy, they all patronized him. So far the matter had proceeded in one year.

How much depends on place. If a tavern is not in the right place, if it is not a

good stand, it can't go. But they do go—therefore they are just in the right places. And it is surprising when you come to look into the case, how many capital stands there are—how many places that are just half-way between two other places, and at precisely stopping distance from other and still other places, for all the world as if the places were placed so on purpose. Inconsiderate people of the hydropathic turn overlook this. They start from a certain point and find a *good stand* just where it should be to serve their need, and hastily conclude that all those other stands which they have passed, and had no occasion to use for their accommodation, are not good. But now, how ridiculous to suppose that everybody must start from the same point as they did. And if they do not, then how are they to be accommodated, but at some one or other of those intermediate taverns, where their need overtakes them? not to speak of the different tastes of men, and the difference in the frequency and urgency of their needs. And therefore, Trimble, who had an eye for such things, and had meditated not a little upon them, used to say that nothing affected him more than the wisdom and bounty of Providence in laying out the world for so many good stands.

Now in this felicity of position our Half Way House at Spruce Plain Corners has proved itself to be unrivalled. It is admirable to how many places it was found to stand in just the relation of none too far and none too near. Sometimes it seemed as if poor Shrews would have no peace of his life, they were down upon him so, night after day, from all quarters. Now it was a ride from Brownstown, and then a supper for the Livy folks, then a roaring convention of the North-enders and the South-enders to take into consideration which side of the Red Run, the Town Hall might better be placed, if ever they should build one; then it was a double and twisted Union Mass Meeting of the straight-stripe Republicans and the Independent

Progressives, to ratify or not to ratify, to sustain or not to sustain, the recent nomination of Hansard Hornblower, for Assemblyman. And so on. It was all one as if Spruce Plains were the County seat. And yet it was not. All this, as Shrews would say and Walker would prove, was simply the unbought testimony of the more discerning public, who knew when, and where, and by whom it was well treated. Here, too, came off the musters and the shooting-matches, and all manner of circuses and Ethiopian Operas. It was a very public house; not stuck up, but accommodating.

But look around you. These are not the men who sat in council that day long since at Larkins', and planned this scheme of accommodation. Of all that Senate of rude and hardy men scarce one remains among the living. They cherished this darling project with their heart's blood, and wasted away, one by one, by strange sad deaths. Col. Borden, that leader of men, after sustaining himself with signal honor all through the arduous labors of a general muster, fell from his gallant steed at sundown and dashed away his drunken life against that rock at the foot of the sign-post. Henniman grew rapidly heavier and apoplectic, and at last left his body one day, all lying on a lounge, with a bottle of Shrews' best under his head. Abe Norton terminated his career, by pitching headlong from the ridge-pole at a raising—his widow and four children are in the County House. Strange diseases came about, demanding strange remedies—affection of the head, nervous like, with all manner of terrible sights; and the more they steadied their nerves with brandy and salt, pint and pound, the more unsteady they grew, till they died raving mad. Such brain-fever had carried off many of Shrews' most faithful supporters. Larkins has been two years now on his way to California. Trimble removed to Michigan, where, widowed now, and able to have his own way, he keeps a notable

house at a most excellent stand, a mile or two out from Detroit. Not one of the old set remains but Walker. He and his capable relative have a tough and leathery nature that has borne them up wonderfully, considering what they have gone through. They have been called to mourn at many graves, and have found no comfort for their sorrow but in certain touching attentions to the families and estates of the departed. Shrews' bills in Walker's hands, lead to a very summary style of settlement—clear case—mortgage the farm

Their sons have now the matter in hand—a thrifless, thirsty generation, with encumbered estates, and steeped in drink from boyhood up. These are they, gathered from their wretched homes, near and far, to wring out a little more of the heavy life that is left them, in exchange for a few mad hours of revelry.

And that is the way Our Tavern works; how is it with yours?

For the Miscellany.

THE STUDY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES.

BY HORACE RUBLEY.

Dr. Johnson, in his lives of the British Poets, in speaking of the school which Milton taught in London, after his return from his tour on the continent, says that he entertained an idea of introducing among his pupils the custom of reading those authors among the classic's who treat upon physical subjects instead of devoting their whole attention to poets, historians, and orators. The Doctor goes on to oppose this system, and states some of his reasons for such opposition. He thinks that it would be better to acquire maxims and rules for the conduct of life rather than the facts of science, and proceeds to say that "knowledge, prudence, and justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by

chance. It was the labor of Socrates to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations on life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants or the motion of stars; Socrates was rather of the opinion that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and to avoid evil."

Now we have reason to believe that Socrates was a very worthy individual, at least if we take Xenophon's word for it, and we are aware that Dr. Johnson, in his day and generation, was a man of no little consequence—a man whose vast acquaintance have given him the distinguished appellation of "the Colossus of English Literature," but we believe that upon this subject posterity will and does differ from them both. Johnson, as is well known, notwithstanding his literary eminence, was notoriously deficient in the natural and mathematical sciences; and a man of his wide reputation and position in society would be very apt to speak somewhat disparagingly of those branches of knowledge with which he was unacquainted or for which he was unfitted by nature; but it is this very devotion to nature, and attendance to her teachings which the great poet and stern old republican recommend, and which the "Great Colossus" opposed, which is directly calculated, in accordance with the maxim of the Grecian sage, to "learn man to do good and to avoid evil."

The man who looks around upon nature with an intelligent eye, who regards the beneficent spirit with which she provides for the comfort and happiness of all her offspring, from the highest to the lowest, how she punishes every transgression and rewards every adherence to her laws, will learn a lesson of goodness far more impressive and of far greater practical value than from all the long-winded homilies which the learned Dr. ever gave to the world; and, in this disrespect for natural

science, how widely does he differ from the great poet of nature whose almost infinite mind felt that there was nothing either in nature or in man unworthy of attention, that wherever there was truth *there* was beauty and usefulness; and who tells us that there are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

But for the natural sciences man would now be the same miserable being which he was in the days of his primeval barbarism. Each unusual phenomenon of nature would chill his blood with fear.—An eclipse of the sun or moon would fill him with mortal terrors; in the thunder he would hear the voice of an angry God; and in the red lightning behold the baring of his fiery arm. The harmless meteor would fill his mind with vague apprehensions; and in the comet he would discern a harbinger of pestilence and war.

But far different is the aspect of Nature to him who is conversant with her laws, who has pryed into her secrets, and by his devotion been admitted behind the veil with which she hides her face from the "brute, unconscious gaze" of the ignorant. To him each tree and flower, each worm and insect speaks in audible language; the floating rock in the summer sky speaks to him; the ancient hills and the pebbles at his feet discourse eloquently of an earlier world; in the rough rocks around, he can trace the records of the awful cycles of Geology, and of that time when darkness was upon the face of the deep as in a written volume; and in the "rich star-studded page" of night can read the ineffable glories of the great Architect of this frame of things. Who will deny but that this is far better calculated to elevate the mind of man above all mean and unworthy objects to inspire him with a lofty contempt for the cares and tribulations of this fleeting existence, and an admiration for the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, than all the precepts and maxims which sages have written and poets sung?

Sentimentalists cry out that science strips life of all its romance:

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts by dale and piny mountain,
In forest, by clear stream, have passed away,
And live no longer in the eye of reason:"

but they will generally be found to be persons who have given but little attention to the wonders which she develops. Had they done so they would perceive that the romance and wonders which she unfolds far exceed what she has extinguished.

The divinities with which the ancients peopled each wood and hill and vale are gone; but science tells us how that wood has grown, and how it is nourished, and how those hills and valleys were formed. The hideous monsters, which the teeming fancies of Eld produced—"Gorgons Hydras and Chimeras dire"—are equalled by the monsters of the Saurian period whose former existence science shows, written like the tables of old, by the finger of God, upon the rocky pages of the earth. Sirens, mermaids and cities, glittering far down in the calm depths of seas and quiet lakes are no longer deemed realities; but we have greater wonders than these. In the silent depths of the ocean a minute insect is slowly building up the foundations of future islands and continents; and the geologist tells us that the Chalk Cliffs of England, and the vast beds of limestone which underlay nearly our whole country, are but the dust of myriads of generations of infinitesimal beings which lived thousands of years before the creation of man; that the whole earth is but a charnel-house—that its surface has been through the wonderful laboratory of life time, and again; and that from decay and death is continually springing up beauty and life.

"The leprous corpse touched by this
spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath:
Like incarnations of the stars, when
splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes
beneath."*

There is more to excite admiration and wonder in a single sunbeam, with its woven mysteries of heat, light and actinism, the great springs of life motion, than in the most brilliant imaginings of the ancient world. Moreover, science invests the human mind with a dignity which is imparted to it by nothing else. That far-reaching ken which leaves the earth at will, and measures the stars, weighs them as in a balance, predicts their motions and computes their distances, cannot but reflect glory and honor upon the race to which it belongs; and the exercise of this power forms one of the best arguments that mind which can thus spurn its native sphere during life, does not at death go down like the body, to darkness and the worm.

Not only does natural science give all that scope for the imagination, and possess all the sublimity which belongs to poetry and eloquence, but its practical good is immeasurable; and to its devotees we are indebted for all the conveniences and elegancies of life. The great rapidity with which the present generation has moved along the road of improvement seems entirely owing to the increased attention which has been paid to this branch of knowledge; and we should make yet swift-er advances, were still greater attention given it. There is too much honor accorded in our colleges and similar institutions to a proficiency in the languages, to the exclusion of the more important branches

of science; and the world will yet more fully appreciate the plan of Milton.

One of the beauties of science is that no discovery in any direction is ever likely to be made which will prove useless.—Tho' apparently so at first it will soon be found to be of value. Take for instance the safety-lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy. It was known for some time previous, that flame would not communicate to inflammable gases through a fine wire gauze, but no one knew of any practical good which could result from such knowledge until that invention, which has saved the lives of thousands of miners. Nothing can appear to concern us less than the eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites and the thousand stars of the sky, placed at immeasurable distances from us; yet they are used in determining the longitude at sea, and thus enable us to steer our course over its trackless waste to any given point with certainty. Another beauty of natural science is that its range is unbounded, that there is room enough in its broad field for all the discoverers that can ever exist, and that new wonder and new uses will continually be evolved from everything. There are men who seem created with a peculiar adaptation to some particular branch of science and to follow it as if by instinct, yet there is enough in store to employ all such men, as may ever live. In the language of a celebrated lecturer. "Each plant has its parasite and each created thing its lover and poet. The mass of creatures and of qualities are still hid and expectant. It would seem as if each waited, like the enchanted princess in fairy tales for a destined human deliverer. In the history of discovery the ripe and latent truth seems to have fashioned a brain for itself. Each material thing has its celestial side; has its translation thro' humanity into the spiritual and necessary sphere, where it plays a part as indestructible as any other. And to these, their ends all things continually ascend."

* Shelley's Adonis.

THE CHANGES OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

A hundred years ago, Cook had not navigated the world and fixed bounds to the geography of our globe. The mariners sailed the seas by the same power that wafted Columbus to these shores, the same power that failed St. Paul in the hour of need; and then females wrought, with their feeble hands, all the cotton and woolen and linen garments that enfolded the world's myriad millions of human beings. Then a man might quench his fever thirst with what he supposed to be the most simple and inefficient of substances, and what was then ranked among the elements; but science has since taught us, that the strength of a hundred giants lurks in this little cup of water; and it was left for the genius of a Cavendish to discover, that all the waters of the earth are the result of the union of two gases which are among the mightiest agents of Nature, and which, if spread and mingled with the air we breathe, would, with the assistance of a spark of fire, wrap the earth in an explosion that would grind it to powder.

And within this hundred years, a Priestly has subjected to the crucible, the atmosphere which envelopes the whole globe like a vast ocean, and without which no animal or vegetable could exist, and no fire be kindled, and demonstrated that it is composed of two gases, one of which has power to feed upon, and digest, and change entirely the character and properties of metallic substances. Then the sailor crept timidly over the sea, in his largest ship of two or three hundred tons, the sport of fitful winds and fixed tides.—Now our steamers of three or four thousand tons, dash over that 'highway of nations,' in defiance of the fiercest tempests and the strongest currents. Then the hum of the wheel and the clash of the loom formed the only fireside music that could be deemed sweet in the ear of thrift;

but these have given place to piano-fortes and guitars; and in place of human hands thirty millions of spindles are now at work to clothe the world. Then the watchmen in the streets of London and Paris, called upon the citizens in those nights when the 'coy moon' had veiled her charms to hang out a lantern with a whole candle, never dreaming that his children would walk those streets at midnight, in a light more clear than that of the moon, produced by the combustion of a substance as invisible as the air of heaven. Then the wonders of the railway had not entered into the heart of the prophet or even a dreamer, and no one was so presumptuous as to think of turning the lightning of heaven into a pen that human hands may direct.

Within this period, half a dozen planetary bodies have been added to our system. Saturn has received its rings, and two additional satellites, several heavenly bodies have been thrown into the balances and delicately weighed, some errors that have long prevented astronomers from walking familiarly among the stars, have been corrected, as Herschell has lived to light up the farthest recesses of the universe, and above all other nations, Germany and England have labored to teach us the paths of the celestial wanderers.

But while many thousands of learned men have been searching out the mysteries of the vault of heaven, our own planet has been subjected to all the fiery tests of science. The miner, deep down in the lower strata of the earth's crust, has had his lamp protected from the explosive gas by the wisdom of Davy, and the patent geologist has perused those strata as the leaves of a book, and declared that they form one of the volumes which Nature has been writing for a thousand years.

A hundred years ago the physician had no iodine among his *materia medica*, and the Swedish chemist had not then given him chlorine to purify his hospitals. At that time, human art had not discovered

those invaluable salts that lurk in the poppy and in the cinchona, and the ague patient was obliged to swallow huge doses of bark, which were almost as disagreeable as the disease itself. Above all, Jenner had not discovered the means of protecting mankind against the ravages of that most fatal and loathsome disease which so long scourged the world; neither had those powerful agents for rendering the system insensible of pain, even until our day, divested surgery of its terrors. Light has been shed upon the processes of digestion and nutrition, and the ultimate elements of the blood have been determined with such precision that the fever's fires may be detected, as they kindle in the veins, long before the patient is aware of their presence, and it has even become demonstrable, that the lightest thought as it flits through the brain, wears away some sensible portion of that organ.

Within this hundred years the English laws have been illuminated by the radiant intellect of Blackstone, and the world has been thrilled and rocked like a forest in the wind, by the eloquence of such orators as Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, and Percival.—The luxuriant fields of poetry and romance have been enlarged, by the genius of Cowper, Gray, Young, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and a host of noble names that will ever hold a sacred place in European literature. Within this time mankind has been blessed by a Howard and a Washington, who were contemporaries, and, though under far different circumstances, lived only for the good of their race.

But what changes have the different governments of the world undergone!—Our own nation then a dependent on Great Britain, has burst its barriers, and like the Nile, overspread all the adjacent country and blessed it. From a feeble and insignificant appendage to the English crown, we have grown to be the second commercial nation, and the first great national defender of Liberty and Justice. Yet

England has been doing a great work in heathen Asia. Borne on by the might of her cannon, her banners wave over three million square miles of the territory of that ancient land, and more than one hundred and fifty millions of its degrading people bow before the sceptre swayed by a woman in a little island of the Atlantic ten thousand miles from their shores.

A century ago, Russia was looked upon as a barbarous and savage nation, a fit object for the world's scorn and derision.—But no government since that period, has so fearlessly and so successfully grasped and secured to itself people after people and nation after nation, its conquests having extended over no less than ten million square miles, and its conquered and subdued subjects numbering no less than thirty millions of population. Truly it becomes us, while we rejoice over the progress of civil and religious liberty, to look well to those countries which are daily reaching out their Briarean arms to subject and oppress.—*Exeter News Letters.*

For the Miscellany.

PRAYER.

BY HERCULES.

I strayed once at close of day,
Where the Macon rolls away,
And sat me down alone, beside
The rippling of its limpid tide.

In lowly notes, a gentle breeze
Softly murmur'd 'mongst the trees
A farewell to the rosy light
That fled before the coming night.

It was an hour that all subdu'd
The heart from passions that intrude,
And conscience in its nobler sway
Whispered, it is meet to pray.

Prayer, said the monitor within,
Is a shield from ev'ry sin;
A refuge God himself hath made
From all the ills that can invade.

To space, I humbly turned my eye;
A star beamed faintly in the sky,
To earth it sent a trembling ray,
A messenger that warned to pray.

The spirit of a passive cloud
Seeming, from its mansion bow'd;
A voice broke on the stillly air,
Mortal! lift thy heart in prayer!

A floweret bending low its head,
O'er the moss around it spread,
To my heart a lesson taught,
With meaning and with wisdom fraught.

A lesson that did meekly chide
Passion and unholy pride;
A lesson too that seem'd to say,
Learn in humility to pray!

In unison the passing cloud
And conscience in its whispers loud,
The floweret and the star's dim ray
Besought in humble faith to pray.

'Twas silent! and there seemed to roll
An awe unearthly on the soul;
I bowed, and trembling, on the air
Was poured the burthen of my prayer.

Adrian, May 1851.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JOSEPHUS AND ST. PAUL.

In the *Princeton Review*, the *Church of England Quarterly*, and other periodicals, there have appeared recently several very interesting articles upon the Voyage of St. Paul to Rome; and in a work entitled "Gleanings on the Overland Route," by the author of "Forty Days in the Desert," just published in London, we find a dissertation "On the Shipwreck of the Apostle Paul, and the historian Josephus," which goes far to prove that Josephus accompanied the apostle to Rome, and that he was in some measure the means of procuring the introduction of the Christians into "Cæsar's household." After a summary account of the shipwreck as narrated by St. Luke, aided by such elucidato-

ry particulars as have been supplied by Mr. James Smith in his "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," the author says:

"The only real difference between the two accounts of St. Luke and Josephus is, that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the island of Malta.—He writes as if the ship were wrecked in the open sea, and he was saved by being at once taken up into the second ship.—This very great disagreement in the two narratives we must set to the account of Josephus's inaccuracy. The second ship he rightly calls a ship of Cyrene, for the Alexandrian vessel, in a favorable voyage, may have touched at that port. He adds to the apostolic history the interesting information, that it was through the Jewish actor, Alituries, that he, and, we may add, the Apostle and Christianity, gained an introduction into 'Cæsar's household.'—That Josephus sailed in the same ship with Paul, we may hold for certain. No Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship; of Jews who had that privilege, the number was so small, that it is not probable that two such appeals to Rome, by Jews from the province of Judea should have been allowed in the reign of Nero.

That two ships, carrying such Hebrew applicants from Judea, should have been wrecked in the Adriatic, from both of which the passengers should have been saved, and landed at Puteoli, and that within the space of three years, we may pronounce impossible. So then the Jewish historian Josephus, when a young man made the voyage from Cæsarea to Italy with the Apostle Paul, the Evangelist Luke, and their friend Aristarchus, and, for part of the way, with the young Titus. He calls the Apostle his friend, though worldly prudence forbade his naming him. From these fellow-travellers he must have heard the opinions of the Christians. He was able to contradict or confirm all that they said of the founder of our religion, for he was born only eight years after the

crucifixion. But Josephus, when he wrote his history and life, was a courtier, and even a traitor to his country—he wanted moral courage, he did not mean to be a martyr, and any testimony in favor of a despised sect is not to be expected from him. The passage in his Antiquities in which Jesus is praised we may give up as a forgery of the third century: it is enough for us to remark, that after having lived for five months with Paul on the voyage from Judea to Italy, he does not write against this earnest teacher of Christianity, as either a weak enthusiast or a crafty impostor. But he praises his piety and virtues, and boasts that he was of use in obtaining his release from prison.”

Mr. Smith, to whom allusion is made above, is said to be a gentleman of liberal fortune, and to have carefully studied navigation, and in numerous voyages in his yacht through these seas to have practised it, for the especial purpose of investigating and illustrating the points embraced in this interesting portion of the sacred history. He has pretty satisfactorily established the precise route of the Apostle on this famous journey, which is the most universally familiar of all in ancient or modern life. The curious suggestion of such personal relations between Paul and Josephus is not new; it was made some time in the seventh century in the Reflections of Bernardin Pastouret, and perhaps at an earlier time by others. The author whose words are here quoted, is Mr. John Sharpe, and he has very clearly presented the case.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E. M. HARLOW.*

She comes to childhood's home again,
The spot where first she saw the light;
Where youth's bright hours, a joyous train,
Sped onward in their eagle flight.
She comes—but how?—With smiling face,
To greet her early friends once more?
Or tears to mark the vacant place,
Where sat a mother's form of yore?

Ah no! not thus!—Nor smile, nor tear,
Is on that cheek so cold and pale;
A fearful change, alas! is here,
That speaks too well the mournful tale.
The stiffened form, the pulseless breast,
The robe of white now folded o'er,
The still, the dreamless slumber pressed
On eye-lids shut forevermore!

With many a tear, we gathered round
To take our last look of the dead—
The last, until that trump shall sound
To call each slumberer from his bed.
And then we laid her in earth's breast,
Beside her mother's form to lie;
There on her last low couch to rest,
Shut out from every human eye.

Oh, thou most stricken and bereft,
From whom life's dearest joys are flown,
In weariness and sadness left
To tread thine earthly path alone,
We will not bid thee weep no more,
For nature claims the tribute due,
And stricken love must still deplore
The sundered ties, so strong, so true!

The dear ones left this world to roam,
Without a mother's guardian care,—
The vacant place within thy home,—
Ah, *these* must claim the bitter tear!
Yet weep thou not as one to whom
No cheering hope is sent from heaven,
No promise that beyond the tomb,
A bless'd re-union shall be given!

For the same hand that dealt the blow,
And made thine earthly pathway drear,
Hath freed *her* soul from every wo,
And borne it to its native sphere.
It was but dust we laid to rest
Beneath the dull and senseless clod;
The *spirit* hath become a guest
Among the sanctified of God!

H. E. M.

* This lady died in Boston and her remains were carried to her native place, and laid beside those of her mother, who preceded her to the Spirit world but a few months.—Ed. Miscellany.

For the Miscellany.
THE BUTTERNUT TREE.

BY MRS. C. H. PARLIMAN.

"That old Butternut Tree still stands."

Letter from a Brother.

Memory holds within her treasured cells, many a gem of rich and rare beauty—some sparkling amid the rainbow-hued illusions, with which, in childhood's racy hour, we delighted to deck every flower and shrub—every scene and haunt of the home of our infancy. The light of others has been dimmed by the bitter tears of the heart's first grief, yet equally dear are they, for,

"Rather than have *one* bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too."

"That old Butternut still stands," How many a by-gone scene of joy and sorrow does that trite sentence bring up freshly and vividly before our minds! How oft have we, each clasping a hand of our baby-brother, wandered to its cooling shade, or played beneath its spreading branches! There, many a happy time, has our little trio sported the careless hours away, as with childish glee, we chased the bright-winged butterfly or falling leaves—mocking, with light heart the sweet carol of the gay songstress, or watching their tiny forms, as they lightly skipped among the rustling leaves above us. But, our youngest, our best beloved, was soon laid, in all the beauty of childhood's loveliness, in the silent tomb.

Dost remember, Brother, the morn he died? How we stole out together, to his favorite holly, and plucked the first-blown flower whose opening bud he had so long watched, and laid it, fresh with pearly dew, upon his pillow? And how, with love-beaming eyes he turned his last earthly look upon us, and with the "signal ring of heaven upon his brow," he died. Our idolized mother soon followed, to share his dreamless repose. *Then* we

sought the shade of the "old Butternut," to talk of the loved and the lost—but soon for another purpose, for she who occupied our mother's place, looked harshly upon us, and with timid feet, and silent lip, we hastened thither, to muse upon the past—to dread the future.

That future! We have faced many of its storms—enjoyed many of its pleasures—but no storms so transient—no pleasures so pure and unalloyed as those beneath the wide-spreading branches of *that* aged "Butternut." A portion of that future is still before us—but, whether it holds in its mysterious lap, garlands inwove with the bright-hued flowers of joy and happiness—or shaded with the dark leaves of the cypress and willow; Time, alone, in his "tireless flight," will reveal to us. Be it of joy or sorrow—good or evil—let us never yield passively to the crushing weight of adverse circumstances, but bear up manfully against their rude buffetings, and "meet fate with an unblenching eye." Though distance spreads her wide wings between us—let us each still pursue the noble object, which rose as a beacon-light before us, when first we stepped, with trembling feet, and beating heart, upon the ever changing theatre of active life. Each has a different part to perform, and whether it be with honor or disgrace, is for us to determine, by the course we choose to pursue.

It is ignoble to die and be forgot. Although our name may not appear on history's page, or our deeds be sounded by the clarion-voiced trumpet of fame—yet, are there none who would regret the loss of our society and influence? None, who would delight to cherish our memory? None around whom we have woven the sweet spell of love and friendship, and whose hearts beat quicker, and eyes look brighter at our approach? None, in whose bosom we have enkindled the sacred flame of virtue, and encouraged to press onward toward the attainment of high and honorable distinction? Aye, there are

some who are better, wiser and happier
that we have lived—and though clouds
and tempests sometimes obscure the sky
of life—let *this* be the talisman to rouse
our desponding spirits, and nerve our
hearts to noble and heroic action. And
may we

—“Departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;
Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again—”

LONGFELLOW.

Concord, Oct., 1850.

For the Miscellany.

EARTH IS NOT A PLACE OF WOE.

BY J. L. MC CLOUD.

Oh! tell me not that earth is dark—
That joy may not be here;
That humankind are but a mark,
For blight and pain and fear;
That joy like sunshine fades in night,
And then leaves man to sigh;
For there are joys like midday’s light—
Y~~e~~ joys that pass not by.

Oh! tell me not there is no eye,
Undimmed by sorrow’s tear;
For ev’ry gale that passes by,
Bears strains of gladness here.
Flowers there are that never fade,
Within the heart’s own bower;
And many stars that love has made,
Their light of gladness pour.

Say not there is no heart on earth.
That grief has not bereft;
That sorrow reigneth from our birth,
Until in death we’re left!
Oh! tell me not, no true hearts are
Found in this “vale of tears,”
There’s one, to me, a guiding star,
That ever bright appears.
Oh! tell me not, there cannot be
On earth, a precious spring;
That Heaven below, we may not see,
And grief behind us fling.

The spring of life may never cease,
Till man is laid in death—
Each hour may be an hour of peace—
Each sigh a joyful breath,

Then tell me not, that earth is dark,
And pleasure is not here;
That man is but a constant mark
For pain, and blight, and fear!
No, tell me not, no friend is found—
A sure unchanging one—
A joy to cast the soul around
Until life’s sand is run.

Oh! tell me not that God has made
A man to mourn and die;
That all life’s brightness soon will fade,
When sorrow’s gale sweeps by.
O! tell me not—I will not hear
That earth’s a place of woe;
That any scene is sad and drear,
Unless man makes it so.

KALAMAZOO, Feb., 1851.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

BY MISS ANGELINE H. HUBLER.

At a point where the dark rolling Oregon makes a majestic bend, rises a low bluff, thickly wooded in all save one spot. Here, near a small fountain or boiling spring that bubbled from beneath a jetting crag, loomed up a century ago, an immense rock, which from its peculiar form, was called by the fierce hunters who at times penetrated to that grand retreat, the “Devil’s Arm Chair.” For many paces around the fountain, the soil was covered with the most beautiful mosses, and a sea of verdure waved there long after the nipping frost had marred elsewhere the face of nature.

The heart of an Indian is the abode of a thousand superstitions. Many were the mysterious tokens linked with this haunted rock. The spring, too, from its singular situation and properties, was regarded by the wild rover of the mountain and plain, with deep aversion. No Indian

hunter drank from its Basin without leaving an offering in the refreshing bowl, and its clear bottom was paved with bits of wampum, beads, and other ornaments, left there by the Aborigines, either as a sacrifice or to propitiate the spirit of the fountain. The following tale is given of the destruction of the rock.

Towards the close of a beautiful day in October, a hunter might have been seen reposing at length on the turf beside the fountain, and apparently watching the sere leaves, which danced for a moment on the surface and then bubbled over the lip of the spring and were lost in the stream which swept to the river. His blanket of many hues was flung rudely on the grass, and was evidently of Indian manufacture, indicating the rover of the west. But the long, plaited, and ribbon-twined locks of the savage were wanting, and in their stead thick masses of black hair lay around a broad, white forehead, heavy and strongly marked eye-brows were suspended over eyes that appeared bright as a star piercing through the fleeting clouds. The remainder of his countenance was so browned by exposure, that, but for the thick beard which curled around the dauntless mouth, he might have been taken for a Pawnee warrior. A small pistol, exquisitely wrought, with a cross roughly carved, as with a hunting knife, over its fine moulding, protruded from a pocket of his hunting jacket. It was almost impossible to tell what he was; rough and uncivilized as he seemed, tho' the expression of unswerving firmness that dwelt around his mouth, the commanding flash of his eagle eye, and a peculiar but indescribable charm in his countenance, seemed to indicate that whatever he might now be, he was born to rank and station. It was a strange scene: there, in that rude place, to see a white man, the first perhaps, who had ever pressed the sod, reposing unharmed and unawed at the red man's shrine. The shadows of evening were gathering in the dimness of the for-

est, and while the last rays of the sun still lingered on a bank of golden clouds, a dark pall seemed closing over and veiling the east in fearful sublimity. In the distance rose the cloud crowned summits of the mountains. The grandeur, gloom, and beauty of the scene, were well calculated to awaken deep and varied emotions.—Perhaps something of this stirred the breast of the man who thus alone gazed upon it. Perhaps his thoughts wandered through misspent years to a happy childhood, endeared by a mother's or a sister's love, and their angel memories were busy at his heart. Perhaps remorse beamed in the changed, mournful, dark eye.

A low, sullen roar of thunder burst from the filled clouds, rousing him from his reverie, while a fearful gust of wind swept abruptly down the valley, leaving the river in tumultuous waves, swaying and beating upon the rock, as if with the sledge hammer of the Titans. Almost instantaneously the winds abated, and was succeeded by an ominous silence.—The hunter looked hurriedly down the river for the light bark which had borne him thither, but in vain; nothing met his eye, but the dreary water and threatening sky. With rapid strides he ascended the hill, and stepping into the hollow or seat of the rock, cast a searching glance down the stream.

What was it sent a shiver through his stalwart frame? An arrow whizzed by him, just grazing his cheek, and lodged harmless in an adjacent tree; an instant after, an Indian, with his tomahawk in hand, leaped upon the rock and advanced with terrific gesture towards him. A deep flush spread over the hunter's cheek, and his eye flashed fire. Closing with him for a deadly combat, he wrenched the tomahawk from his hand and hurled it far into the river. The malignant passion of a fiend seemed to glare from his eyes upon his foe, as with desperate effort each endeavored to precipitate the other from the rock. But the iron frame of the

savage gave him greatly the advantage over his antagonist. Meantime the rain began to fall in torrents, and vivid streams of lightning blazed amid the rattling thunder. With a mighty effort the hunter had felled his foe, and with one knee on his breast, seemed luxuriating for an instant upon the baffled hate depicted upon his countenance. Fatal instant! The wily savage sprang at his throat, and the lapse of a moment would have made him the victor. Just then a frightful peal of thunder rolled through the "vast expanse of heaven," shaking the rock to its foundation. A moment, they paused. A quick flash played for an instant upon the horizon, and with it arose the groans of the red man and his foe.

The electric fluid, drawn by the ore imbedded in the rock, had passed with fearful precision to the heart of each. Huge fragments of the rock were scattered, splintered, and blackened, mangling the bodies of the before maddened combatants.

Lovely as hope, dawned the rosy morn of the eventful night. The bodies were discovered by a roving band of Indians, the throat of the hunter firmly clasped by the stiffened hand of his foe, and their dark passions still gleaming from their frozen faces. A large fragment of the rock had fallen into the spring, choking and drying its waters forever. They buried them there 'neath the watchful trees, lulled by the surging waters—both filling the same grave. A band of dark warriors chanted the death song of the brave, as they lowered the bodies in their narrow home. The raven and the vulture flap their wings above the grave, and the lone Indian glides silently past the side of the "Devil's Arm Chair"

The Poems of "Edith May," the finest artist among the literary women of this country, are to be published in a very beautiful edition this summer by E. H. Butler of Philadelphia.

ON THE AMERICAN UNION.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

Giant aggregate of nations,
Glorious Whole of glorious parts,
Unto endless generations
Live United, hands and hearts!
Be it storm, or summer weather,
Peaceful calm or battle-jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together
Sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension,
Heal it up, as quick as thought,
Every paltry place pretension,
Crush it as a thing of naught;
Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar.
But remain, in right and reason.
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!
People, leave that toy to kings:
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,
Be above such groveling things!
In each other's joys delighted,
All your hate be—joys of war,
And by all means keep United
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,
Still my counsel would be just;
Break the band, and all its danger,
Mutual fear and dark distrust.
But you know me for a brother,
And a friend who speaks from far.
Be at one then with each other,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy
Freedom's soil by slaves to fill,
Yet, be just! and sagely, slowly,
Nobly, cure that ancient ill:
Slowly—haste is fatal ever,
Nobly—lest good faith we mar;
Sagely—not in wrath to sever
Sister States as now ye are!

Charm'd with your commingled beauty
 England sends the signal round,
 "Every man must do his duty"
 To redeem from bond the bound!
 Then indeed your banner's brightness
 Shining clear from every star
 Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation
 May those stars forever blaze!
 Three-and-ten-times-three-fold nation,
 Go ahead in power and praise!
 Like the many-breasted goddess
 Throned on her Ephesian car,
 Be—one heart in many bodies!
 Sister States, as Now ye are!

Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, JUNE 1851.

THINK AND LET THINK.

We are not about to say to any one, throw a loose rein upon the neck of fancy, and permit thought to take its widest range. No, we advocate no such looseness of principle. We present no sentiment, which, if carried out to its legitimate results, would tend to the crippling, if not ultimately to the complete destruction of all real thought. For thought must not be free from the laws of mind. Its healthy existence depends on the observance of those laws, as truly as health upon an attention, to the laws of man's physical nature. But so long as these laws are not transgressed, no one has a right to arraign any writer, who has delicacy of sentiment—the nobility of truth, and for an object, the good of his kind. We are but finite beings and when we forget the great law of God whether written in his word or on the tablet of Nature and forget Him, who has made us capable of promoting the interest of his kingdom, and the happiness of his creatures, and when we

acknowledge no higher law than that of our own fancy, and regard no dictate but that of our own will; we are but two well prepared for the shipwreck of our brightest and most joyous hopes. And most likely the day of unavailing sorrow is not far distant when we shall mourn the loss of our dearest and most cherished treasures—every thing indeed that is valuable to ourselves and which would render us the joy and pride of our friends. But when we say think and let think, we mean to object to that spirit which makes every man an offender for a word, or the expression of a thought, not fashioned precisely, after its own conception of the pure and beautiful, and marks every departure from its own particular model, as though it were an offence against high Heaven; and as though it ought to insure its author the scorn and derision of mankind. We object to the spirit, that would strive to confine, each stream of thought to the channel which one mind has worn for itself, for this would be to destroy all thought, but of one mind. For no two minds are capable of the same degree of thought, there can no two minds correspond. In many points there may be a seeming agreement—perfect agreement there cannot be between any two of the countless minds which God has made—away then with the idea of bringing all minds to move in the same channel. One is capable of deep, earnest and continued thought and can go down to the profoundest depths; another might labor like a Hercules to reach the same depths, but find himself disappointed. Such might perhaps start off and move noiselessly forward—he may be fitted by nature for gentle ascents and for beautiful vales, but was never designed for mighty efforts—for scaling mountain heights or sounding unknown depths.

He may write in smooth and gentle strains and please and bless his thousands, if he would move *only* in the sphere, his taste, his judgment and attainments mark

for him. To those who require a certain grace and finish—a refinement of thought and an elegance and beauty of diction and style, he may become the very acme of perfection—the very sun of their system—and he may wake in these souls, responses of joyful acclamation. But to secure the same honor from another class of mind, there must be a very differently organized mind. It must be capable of vast depth and strength of thought—an ability to dive into unknown or unexplored depths and to soar to heights heretofore unattained. If it be one's happiness to possess strength of intellect—a mind massive and powerful, no matter so far as this class is concerned if there is an absence of the graces, and if the words are unseemly, and the phrases unsymmetrical.—No matter if he is a Polyphemus blind, if he is a Polyphemus strong. Let there be giant proportions to his thought, and no matter if there is wanting sweetness of tone or measure, or beauty of expression. Thought—great thought is wanted.—Thought that requires labor to grasp it, and the strength of a mighty intellect to understand the full import of its vast conception. To a mind, qualified to enjoy such a feast, spread by the hands of such a master, how insipid are the lines of the mere elegant writer.

Shall one then expect to please all? To profit every class? Most assuredly not.—Some there are, ~~it may~~ be, whose minds are so versatile ~~that~~ they may almost be said to have universal genius. We find them now diving down into the profoundest depths and anon rising to immeasurable heights, as if it cost them no effort, as though it were mere pastime. They bring up from those depths or discover on those heights what shall astonish every class of mind, and these are introduced with an ease and an elegance that captivates every one.

Thoughts are evolved, pure and chaste as the virgin snow, sweet as the vales of the south and elegant as the beauties of

the most fairy scene. But these writers are not of the million, nor of the thousand.—But like the great luminaries of the heavens they are few. There are thousands of stars, but few suns to be fountains of light to all. But though the many are not prepared to dazzle *all* who come within their focal rays, yet there are some to whom, each will be the glory of their brightest conceptions.

Indeed, no man who gives birth to thought; and sends it forth from its secret chamber, to grapple with thought, in the great thinking world, can be insignificant. There are some minds, (there may be many) which will receive an impression, ineffable and it may not be too much to say, that it may *give shape* to the mind of another, the result of which will be of the gravest character.

Every one then who gives expression to the thought now struggling for existence ought to give heed to its character and study its intrinsic worth, and most certainly ought to calculate the influence it will exert upon mind in the world. For woe to that man, who shall utter a thought which has a tendency to blast the bright hopes, or mar the joyous peace and happiness of any child of immortality, who may be brought under its influence, or within the circle of its power. We say *think and let think*, but let each one be careful how he thinks, and what thought he receives from another. Let no thought find a lodgement in the secret place of the soul which is destructive in its tendency. Think not, that any thought is unworthy of a scrutinizing notice, it has a power for good or ill. Discern its tendency ere you give it terms of familiarity. If a thought has gone forth into the world with evil in its nature, *evolve some thought* that may follow it and become joined to it, or mixed with it, so as to neutralize its evil properties, and make it inoffensive. And see to it, all ye that think for others, that ye scatter good seed; for the harvest must be your own. "If ye sow to the wind, ye

shall reap the whirlwind." Let all carefully weed their own thoughts and be careful of each plant they throw into the market, lest a poisoned community pour its awful maledictions upon their devoted head, when it shall be too late to retrieve the work they have done. Reader may thy curse never fall on a single writer for the Miscellany. Q.

☞ We regret most deeply that Mr. Beecher was detained in New York and vicinity until the *sixth* of May, rendering it absolutely impossible to get the plates here in season for the June number, without delaying the number, which we do not feel willing to do.

We can not see into the future, had this been our prerogative, we would not have promised a plate earlier than July. We say to all, they will come, if winds and waves do not conspire against the Miscellany.

ATTENTION, THE WORLD—THE GREAT WEST IN PARTICULAR.

We will send the Miscellany next year gratis to the town which shall give us this year the largest number of subscribers in proportion to the population of the town. Let Postmasters and all good citizens bear this in remembrance. We want very much to supply some town next year for the pleasure of the thing. That each town may stand a chance, small as well as great, we say again the list will be compared with the census, and the town having the most subscribers in proportion to its inhabitants, shall be supplied next year with as many copies as they pay for this year.

☞ We have received some interesting contributions for the Miscellany which we have to lay over for want of room. For though we say so much each month, we cannot say everything. The most of our articles it will be seen in the number for this month are original. We are glad to find that many Western writers are saying

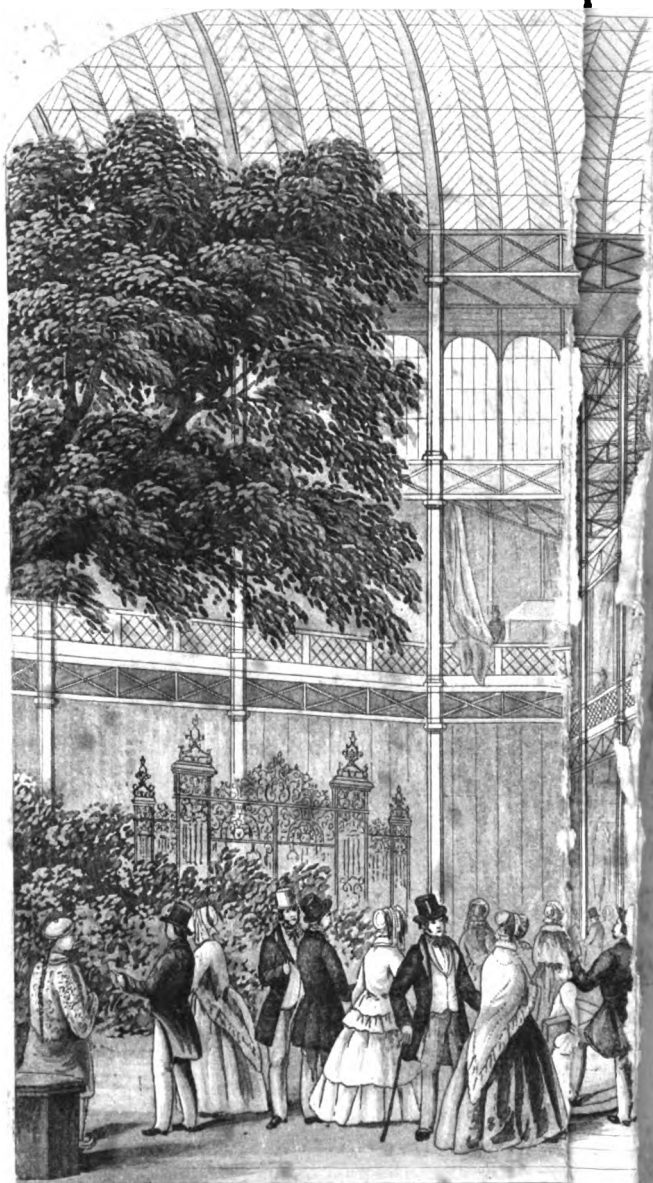
the Miscellany must be sustained, and we are assured that they will do much to this end.

We not only have the elements for popular writers, but we have some of them already among us—strong in the maturity of their well developed minds; and they stand forth before the world in all the beauty of refined sentiment, and glowing imagery with chaste and beautiful thought, clothed in the richest drapery—Well may it be said we have no need to go abroad for literature of the purest and most elevating kind.

PIANO FORTES.—We would call the attention of our readers to Mr. Couse's advertisement of Piano Fortes. We counted *eighteen* of these Instruments at his ware rooms, beside a large stock of Seraphims, Melodeons, and Musical Merchandise generally. Mr. C. is an old and experienced dealer, and any representation he would make in matters can be taken with perfect confidence.

☞ We receive almost every day some kind, cheering word from a friend. Some expression of admiration at the ~~large~~ already effected in the Miscellany, for all this we are most grateful, but remember friends that now is the time, for all to rally in support of the Miscellany. If each one who likes the Miscellany, will be at some pains to get another one interested in it, and will send us a dollar for himself and a dollar for his friend; he will be laying us under peculiar obligations to him. With this effort of friends we could easily double our subscription list.

☞ Several articles sent us for publication are not marked as original, for this we would not care, if it were not that many set down all article as selected which have not over them. "For the Miscellany." The article from Prof. Fisk and that from E. D. Newberry should have been thus prefaced. We finish in this number the very able article from the pen of the Hon. Horace Mann. The worth of this article, we have published is incalculable. We hope to get others. Q.



The Exhibition was Opened by Her Majesty Queen

Victoria

In State on Thursday May 1st 1851.

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MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

For the Monthly Miscellany. 281

THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHELL.

It is a peculiarity of our country that, beyond any other nation, we are a composition, a mixture of all races, kindreds, and tongues. Unlike any other nation, we have been from our earliest history a *composite people*, a species of *social alluvium*, drifted here from all quarters, destitute of any single original nationality, and blending the peculiarities of many nationalities in one. And our condition and circumstances have fostered this peculiarity. We have received, and are still receiving, fresh contributions from nearly every land. The freedom here established has attracted ceaseless streams of immigration; and from the nature of our national policy, all these heterogeneous ingredients are speedily absorbed into the mass, and go to swell the tide of our conglomerate population. And yet they are not lost in the mass. Gradually the strong features of the different races are softened, modified, generalized by their mutual action on each other; yet each, according to the tenacity and energy of its nationality, works somewhat of itself into all the surrounding elements, leavening the whole, and impressing its mark on the national genius and character.

So far from lamenting this very signifi-

cant feature of American Society, we have reason to regard it as one of the great measures of that Providence which busies itself with the destinies of mankind, for the working out here a something higher and better in the end than the world has yet seen—a type of nationality in which the scattered fragments of a complete humanity shall be in some good measure recombined. Here, in some sort, is going forward a process of reconstructing the human race as a unity—a great movement which looks toward the re-collection and melting together into one again of the various fractional tribes of a once integral race. Each fragmentary tribe has gifts and qualities of its own to contribute to that result; each is, in its gifts and qualities, the complement of all the others. Among them all are distributed the endowments which must go to the formation of humanity in its completeness. As this mixed thing which we call Light is a far better thing for its general purpose than any one of the seven colors which are blended in its composition, so there is a higher and more integral humanity yet to be realized, we may trust, by the re-assembly and fusion of all the great families of our race. And this wonderful con-

fluence of all the kindreds of the earth on our soil, this convocation and commixture of all nationalities, seem to indicate that here is to be the theatre on which that issue is to be attempted. All these contributions flowing hither from the various tribes of mankind, and melting together here in one, enter all as so many distinct forces into the great problem of that Americanism which is yet to be wrought out; and when completed, it will be the *resultant* of all these forces, a generic humanity, not modelled wholly after any one of its constituents, but indebted to every one of them all for somewhat of its excellence.

Something of this commingling of races and struggling together of national peculiarities has doubtless been witnessed in other times and in other lands. The lines of national demarcation have never been so rigidly drawn as wholly to forbid commixture, nor have the several races of mankind ever been able to hold themselves wholly aloof from one another. Modern Europe has presented many an instance of the mutual incorporation of tribes; and in nearly every such instance the conjunction has resulted in a decisive improvement.—It is from facts of this nature, in part at least, that we are led to look hopefully on this stupendous process of universal amalgamation in America. We seem to rest down at this point upon some broad hidden principle in nature—some secret Law of Improvement, by which excellence is decreed as the product of varieties united, bred by the composition of dissimilarities—a Law of which we see the operation here and there in other departments of nature, but the scope and reach of which we cannot fathom. Nearly every modern European nation has been thus compounded of several very dissimilar elements, and is largely indebted for its past or present vigor and elevation to the ingrafting of some foreign people on the native stock. Some barbarous Northern Scion, gnarled and dwarfed in its own icy home, and yet

growing in it the organism of a richer and stronger life, has been brought down and grafted in on the succulent root of Southern civilization, far gone into dotage and decay, and thus the dying nations have renewed their age, and started forth refreshed on a new and higher career.

There is one exception to this process of national commixture, which deserves a moment's notice as we pass. It is found in the case of the Jews, and is one so singular and unprecedented as at once to inspire awe in the contemplation. This only of all the tribes of the earth dwells alone, and doth not reckon itself into the nations. It is the peninsulated race, attached to the human family only at a single point, and that the point of its origin. This people alone is gifted with an absolute immiscibility. A Divinity has shaped that end, and teaches us to look for some rare issues yet to be accomplished by a people that have been endowed, as by perpetual miracle, with an unconquerable individuality, and have flowed down, age after age, apart and alone in the very bosom of all the families of mankind, like the fabled stream of the ancients that held its pure current uncontaminated through the shifting tides of the ocean.

But if as a nation we are not alone in this process of compounding our population out of the elements of many distinct nations, we are, if we apprehend it aright, alone in the *extent* to which it is here carried, and in the degree to which circumstances here favor the process. It is not here simply the ingrafting of one race on another indigenous to the soil, or mature in its long established sway, as it was in the older nations of Europe; nor is it merely an instance, like many others, of the infusion of different races, at distinct and distant periods, into one already possessed of a ripe and ancient nationality; it is rather, and has been from the first, a pouring of all the various elements at once into the chalice, and their complete incorporation with one another, yet all

Living in their influence, and imparting each according to its virtue a trait to the resultant character.

And especially in our newer World of the West do we witness this confluence from all races and all lands, and the mutual action of the various elements, beyond anything that has been elsewhere seen even in our own country. Of the conglomerate order from its very origin, our country still attracts increasing multitudes from every race and from almost every nation of the Old World, in crowds that look rather like invasion than mere migration. And here, flanking the whole range of old America, stretches this new America of the broad West, a whole World in itself, stretching from its Guinea coast of Texas and its Gold coast of the Sacramento on the South, to the ice and copper of the North—a broad, new, open World, into which the Old World from all points is diligently projecting itself. From our own North and South—from every bleak hill and peopled stream-side of New England—from the free Kirk-land of Cal- edonia—from the green mosses of Ireland, sweetest, mournfullest isle of the Ocean—from sunny France, ever republicinizing and never able to attain to a republic—in a word, from all lands, come trailing in the innumerable hosts of all tribes and tongues, that pour themselves forth together into this open world, and infuse themselves as the elements of our future national being. Here the great American problem is to be wrought out. And long before our Nation shall have reached its maturity; the discovery of this continent, the peopling of New England, our Revolution, all the great facts of our national history thus far, will come to be looked upon as so many processes of mere preparation, paving the way and opening a theatre for the America that shall then be, and be mainly in and beyond the West of the present.

It cannot but be interesting, then, to consider attentively the great elements

which enter most influentially into this composite drift-mass of American Society. We may not be able to dissect so finely as to trace the operation of all the many constituent forces at work in this great process, and accurately assign to each its effect on the complicated result; but we may at least, be able to detect the bearing and influence of some of the predominant forces. And among these there is one, which entered earlier and more radically into our composition than any other, and by its native vigor and commanding energy has shown itself able to mold the whole mass, and give its own direction to American character and destiny. This is the Anglo-Saxon element. And it is the purpose of this paper to give, as briefly as may be, so much of the history of that race as lies within reach, and to trace its characteristics, and the preparation it has received for the high work of giving tone and direction to our national character.

No portion of the earth has been so prolific of great changes among the nations, as that which lies almost shut out from the knowledge of mankind in the cold regions of Northern Europe. The broad tract, which includes what are now known as Norway and Sweden and extends eastward through Russia into Northern Asia, a region only very imperfectly known even at this day, was until in quite modern times deemed altogether inaccessible to civilized man. It presented itself to the ancients, even down to the commencement of the Christian Era, as a blank and sterile realm of desolation, the empire of perennial frost and storm.—If not absolutely uninhabited, it was regarded as the dwelling place of rare and meager tribes of savages, dwarfed in mind and body, hovering on the lowest verge of the human race, and absolutely insignificant to all the world beside. What might lie hidden in that sequestered realm of Night—what forms of life stern Nature might be nursing within that Frost-land, where Life seemed warring with Death and

ready to yield the contest—few cared to inquire. Rome sat on her sunny hills, the whole world in herself, and scorned to waste a thought on what was so utterly out of the world. It was all Scythia—mere Scythia. If now and then there hovered within view of her extreme northern fortresses a vision of grim, half-clad barbarians, peering from the dark forests that skirted her borders, they were viewed as rare polar curiosities; and the thought that these, or the like of these, would ever come to face her glittering legions had never yet dawned on the dreams of the Roman. Still for a time the Mistress of the World slept, proudly defying danger, and laughed, from her world-embracing fortresses at the prostrate and struggling nations.

Yet even then, within that unknown North, hidden in those rugged recesses and trooping in wild freedom over those snowy steppes, there were preparing the agents of greater changes, not for Rome only, but for all mankind, than the World had yet seen. There already numerous and teeming with all the elements of growing strength, were the tribes which Rome was soon to encounter, a foe which she might conquer, but conquer in vain—whom no vanquishings could subdue, and who poured down out of those swarming wilds in multitudes which no slaughter could exhaust, and with a rude valor and endurance that filled with amazement the softer children of the South. There, when the hour came, were found already in ripe preparation, already made strong by an inscrutable Providence for its own purposes, the scourges, the conquerors, the ultimate regenerators of Southern Europe.—And when Rome had at last shown herself incompetent to the great trust of universal empire, and false to a World committed to her sway, the bleak North poured forth her avengers—Goth, Vandal, Hun, and Frank—of many names, and many nameless; all children of the North-land, all of the sturdy Scythian brood, that had con-

quered that Frost-world and filled all its frozen realms with its hardy tribes. Their counterpart in modern times is best found in those Cossacks of the Don and the Ukraine, who with genuine Scythian grit chased back the legions of Napoleon in his great Russian mistake.

There was a great mission assigned to this race. When the polished nations of Middle and Southern Europe had at last melted into luxurious softness, and all true nobleness and virtue were fast approaching extinction, it was reserved for this people to pour themselves down over the earth, and infuse their vigorous life and earnest character into the decaying nations. For this they had received the stern nurture of the North. And at the appointed time, the barriers were burst open, and the flood of Barbarians rolled down over the inviting South, first to devastate and destroy, then to coalesce, regenerate, and reconstruct. Modern Europe is the product of the old Roman civilization in its co-alescence with the broad strength and hardy energy of its Scythian conquerors—a cross between the soft Italian polish and the rough Teutonic force.

Of this race were the Saxons. After the fashion of the ancients this people too boasted, that it was descended from the Gods. According to their rude mythology, far back in the infancy of time their ancestors inhabited the region to the north of Persia, on the confines of Siberia. At a later period, not long before the Christian era, when this people were oppressed by Pompey at the close of the Mithridatic war, Sigge, the son of Fridulph; chief of the tribe of the Asi, led forth his clan, resolved to seek in some distant field a refuge from the oppressor. If this be so, and many circumstances indicate that there may be truth in the tradition, it furnishes a curious instance in which violence and injustice blindly start into operation the causes that work retribution.—The Roman lust of conquest, reaching far

eastward under Pompey in the century before Christ, startles from their abode a nest of Savages and drives them westward into parts unknown. They disappear and are forgotten. But four centuries having rolled by, that feeble clan has become a concourse of Nations, and now find themselves pressing down in immediate proximity to their old oppressor, the Roman Empire, and commissioned at no distant day to pitch their tents in triumph under the walls of the Eternal City, and beard the Conscript Fathers in their own Senate Chamber! Be all this as it may, so runs their tradition. Westward their Star of empire took its flight. It dreamed not yet what still more Westward flights were in reserve for it. On the shores of the Baltic they selected their new home, and founded there a broad and powerful empire. The leader of this expedition became the Mohammed of the North, and still lives in all the legends of arctic mythology as the conquering Odin, the Lord of Valhalla, that abode of the Gods and heaven of all heroes. Of all this we may say that, at least, it compares well enough with the fabled celestial origin of other nations, and even surpasses in dignity the more classic story of the wolf-nursed boys of the Tiber.

Passing down to a later date after the period of the great descent of the northern tribes on Southern Europe, at a second swarming of the same old hive, one stream of invaders descended on Gaul, styled the Northmen, or Normans, who mingled themselves there with the Roman race, and took on the Frankish culture and refinement. This branch afterward, at the Norman conquest, overflowed into the channel of English history. Another division descended a little later and took up their temporary abode around and below the peninsula of Denmark, spreading far down along the coast, and through Westphalia, Saxony, Friesland, and a part of Belgium. These are the Saxons and Angles, the tribes destined to give name

and character and language to the English Nation. They are of the same old Scythian family, of genuine Teutonic blood, of the tribe of the Sakæ or Sacasani. The traces of their reputed capital in the land of their origin are still shown not far from Stockholm on the great Malar Lake. In that sea-girdled land, the Scandinavia of the ancients, were trained the founders of the British Empire. Inured from infancy to the perils of those stormy seas, and delighting in a life of wild and lawless independence, they played the part of fishermen or pirates as occasion offered, and become the pest and terror of the northern seas. The chiefs of these freebooters held the empire of the ocean, and gloried in the title of Sea-kings. Under their direction, lured by the scent of southern booty, these tribes came floating over the rough seas in their frail keels, scouring the British channel and establishing themselves at last on the Continent over against the island of Britain.

Such were the people whom God had trained with a reference to their future destiny; and now they were brought down from the ice and darkness of the North, to the very door which was about to be opened before them. Here let us take a historical view, for a moment, and endeavor to know this people as they are dimly presented to us in the fragments of past ages. They deserve our notice and our study for many reasons, and especially as they are our own Fathers. They are perfect savages. They come stealing forth from their forests, scaring the earth with their wild savagery.—But the seeds of a great character are in them. Their life has been a battle with frost and hunger and savage foes. They have come off conquerors over all these, and feel that they are now prepared to conquer other things than these. A vigorous activity, a fiery heart, and a bold spirit of liberty, are in them. They are as yet only the block, rough from the quarry; but beneath that unsightly surface lie hidden the richest qualities of humanity:

and History is yet busy, and long shall be, in recording the developments of the Saxon genius.

As we contemplate this race in its primitive condition, we are struck with the strong religious element that appears in them. Their mythology has had power to leaven our English tongue to the present day. The names of some of their chief deities are still household words with us, inseparably wedded to the days of the week. Their god *Tuesco* is commemorated in our Tuesday, their *Woden* in Wednesday; and we have a *Thor's day*, *Friga's day*, and *Seater's day*. This is but a more obvious indication of the strong religious temper of the race. Their religious system was indeed a wild and terrible creation of savage fancy, but it accorded well with the character of its ferocious votaries. It breathed the very spirit of carnage. And yet there was a grandeur and a lofty tone of reverence in it, and many a great truth beams from it with a depth and clearness of spiritual insight that shames the classic paganism of Greece and Rome. In their system, over all was the supreme God, the author of all existence; the eternal, ever-living One; the searcher into things concealed; who governs through all the Ages, directing everything that is high, and everything that is low. Beneath this deity, but as much dearer to them as he was nearer to their savage temper, was *Odin*, the canonized founder of their race; the terrible and severe god; the father of slaughter; the god that carries desolation and fire; the active and roaring deity; he who gives victory and revives courage in the conflict, and who names those that are to be slain.

On the subject of a future state their system was painfully explicit. Their heaven was one congenial to a people whose chief employment and greatest pleasure was battle. Those who had led a life of heroism or perished bravely in fight, ascended to *Valhalla*, and the felicity which awaited them there was such as filled with

rapture the fierce spirit of the Saxon.— There the day was spent in furious conflict, amidst the struggle of armies and the cleaving of shields; but at evening the conflict ceased; every wound was suddenly healed, and the immortal warriors sat down to the banquet, when they feasted on the exhaustless flesh of the boar *Scrimner*, and drank huge drafts of mead from the skulls of their enemies. But the wicked, that is to say the cowardly and the slothful, were doomed to the abode of the goddess *Hela*, whose palace was anguish, her table *Famine*, her bed *Leanness*, and whose look struck terror into every beholder. Such were some of the features of their terrible system. It was the great Northern system, full of bold sublimity and poetic power, and enjoining fearful and bloody rites. Temples rose for this worship, of rude but colossal workmanship, their relics still strown through Denmark and Norway, in which were seen the images of *Thor* with his starry crown and ponderous hammer, and of *Odin* brandishing his naked sword. It was a system grown on the strong soil of a savage genius, awe-struck amid vast forests of perpetual gloom, and among mountains that were the chosen abode of the Spirit of the Storm. Their religion pervaded their life, and filled it with a solemn and unrelenting earnestness. To them each plain and mountain, each river and storm, was peopled with supernatural intelligences.— They sought counsel of the gods in the voice of the tempest, in the course of the wind, in the flight of birds, and in the entrails of a victim. That victim was often human, and the posture in which he fell, or the manner in which the blood gushed as the dagger left the heart, decided great questions of state. They tamed the elements by the chanting of sacred hymns; and as they pushed forth to sea on their piratical forays, some withered beldame sang her incantations after them, and gave them propitious gales and abundant plunder.

But let us turn from this dark side of the picture to more engaging traits. And among these there is one of special significance, which distinguishes this race from every other in the savage state. Nowhere else in the primitive condition of a people do we find woman holding so nearly her true position of equality and respect, as among these ancient Scandinavian tribes. She was man's associate, not his slave.—

Among them she was not doomed to the taskwork, which is so universally assigned her among other savage nations. The most ample protection and equality were secured to her; and in this favorable position she rose to a dignity and influence never elsewhere attained by woman in savage society, and exerted a softening and humanizing power over the heart of this wild race. And it is not alone to our modern civilization that we are to ascribe the dignified position and true sphere which woman holds among us. The germ of it is found in the race from which we sprung, back even in the Scythian forests; and the rude tents that clustered on the shores of the Baltic, more than eighteen centuries ago, exhibited the wife, the mother, and the daughter in the same relative position which they now hold among their descendants.

Of their language only a word need be said. It had from the first a nervous radical structure, which fitted it to occupy just the position in reserve for it as the basis of an almost universal language. It has become the staple of our English tongue, amplified and enriched by tribute received from many sources, but still asserting its superior strength, and retaining so much of its original character as to stamp the compounded English language as genuinely Saxon. It composes the bone and sinew of our speech.

The maritime genius and tact of the English is another gift, in large part, from their Saxon ancestry. Doubtless it is properly ascribed to the position of England that it has made its home on the

ocean; but it was that very position also which attracted to it the hardy rovers of the Baltic, already skilled in maritime adventure, and finding pleasure in the hardships and perils of the sea. Here was the rude germ of British naval and commercial greatness. It is the old Saxon piracy now civilized and tamed to draw in the harness of trade.

But the characteristic which more prominently than any other marks this whole Northern race, is their native passion for absolute personal independence. This was the grand element which they contributed to modern civilization. This was the new principle which they everywhere infused into society, as they poured in and mingled themselves with the submissive thralls of Southern tyranny. The very life and soul of the Saxon, especially, was a stern individuality, and a passion for personal liberty absolutely untrammelled, for perfect freedom and active, daring adventure. This was the spirit which would call no man master, except for certain purposes, to a definite extent, and then for a consideration. Altogether the original Saxon was your genuine savage Yankee, untamed, and some fifteen centuries before his time. Liberty and activity were the great demands of his nature—a liberty which could brook no control but such as was self-imposed. They had kings in name, but as little kingly as the foreman of a jury. They were simply the elected leaders of the clan or expedition, chosen for their achievements. Some rude species of vote, by uplifted spears or clang of battle-axes, supplied their primitive elective franchise. Their best warrior was their best man—a Saxon notion not yet obsolete—and so they made him President, as their sons do yet. Their freedom admitted of distinctions in rank and class, but each was free within his caste. They had also their national council, their Witenagemote, or Assembly of the Wise, the prototype of the English Parliament and the American Congress. In a word,

their genius demanded, and all their institutions were framed to secure, the largest personal liberty.

This native spirit of independence has wrought powerfully wherever this race has made its way. It is beyond any other the substrate quality of the Saxon character. No changes of condition, no subjugations, have ever subdued it. It has proved ineradicable under ages of oppression. And the whole process by which the English Constitution and liberties have been wrought out, has witnessed the force of this element. It has been as a fire in her bones at every season of England's oppression, ever restive under domination, ever panting and watching for freedom.— And when at a later period the Anglo-Saxon race in England was crushed for a season under the Norman conquerors, this free spirit did but hide itself more deeply in the hearts of the people, and bide its time. It was fermenting through all the Commons of England, and mustering all the middle and lower classes against the day of struggle and victory.

But we are anticipating. Such was the people which in the fifth century God had prepared for the great theatre now about to open before them. They are already at the very door of England, scouring the Channel and peopling the opposite coast. Meantime Britain had been subdued and for centuries held subject to Rome. But now, pressed on all sides by the inundation of Northern barbarians, and rent by internal convulsions, Rome is at last willing to quit her grasp on that little worthless island in the end of the world—*ultimos orbis Britannos*—and concentrate her forces for the defense of her very citadel. Britain is thus emptied of the Romans— And now the native Britons invite over these ready Saxons to aid them against the Picts. At once the sea swarmed with their coming fleets. They came, but never went back—first conquering the Picts for the Britons, and then the Britons for themselves. And thus they won that lit-

tle spot of which they have made an England.

It is necessary to notice here the introduction of another very influential element, by the Norman conquest. The Danish conquest is purposely omitted in this view, as it was substantially only another Saxon colonization. But when now, for six centuries, Britain had been the home of the Saxon race, and had become essentially and ineradicably Saxonized, it was conquered by the Normans. This was a race which had originally sprung from the same northern stock, but their fortunes had been very different. They had descended on the fairer fields of France, and had there, for six generations, imbibed the refinement and caught the luxurious, aristocratic tone of southern Europe. Under this training they had become, in the eleventh century, a totally different people from the Saxons. They were far in advance of them in refinement. More of the Roman culture was visible in their character and institutions.

And they, too, have left their mark on England. William the Conqueror portioned off the realm he had won, among some 60,000 of his principal followers, and thus founded the nobility of England, and instituted those great hereditary estates which have gone by entail ever since, in the families of the nobles. Nearly all of the chief lines of the English aristocracy boast their descent from some or other of those Norman barons who fought out their title to nobility on the field of Hastings. Absolute monarchy, too, was another Norman gift to England, which it took ages of the Saxon commons to tame down into the constitutional monarchy of the present English system. For eight centuries now, the struggle has been going on between these two antagonist elements in the English nation, and all that is liberal and hopeful—all that is even tolerable, in the British condition and constitution, has been wrested, inch by inch, from the Norman crown and nobility, by the Saxon

commonalty. And the contest is not yet ended. The races have indeed blended till they are no longer distinguishable as such—but they are there in their elements still.

We have now the ingredients that entered into the composition of England.—First, was the Roman element, for 500 years supreme in the British Isla. It was an *influence* only, but it has left its trace in the character and genius of England. Its peculiar contribution was the spirit of law, philosophy and literature. Next, and predominant over all others, was the Saxon, which penetrated the whole realm, and established itself as the great middle class—the bone and sinew of the English people. For 600 years this element ruled, and became the staple of English blood. It gave us the genius of freedom, energy, and practical tact.—And last of all, the Norman ingredient, proud, polished, aristocratic—an element which, doubtless, has added grace and glory to the English nation, but has been to the English people a burden and a curse. The courtly bloom of chivalry, loyalty, lordship and knightship, was the Norman addition. Together, these resulted in what we call the British Empire. The Saxon sea-king is sea-king yet; and the old Teutonic pluck has given to that little island, which Rome flung away, as not worth one legion to hold it, a commercial and naval ubiquity, and a domain on which the sun never ceases to shine.

(To be concluded.)

For the Miscellany.

WINTER'S GONE AND SUMMER'S COMING.

BY EDWARD P. EVANS.

Winter's gone and summer's coming,
O'er the cold and frost bound earth;
Hues of Paradise are streaming,
Changing sadness into mirth.

Where the red buds late were sleeping,
And the forest oaks were hung
In a glist'ning icy sheeting,
Decked with pearls by Hyems strung.

Now the op'ning blossom's breathing
Odors sweet upon the breeze;
And the soft still air is stealing
Through the leafage of the trees.

Hark! what tuneful feather'd songsters,
From yon distant echoing groves,
Pour upon th' enraptur'd listners,
Their glad notes of joy and love.

How their burnish'd wings are glancing,
In the bright sun's golden rays!
While through glade and forest op'ning,
Warbling forth their mellow lays.

Yonder mount, so high uprising,
On whose peak the clouds repose;
Once was white with winter's mantle,
And its canopy of snows.

Now 'tis drest in robes of summer,
Tinged with beauteous tints of blue;
Lovely in its soften'd grandeur,
Clad in heaven's own native hue.

The glebe unbound by Phoebus' beams,
As high his chariot climbs the sky;
With rich and verdant herbage teems,
And blooming flowers of roseate dye.

No more the rose bud hangs her head,
Nor gloom hyemal chills the scene;
Each lovely hillock stands arrayed
In silken robes of smiling green.

From yonder silver-crested height
Was heard no music of the rill;
Of gushing waters pure and bright;
But all was icy, cold and still.

Now leaping from its mountain home,
It winds its joyous ocean way
Where weary, toil-worn pilgrims come,
And glad their parching thirst allay.

Thy advent, how with joy I greet—
Sweet summer, with thy fragrant bow-
ers;

When every green and moss-clad seat
Is diadem'd with gay wild flowers.

Michigan University, May 24, 1861.

CONCENTRATED EFFORT.

The practice of one virtue, though it be of the highest order, does not tend toward the formation of a perfect character, and in the exercise of one faculty only, in its strongest attribute, a man cannot accomplish great results. In bending the mind to any mighty effort, all its powers must be called into requisition; not the imagination alone, or the man will be a dreamer; not the mechanical thought only, born of research, or he will be a plodder; but will, imagination, all the powers that constitute the mind, must be concentrated upon the object in contemplation.

Great things are seldom done by individual effort, single handed, a man was never known to vanquish opposing armies; and though some have the fame in moral revolutions, of contending alone with the powers that opposed them, yet they were assisted with hearts as brave as their own, who nevertheless deemed it most prudent to work in secret, and aid the leading spirit by private counsel, as daring as his endeavors. Concentrated effort is indispensable to the advancement of those schemes that have filled the world with astonishment. Look at our railroads—triumph of man's invention. You gaze one day, from an elevation over a vast extent of grass land. A few hills, a few sparkling rivers intervene; yet as far as the eye can reach the smooth or rolling fields, bounded by the blue heavens fill your sight. Another day, and there stands upon a small hillock a band of strong men—men of sinewy frames, firm muscles and enduring nerve. They say but little, the shovel and the pick speak for them, the firm hills divide at their approach as the turbid waves of the red sea opened for the hosts of Israel. Silently and steadily the banded men move onward, and by the sesame of labor, concentrated labor, cleave the granite beds that ages have cemented, and cut a path out of the solid rock. A little time, and the gleaming tracks of iron girdle the

long vista, and still away in the distance, the men toil on, till miles on miles are encompassed, and the iron horse triumphantly flies on the wings of steam to other lands. One man with the strength of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, the intellect of all the Cæsars, would have been ages accomplishing the task, yet what one man every way superior to his fellows, could not possibly perform, one hundred men of less ordinary powers can do with the utmost ease.

So of our towns that spring up as it were in the night. Forests are leveled, uncouth rocks shaped into comely enclosures for the pasture of rich land; corn fields glitter in the sun shine, gardens bloom on the slopes, dwelling houses multiply, and ere long a city crowns the site: all is done by concentrated effort, labor multiplied, yet made less by numbers.

A great moral evil is felt in a community. Unjust rulers lay the burden of heavy taxes upon the people. Singly, individuals lament, and feebly cry, "crush the tyrant." But the tyrant is yet secure.—Presently groups begin to gather in the streets, at the corners, in public assemblies. They may be silent, but it is the silence of concentrated determination. One pulse beats in the swaying crowd, one motion thrills all hearts; they think together, feel together, move together, till suddenly there rises a united shout like hoarse thunder, "crush the tyrant;" and ere another burden falls upon the bowed shoulders of the people, the tyrant is crushed, and the cry of "no unjust taxation" fills the air.

Let us remember, then, concentrated effort will accomplish the mightiest results.
—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Beautiful words, without corresponding actions, fall upon the heart like gleams of wintry moonlight upon a frozen lake—they dazzle, but they warm not.

For the Literary Miscellany.

MUSIC.

BY H. E. MAXIM.

Music! whence is thy power to thrall each sense,
And bind them with a strange, yet sweet control;
To bid the tide of feeling, passionate, intense,
Wave after wave, sweep o'er my struggling soul?

I list thy gushing strains, and close my eyes
To crush the tears that start unbidden there;
And seem almost on viewless wings to rise;
And float up, up into a purer air.

Up, up; till earth fades slowly from the view;
Earth and its sordid cares, its toil and strife;
And I can feel, my very being through
The stirrings of a richer, rarer life.

Up, up; yet not to Heaven, for there, I ween,
Is no vague yearning, half to pain, allied:
Flooded with rapture, holy, calm, serene,
The soul hath no desire unsatisfied.

Oh, God! and must my soul in vain aspire
To satiate its ever-craving ken;
To steal, Prometheus-like, the sacred fire,
And scatter it upon the hearts of men?

Must I, through all the weary years that lie
Between me and the courts, the ransom'd throng,
In vain breathe forth the deep, impassioned sigh
To pour my spirit in undying song?

To paint, in burning words, the thoughts that steal,
In wild, chaotic beauty through my brain;
The pages of the inner life reveal
And know, the revelation is not vain?

Ah, hush! A still, small voice comes stealing by,
Like a rose-odor on the zephyr's wings;
And is some kindly spirit hovering nigh
To hear and answer my wild questioning?

What did I hear? that in my soul's deep cell,
 There lies, awaiting but the high command,
 A lofty music that some day may swell
 In harmonies triumphant, through the land?

And shall I deem the deeply thrilling thought
 The breathing of a prophet-voice divine:
 Believe my restless soul indeed hath caught
 An inspiration from the Sacred Nine?

Cease, minstrel, cease, I pray, the rich, deep strain!
 Too wild the thoughts that have their sudden birth:
 Better at once to break the dazzling chain,
 And be a plodder still upon the earth.

For what have I, an humble, dowerless one,
 To do with hopes that set my brain on fire?
 Shall the mean worm, man's footstep treads upon,
 'To be a glorious star of heaven, aspire?

And yet, how can I bid these yearnings die;
 Bid them in everlasting sleep be sealed?
 May there not be in aspirations high;
 The shadowing forth of power not yet revealed?

Ay, touch again the thrilling strings for me!
 I still will covet Music's sweet control;
 And fondly deem it is the magic key
 To ope a music-fountain in my soul!

PARIS, Maine, May 15, 1851.

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 For the Literary Miscellany.

#### HEAVENLY HOPE.

—  
 BY MARVIN NILES.  
 —

Now fading in the sky of night  
 Wanes earthly hope's delusive ray;  
 And star by star sinks from my sight,  
 As year by year life rolls away.

But to the eye of faith there glows,  
 High o'er the elemental strife,  
 The starlight of a Hope, which throws  
 Its radiance on the night of life.

Through sin and Sorrow's gloomy shades,  
 That deepen on each joyless year,  
 It sweetly shines, and never fades  
 Till fades the gloom 'twas sent to cheer.

NAWKIN, May, 1851.

'Tis like the star that gems the sky  
 When up the East the morning springs;  
 It fades, while yet ascending high,  
 Lost in the glory that it brings!

And when the sea and skies, before  
 The great White Throne, have fled away,  
 And earth and time shall dim no more  
 The light of Hope's celestial ray.

Then shall its beams in glory die,  
 As o'er its radiance Heaven shall rise,  
 Bright beaming on the waiting eye—  
 A dawn of rapture and surprise.

For the Miscellany.

# THE DUTY OF NATIONS TO PROTECT EACH OTHER.

That governments have, at various times, assisted other governments when the cruel hand of tyranny and oppressive power was threatening their existence, is known to all. And, although instances of this kind have not been wanting either in ancient or modern times, still the thought seems scarcely to have occurred to the mind of any, that there exists any *moral obligation* whatever which makes it the *duty* of one nation to support the cause of another when abused; and yet, taking it for granted, that the resort to arms is ever justifiable, and the doctrine that it is the duty of nations to protect each other seems to me to be, by no means an irrational one. The fact that there exists such a thing as *national obligation*, is manifest. First from the dealings of God with the different nations of the earth as recorded in Sacred History. Secondly, from the treaties which exist at the present day between the nations of the civilized globe and Thirdly from our almost instinctive commendation or blame of the course pursued by nations, as such, in regard to each other or in other words, the fact of our ascribing *character* to all nations civilized or barbarous.

These *facts* appear so plain and well known, and their application to this principle so manifest, that I need not occupy time in illustrating or applying them.—But international obligation being admitted let us inquire into the relation of such obligation to our present subject. We lay it down as a fundamental principle that the moral relations existing between government and government are essentially the same as those existing between individual and individual. True there exists to appearance certain differences but, when narrowly observed, there is manifestly an essential oneness. It has been already shown that men by acting in a national capacity do not cease to be subjects of moral law.

Nations, as well as individuals, are bound in their intercourse with each other, to do some things and to refrain from others. But what are the things which nations are bound to do and what are the things from which they are bound to refrain? I answer that every man instinctively tests the morality of nations by the same standard which he applies to that of individuals. Ought an individual to be just? So ought a nation. Ought an individual to be grateful for favors received? So ought a nation. Ought an individual to be brave, generous, and kind?—So ought a nation. Ought the character of an individual to be adorned with veracity, magnanimity, honesty, courtesy, fraternal sympathy and reverence for God? So ought that of a nation. What virtue commendable in an individual is not equally praiseworthy in a nation? What vice hateful in the individual is not equally odious in the nation? Indeed this principle is so obvious that I do not see why it should not be readily admitted. Now every well behaved man has a claim upon his fellow men for protection in the unmolested enjoyments of his natural rights.—If I, as a man, refuse to unite with my neighbor in what is called society for the protection of my weak brother against his oppressor, I am justly branded as base cowardly and cruel. But is a *nation* of less value than a *man*? When a state of noble spirited men, who wish to go quietly on making their own laws and governing themselves, is trampled down by superior force, shall their plaintive cry for relief be disregarded by their brother nations? No. surely not. Is it then the chimera of a diseased imagination? or is it not rather a stern principle of moral obligation which no nation can disregard and yet be guiltless? If these things are so, with what horror must we contemplate the course pursued by the various nations of the civilized world in relation to each other.—How does the blood of National Abels call to the God of nations for vengeance

not only on the heads of their bloodstained murderer's but also on those nations that were accessory to their destruction by disregarding their dying cry. Need I mention the fate of unhappy Poland?—Once the home of Freedom—the garden of Europe, the Paradise of earth. Alas! How art thou fallen. And the deep groan of misery, like the hollow voice of echo answers—Fallen! If it is asked *how* fallen, I answer, not a victim to sensual depravity like Greece—not a prey to intestine broils like Rome, but the victim of *national avarice* and blood-thirsty *tyranny*. And yet, unmoved, the nations heard her dying shriek as limb by limb, like hungry wolves her fiendish foes devoured her.—No hand was raised in her defence. Not even a shout of sympathy to scare the Demons from their prey. But we need not call from the grave of the past the ghosts of fallen nations to tell the tale of cruel murder. Our own eyes have seen but too faithful pictures of Freedom dying in the relentless grasp of Tyranny. We have seen Rome, that ancient Mother of Liberty, who had lain so long in her grave arise in all the virgin pride of her youthful days, “When she sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world.” We have seen the locks of her temple hoary with age and woe, give place to the rich luxuriance of youth.—The ruddy glow of independence was once more on her cheek.

The lightning sparks of liberty were glancing from her eye. But while we gazed with wonder on the sight and Freedom's shout which welcomed back, as from the grave, this transformed mother yet was ringing in our ears, lo! France—that doomed Judas to the cause of liberty, dyed with bloody hands, that yet unstrengthened form and bore it to the tomb. O Perjured France! what deeds of penance can e'er atone for thy unlooked for treachery? Go, trail thy banner, stained with freemen's blood in dust until its motto, most hypocritic, is blotted, from

its face—then wave it in the air,—fit emblem of thy ignoble principle. But are these all? No! The cry of bleeding Hungary is yet ringing in our ears. What a flood of sympathy gushed from every heart not steeled by selfishness, at the appeal of that noble people; bravely struggling against whom. Against an equal foe? Against a nation bearing arms in accordance with the laws of modern war? No. Against the combined power of two nations of tyrants whose tender mercies even are cruel. Nobly she withstood the onset of her fierce, bloodthirsty foes. All Europe was gazing on as from a height to see the issue of the fight, where freedom and weakness was struggling with tyranny and power. Fiercer and fiercer those ranks of furies press, in overwhelming numbers, on that band of noble freemen, until in sad despair she lifts her quivering hands to Europe asking aid.—Did France, with all her blustering show of freedom so much as send one word of cheering sympathy in answer to that call? Did England with her frowning brow and thunder tongue, protest against that foul, unprecedented league of those two mighty powers, to crush a weaker state? No.—Instead of thunder toned protestations, a half suppressed whisper, breathed by some few sympathising souls, might have reached the ears of that despairing state. And that was *all*. Where slept the British Lion while the talons of the northern Eagle were tearing the bosom of bleeding Hungary? Where then was that invincible spirit of freedom—that manly independence which tore the Magna Charter from the hands of king John—which banished the Stuarts from the throne and under Oliver Cromwell, “Smote even unto death the foes of the Lord and of Gideon.” Had the British ministry been *men* and not machines, they would have sent to St. Petersburg an embassy of grape and canister—the war-dogs of England would have barked among the palaces of the Czars. Kossuth faint and discouraged

on the plains of Hungary would have heard rattling across the Russian Desert, the thunder of friendly cannon and the myriads of Kossacks that hemmed him in, would have been persuaded by the only logic a Kossack can understand. But, ere she yields, she turns her tearful eyes to America, imploring aid. Hope despairing freeman! for sure the land of Freedom will protect the noble free. But hark, what is the response? "*It is against our policy to interfere in such matters.*" Recreant! do you think to screen yourself from merited disgrace beneath so slight a cloak?—Were not you yourself saved from slavery by kindly aid from a foreign power? And shall the wretch, snatched from a watery grave by the hand of some danger-daring man free himself from all obligation to save a fellow-being in like distress, by stammering with his still palsied tongue that "to interfere isn't his policy." Nor shalt thou, my country! Traitor to thy trust! False to thy charge! Shame on thee, America!

For the Miscellany.

### SELF RELIANCE.

BY MISS RICE.

I have seen a delicate shrub whose beauty attracted the admiration of passers by. It reclined gracefully upon the lattice, where, shielded from the blasts of rude winds it might receive the genial rays of the summer's sun. It was beautiful—its fragrance filled the air with sweet perfume and time passed on and I re-visited this bower; but, Oh how changed! the cold breath of untimely frost and the unmerciful blast of sudden tempests had shrouded it with a garment of mourning and laid it low on the earth.

Perhaps, thought I, if the beautiful plant had been early exposed to changes of temperature and subsequently received more wind and fewer supports it might have withstood even this. Thus musing, I

passed on until I found myself beneath the ample umbrage of a wide-spreading forest tree which stood alone in an exposed field. Oft had it been rocked, and menaced by sweeping winds, but these rude assaults only caused its roots to strike deeper and wider for support. It was a noble tree, and I could not avoid contrasting its proud appearance with those which occupied sheltered situations in the neighboring wood. Nature is the universal teacher, and the instructions she yields her votaries; are capable of producing moral impressions more powerful and vivid than any other, and as I lingered, the playful leaves seemed to whisper, "Self reliance, self reliance," seek, cherish, practice it—and then beneath the warm sunshine of fortune, or midst the conflicting elements of passion, discord, and misfortune, thou wilt be alike immovable. Self reliance is not a bigoted assumption of gifts which we have never received, but a due respect to our own judgment in preference to an undue dependence upon that of others—hence it is one of the noblest exercises of soul and the happy few who possess it are alike removed from pride and dependence and occupy a blissful medium between the two, where all the virtues cluster. A person who possesses the opposite spirit will probably never arrive to eminence in any pursuit, being retarded in his course by asking this one's advice and that one's opinion, trying sometimes one method, and sometimes another, he fails to reach that high place which talent might have won for him had it been accompanied by self reliance. He looks at all his own performances with distrust, fears to commit himself, amid conflicting opinions knows not which to adopt, and the soul gifted with reason, *parrot like*, is content to echo the thoughts of other men. This dependant spirit is often induced by a faulty training in childhood. Wishing his child to be obliging and submissive, the parent brings him to distrust too much his own judgment—his school days are one continued

scene of indecision and indefinite conclusions, and he enters upon life, not to add new discoveries to science, or to rectify false sentiments, but to yield a heartless assent to prevailing theories.

And here allow me to say that *we ladies* are quite deficient in the exercise of this virtue; we think it not only easy but pretty for us to float with the current—reckless of consequences. Surely it will not do for us to exercise our *feeble* reason, and perhaps, moreover, no one of the brotherhood of man would ever dare to link his destiny with ours least we should become hopeless termagants. Were we accustomed to think and decide for ourselves in matters of importance, we should have less leisure to meditate seriously upon ribbands and other splendid gew-gaws; nor would our fathers and brothers think us less amiable and refined than formerly.

I care not how rich, how talented, how fortunate one may be, if he fails to cultivate self reliance, he must inevitably become the dupe of other men's opinions, the slave of circumstances and the heir of irretrievable losses. That individual who exercises his own reason and draws his own conclusions, stands as steadfast in the war of intellect as the giant tree in a hurricane, or as the tall mountain top which elevates its summit—and mid sun-shine looks down on the tempest below.

Mark that, little boy—he is not taller, handsomer, or stronger than his fellows, but for some cause he maintains a pre-eminence among them. He possesses no more *genius* than they but calls all that he has into active exercise—hence he is esteemed quite a prodigy—honor unsolicited is freely accorded him—he leads in every expedition—devises each new plan; decides controversies and preserves order in the mimic camp. He is not more proud or selfish than others, but on the contrary, seems to despise a mean act—he is beginning to be conscious of the dignity of human nature, and as the consciousness increases, his intellect is rapidly developed.

Watch his progress and behold the elements of true greatness! knowing that his talents was not given him to bind up in a napkin—that his reason and judgment are to be exercised for *himself*, he becomes meditative, and although regarding the opinion of others with due deference, weighs them carefully before making them his own. Is he a student? Observe his bearing then—he is not over anxious to know how the subject under consideration is regarded by certain others in the class, but replying as his common sense dictates is not startled if some are amused by the originality of his ideas. And when that high born spirit puts on the garb of manhood and mingles in the busy crowd that throng life's pathway, it still retains its identity, its originality, its purity and its powers. The truly self reliant follows not in the train of servility and flattering, but conceiving noble ends, attained only by worthy means, works out for himself a *new way*, which being pursued with hopeful energy becomes a brilliant one. He is one who will elucidate truths hitherto obscure, like Newton, will discover an universal law from the falling of an apple, or like Franklin draw down lightning from the clouds. This spirit is not in the least opposed to modesty, gentleness or brotherly kindness, but only adds strength and vigor to beauty. It is noble in the high as the low; shines as brightly in the poor apprentice whose only laboratory was a garret as in the well known Sir Humphrey's of a later period. Perhaps you will say that this principle when applied is destructive to that humility and implicit faith, which so beautifully characterizes the christian—but nay, rather is it the support of all that is holy, for that *person* only who listens to the admonitions of his own conscience and yields to the dictates of his own enlightened reason will be the personage whom Heaven shall approve and succeeding ages admire.

And as we go forth to meet the temptations and allurements of the world in all

their varied forms—shall it be to wither 'neath its scorn—to be swallowed up in the vortex of vanity and false faith? Or shall it be to maintain fearlessly our hearts conviction, conscious of the true dignity of our position, and looking calmly in the face of opposition and difficulties, move on unsophisticated by flattery and untarnished by corruption, until the twilight of time is lost in the sunlight of heaven.

Grand Blanc, May 22.

From the Family Circle.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

....

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

....

England is and may well be proud of this glorious institution—a great national monument of literature, fine arts, and natural history, each distinct as a department, and delightfully complete in itself. Parliament manifests great interest in its government, and this fact gives it a permanent tone and standing that is acknowledged by all classes. In 1753, Sir Hans Sloane, a virtuoso, offered to the consideration of the British government a collection of books and specimens of natural history. This offer was accepted, and resulted in a transfer of the purchase from the cabinets of Sir Hans to the Montague House, in Great Russel Street; and this was the foundation, the first stepping-stone, of this great institution.

Soon afterward were procured the Harleian collection of manuscripts, the Cottonian Library, which were added to the Sloane collection. George II. presented the library of printed books which had been collected by the kings of England since Henry VIII., and after this came extensive contributions from various distinguished sources, among which Sir Joseph Banks' library of natural history; Garrick's collection of plays; Sir John Hawkins' musical library, were prominent.—

When the institution was first projected little attention seemed to be bestowed upon the department of fine arts, but now it is most valuable. In 1773, a large sum was expended in procuring Sir William Hamilton's collection of vases, and shortly afterward George III. contributed the Egyptian antiquities, obtained by Abercromby's generals in Egypt, during his memorable campaign. In 1815, the Phigaleian sculptures were purchased, and the Elgin marbles, considered the finest in the world, soon afterward fell into possession of the Museum. In 1813, George IV. bequeathed the valuable library of his father, and in the department of antiquities and fine arts, the Persæpitan sculptures; the collection of bronzes, the property of Mr. Payne Knight; the bronzes of Siris; and the Babylonian antiquities, were successively added.

This great national collection swells every year, and the trustees, in their late report to the House of Commons, observe, that they can scarcely keep pace with the late additions. During the reign of the present Victoria, the Xanthian marbles have been among the most notable acquisitions, although Sir Robert Ker Porter's cabinet of drawings, a fine collection of Chinese curiosities, and Mexican and African antiquities, are objects of intense interest.

Thus much of the early history of the Museum; and now a few words of our own observations. The buildings forming what is termed the new British Museum are arranged in a hollow square, opposite the four points of the compass.—The southern point is the principal one, and presents to view an imposing façade, of the Ionic order. There has been considerable dissension among critics in regard to the architectural merits of this front; but of this we will not enter upon any discussion. In the center is a spacious portico, formed of a double range of columns, eight in each range; on either side, in continuation, is a range of three,



and at the east and west angles are projecting wings, also columnar.

There are two stories of galleries and rooms around the greater part of the building, to some of which the public are not admitted. The ground floor, between the portico entrance and the southeast angle, is occupied as a depository for sorting and reading papers and manuscripts. On the east side the king's library occupies a large apartment, three hundred feet long. Other private rooms are allotted for the botanical collections, gems, coins, and literature, to which access can only be obtained by special introduction. These exclusions are well-founded, however, the directors of the institution being patriotically liberal.

The door in the center of the portico gives entrance to the vestibule—a fine large apartment. Here we notice two statues, of Sir Joseph Banks and Shakspeare; and on the left is a statue of Mrs. Damer, the distinguished lady who, it is said, forebore the giddy pursuits of life for the more noble one of sculpture. The hall is lofty, and the ceiling is richly painted in encaustic colors, formed into block-pieces of various tints. The grand staircase is a noble feature of the edifice, and excites the highest admiration. The steps are stone, and are in number seventy. Two lions, lying in silent ferociousness at the first section of the staircase, forcibly remind a Philadelphian of the two stone beasts that guard the entrance to the "Merchants' Exchange" in the City of Brotherly Love.

At the top of the staircase is a range of rooms extending eastward along the building. The apartment over the passage leading to the sculptures is the Zoological Gallery, the first object in which; that attracts the attention is a full-grown specimen of the giraffe, whose long neck, overtopping every thing else, seems to touch the high vaulted ceiling. The animals are ranged about in wall-cases, and embrace every species known under the sun.

Inscriptions placed on every case give the spectator considerable information as to the peculiarities of the different animals, and various posers, in the way of Latin terms, impress the looker-on with the importance of the study of zoology. Beyond this is another room full of skeletons, prepared with much taste and skill. Still beyond this are the birds and shells, brilliant in their plumage and gay in their varied tints. They are arranged according to their species, and convey to the beholder a pleasing impression.

The Mineralogical Gallery next claims the attention. This consists of four rooms in one range, elegantly fitted up, having wall and table cases. The specimens are arranged according to the principal chemical substances which each mineral contains. We noticed masses of meteoric iron which have fallen from the atmosphere, sparkling anthracite from Ceylon, selenium medallions wrought by Berzelius, ores of zinc, diamonds, jaspers, and amethysts, and some beautiful specimens of wood opal wrought into boxes. We experienced much pleasure in examining the fine collection of fossils in this gallery. They appear to be evidences of a former state of animal existence prior to any species now known upon the earth.—By labels we recognized the salamander, the huge iguanodon, the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, and a monstrous mastodon.

There is an apartment called the "Xanthian Room," which contains a number of objects of the highest interest to the artist and classical scholar. This collection was purchased from Sir Charles Fellows, who at a great expense brought the mythological works from Lycia, consisting, in a measure, of vases, urns, tombs, ancient pillars, and sculptures in a broken and shattered state. We observed many thoughtful visitors in this room who, with countenances full of meditation, appeared to be regarding these sacred gems of antiquity with strong but silent delight.

In what is called the "Grand Central Saloon," is what is termed the Townley collection, of which we heard so much.—We walked about amid a crowd of sarcophagi and bas-reliefs until the mind is overwhelmed with wonder. One single object here cost the trustees of the Museum over a thousand guineas—the apotheosis of Homer. There we find in exquisite marble Apollo, Venus, the Dione, the goddess Fortune, Actæon, Clytie rising from a sunflower, Diana, and a host of others.

Next comes the Phigaleian Saloon, containing a series of bas-reliefs which once belonged to the temple of Apollo at Phigaleia. Some of them relate to the wars of the Greeks and Amazons, and others to the battle between the Centaurs and Lapithæ—both favorite ethnical subjects among the Grecians. After viewing the models of the Parthenon, we find our way into the "Elgin Room," which contains precious fragments of sculpture from the temple of Minerva.

From this we pass into the Egyptian Gallery, where we find a number of colossal figures wrought in basalt and dark granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and of the most perfect smoothness. Whether looking at the head of Rameses, the dingy statue of Amenoph, the black figure of Bubastis, or the enormous granite Scarabæus, or sacred beetle, we are filled with the most sublime ideas of the magnitude of the wonders before us, and of the vast expenditure of time in perfecting these singular trophies of a once great and curious but now nearly extinct nation. We will pause to glance at the Theban statues weighing nine tons each, and the Rosetta stone, bearing inscriptive hieroglyphics recording the services of king Ptolemy the Fifth, according to the savans and then bestow a few moments on the curious Egyptian fresco paintings, painted three thousand years ago. These serve to illustrate the domestic manners of the country from which they were brought; and certainly the old designs, formal out-

lines and stiff attitudes, with no attempt at perspective, and all absence of harmony of of disposition, call up a smile when we consider the great perfection of art of this kind at the present day.

We were highly pleased with a visit to the Ethnographical Room. It is a long gallery at the top of the main staircase, and contains specimens of the manners and customs, arts and implements, of various nations. The Chinese department is a perfect museum in itself, of beggars, mandarins, gods, goddesses, balls, bows, arrows, and wood and ivory trinkets. These objects are not beautiful, but are certainly very rare, and of course curious. In compartments systematically arranged, are the African, North American, Peruvian, Chilian and Mexican antiquities, which, if each article were scanned separately and carefully, would consume almost a tolerable lifetime. We find a panorama of padlocks, pipes, fly-flappers, mummies, deities, silver images and what not, and we leave the apartments with a mind confused with the mass of wonders.

There is a Bronze Room, filled with every variety of Roman weights and trinkets, metal mirrors, tripods, candelabras and lamps, and another called the Etruscan Gallery, where are placed a number of vases, which the Etruscans bestowed so much attention upon. The shelves exhibit a variety of forms, from the flat salver to the tall and slender vase. Some of them are wrought in heavy brown ware, with ill-proportioned figures on them in bas-relief; others have pale backgrounds, with grotesque figures of a deep reddish maroon color; some are diversified with black figures upon red or orange grounds, and so on. The greater number of these antiquities were procured by Campanari, a Roman antiquary, who excavated them from among the ruins of what were once Etruscan cities and burial grounds, in Western Italy.

And now we have given you, dear reader, a momentary peep at the British Mu-

seum; but to realise its innumerable wonders it must be visited. We have spent ten whole days in wandering among its numerous galleries and avenues, and at each visit we recognise objects of the deepest interest which before escaped our wonder-stricken gaze. It is worth a visit to England to view the curiosities here deposited; and of course no tourist sets foot in London without spending a portion of his spare hours in contemplating the many delightful and instructive works of nature and art here concentrated, at an immense cost of labor and outlay, to tutor and amuse every one who feels sufficient interest in this great national embodiment of the world's wonders.

### SIDNEY SMITH.

BY GILFILLAN.

It is melancholy to observe how speedily, successively, nay, almost simultaneously, our literary luminaries are disappearing from the sky. Every year another and another member of the bright clusters which arose about the close of the last or at the beginning of this century, is fading from our view. Within nineteen years, what havoc, by the "insatiate archer," among the ruling spirits of the time! Since 1831, Robert Hall, Andrew Thomson, Goethe, Cuvier, Mackintosh, Crabbe, Foster, Coleridge, Edward Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Southey, Thomas Campbell, &c., have entered on the "silent land;" and latterly has dropped down one of the wittiest and shrewdest of them all—the projector of the 'Edinburgh Review'—the author of "Peter Plymley's Letters"—the preacher—the politician—the brilliant converser—the "mad-wag"—Sidney Smith.

It was the praise of Dryden that he was the best reasoner in verse who ever wrote; let it be the encomium of our departed Sidney that he was one of the best reasoners in wit of whom our country can boast.

His intellect—strong, sharp, clear, and decided—wrought and moved in a rich medium of humor. Each thought, as it came forth from his brain, issued as "in dance," and amid a flood of inextinguishable laughter. The march of his mind through his subject resembled the procession of Bacchus from the conquest of India—joyous, splendid, straggling—to the sound of flutes and hautboys—rather a victory than a march—rather a revel than a contest. His logic seemed always hurrying into the arms of his wit. Some men argue in mathematical formulæ; others, like Burke, in the figures and flights of poetry; others in the fire and fury of passion; Sidney Smith in exuberant and riotous fun. And yet the matter of his reasoning was solid, and its inner spirit earnest and true. But though his steel was strong and sharp, his hand steady, and his aim clear, the management of the motions of his weapon was always fantastic. He piled, indeed, like a Titan, his Pelion on Ossa, but at the oddest of angles; he lifted and carried his load bravely, and like a man, but laughed as he did so; and so carried it that beholders forgot the strength of the arm in the strangeness of the attitude. He thus sometimes disarmed anger: for his adversaries could scarcely believe that they had received a deadly wound while their foe was roaring in their faces. He thus did far greater execution, for the flourishes of his weapon might distract his opponents, but never himself from the direct and terrible line of the blow. His laughter sometimes stunned, like the cackination of the Cyclops, shaking the sides of his cave. In this mood—and it was his common one—what scorn was he wont to pour upon the opponents of Catholic emancipation—upon the enemies of all change in legislation—upon any individual or party who sought to obstruct measures which, in his judgment, were likely to benefit the country. Under such, he could at any moment spring a mine of laughter; and what neither the

fierce invective of Brougham nor the light and subtle railery of Jeffrey could do, his contemptuous explosion effected, and himself crying with mirth, saw them hoisted toward heaven in ten thousand comical splinters. Comparing him with other humorists of a similar class, we might say, that while Swift's ridicule resembles something between a sneer and a spasm (half a sneer of mirth, half a spasm of misery)—while Cobbett's is a grin—Fonblanque's a light but deep and most significant smile—Jeffrey's a sneer, just perceptible on his fastidious lip—Wilson's a strong, healthy, hearty laugh—Carlyle's a wild unearthly sound, like the neighing of a homeless steed—Sidney Smith's is a genuine guffaw, given forth with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. Apart from his matchless humor, strong, rough, instinctive, and knotty sense was the leading feature of his mind. Every thing like mystification, sophistry, and humbug, fled before the first glance of his piercing eye; every thing in the shape of affectation excited in him a disgust "as implacable" as even a Cowper could feel. If possible, with still deeper aversion did his manly nature regard cant in its various forms and disguises; and his motto in reference to it was, "spare no arrows."—But the mean, the low, the paltry, the dishonorable, in nations or in individuals, moved all the fountains of his bile, and awakened all the energy of his invective. Always lively, generally witty, he is never eloquent, except when emptying out his vials of indignation upon baseness in all its shapes. His is the ire of a genuine 'English gentleman, all of the olden time.' It was in this spirit that he recently explained, in his own way, the old distinctions of Meum and Tuum to Brother Jonathan, when the latter was lamentably inclined to forget them. It was the same sting of generous indignation which, in the midst of his character of Mackintosh, prompted the memorable picture of that extraordinary being who, by his transcon-

dant talents and his tortuous movements—his head of gold, and his feet of miry clay—has become the glory, the riddle, and the regret of his country, his age, and his species.

As a writer, Smith is little more than a very clever, witty, and ingenious pamphleteer. He has effected no permanent *chef d'œuvre*; he has founded no school; he has left little behind him that the "world will not willingly let die;" he has never drawn a tear from a human eye, nor excited a thrill of grandeur in a human bosom. His reviews are not preserved by the salt of original genius, nor are they pregnant with profound and comprehensive principle: they have no resemblance to the sibylline leaves which Burke tore out from the vast volume of his mind, and scattered with imperial indifference among the nations; they are not the illuminated indices of universal history, like the papers of Macaulay; they are not specimens of pure and perfect English, set with modest but magnificent ornaments, like the criticism of Jeffrey or of Hall; nor are they the excerpts, rugged and rent away by violence, from the dark and iron tablet of an obscure and original mind, like the reviews of Foster; but they are exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, admirable occasional pamphlets, which, though now they look to us like spent arrows, yet assuredly have done execution, and have not been spent in vain. And as, after the lapse of a century and more, we can still read with pleasure Addison's "Old Whig and Freeholder," for the sake of the exquisite humor and inimitable style in which forgotten feuds and dead logomachies are embalmed, so may it be, a century still, with the articles on Bentham's Fallacies and on the Game Laws, and with the letters of the witty and ingenious Peter Plymley. There is much at least in those singular productions—in their clear and manly sense—in their broad native fun—in their rapid, careless, and energetic style—and in their bold, honest, liberal, and thoroughly English

spirit—to interest several succeeding generations, if not to secure the “rare and regal” palm of immortality.

Sidney Smith was a writer of sermons as well as political squibs. Is not their memory eternized in one of John Foster's most ponderous pieces of sarcasm? In an evil hour the dexterous and witty critic came forth from behind the fastness of the Edinburgh Review, whence, in perfect security he had shot his quick glancing shafts at Methodists and Missions, at Christian Observers and Eclectic Reviews, or Owens and Styles, and (what the more wary Jeffrey, in the day of his power, always avoided) became himself an author, and, *mirabile dictu*, an author of sermons. It was as if he wished to give his opponents their revenge; and no sooner did his head peep forth from beneath the protection of its shell than the elephantine foot of Foster was prepared to crush it in the dust. It was the precise position of Saladin with the Knight of the Leopard, in their memorable contest near the Diamond of the Desert. In the skirmish Smith had it all his own way; but when it came to close quarters, and when the heavy and mailed hand of the sturdy Baptist had confirmed its grasp on his opponent, the disparity was prodigious, and the discomfiture of the light horseman complete.—But why recall the memory of an obsolete quarrel and a forgotten field? The sermons—the *cause belli*—clever but dry, destitute of earnestness and unction—are long since dead and buried; and their review remains their only monument.

Even, when, within his own stronghold, our author intermeddled with theological topics, it was seldom with felicity or credit to himself. His onset on missions was a sad mistake; and in attacking the Methodists, and poor pompous John Styles, he becomes as filthy and foul-mouthed as Swift himself. His wit forsakes him, and a rabid invective ill supplies its place; instead of laughing, he raves and foams at the mouth. Indeed, although an elo-

quent and popular preacher, and in many respects an ornament to his cloth, there was one radical evil about Smith; *he had mistaken his profession*. He was intended for a barrister, or a literary man, or a member of parliament, or some occupation into which he could have flung his whole soul and strength. As it was, but half his heart was in a profession which, of all others, would require the whole.—He became consequently a rather awkward medley of buffoon, politician, preacher, literateur, divine, and diner-out. Let us grant, however, that the ordeal was severe and that, if a very few have weathered it better, many more have ignominiously broken down. No one coincides more fully than we do with Coleridge in thinking that every literary man should have a profession; But in the name of common sense let it be one fitted for him, and for which he is fitted—one suited to his tastes as well as to his talents—to his habits as well as to his powers—to his heart as well as to his head.

As a conversationist, Sidney Smith stood high among the highest—a Saul among a tribe of Titans. His jokes were not rare and refined, like those of Rogers and Jekyll; they wanted the slyness of Theodore Hook's inimitable equivoque; they were not poured forth with the prodigal profusion of Hood's breathless and bickering puns; they were rich, fat, unctuous, always bordering on farce, but always avoiding it by a hair's-breadth. No finer cream, certes, ever mantled at the feasts of Holland House than his fertile brain supplied; and, to quote himself, it would require a “forty-parson power” of lungs and language to do justice to his convivial merits. An acquaintance of ours sometimes met him in the company of Jeffrey and Macaulay—a fine concord of first-rate performers, content, generally, to keep each within his own part, except when, now and then, the author of the “Lays” burst out irresistibly, and changed the concert into a fine solo.

Sidney Smith, we never saw, and his *personnel*, therefore, we cannot describe. We always figure him, however, to ourselves as a "round, fat, oily man of God," with a strongly marked forehead, and an unspeakable twinkle in his eye. How far this resembles the original, we leave others to determine. Although "we could have better spared a better man." Did not his death "eclipse the gayety of nations?"—Did not a Fourth Estate of Fun expire from the midst of us? Did not even Brother Jonathan drop a tear when he thought that the scourge that so mercilessly lashed him was broken? And shall not now all his admirers, unite with us in inscribing upon his grave—"Alas! poor Yorick!"

#### THE VALLEY OF THE GEYSERS.

....

Prof. Forrest Shepard, in a letter to the *Evening Picayune* of San Francisco, gives the following graphic description of a remarkable valley discovered by him in the Coast Range, north of the Napa Valley.—Another account says that Prof. S. intends to claim part of the valley, and plant tropical trees in the hot soil.

Messrs. Editors: In answer to your inquiry respecting the Geyser Fountains on the Teton River, permit me to say that my attention was first arrested at the remarkably peaceful and quiet thermal springs in Napa Valley, by the wonderful metamorphism of the rocks. It occurred to me that the springs or the chemical action causing them might have been instrumental in producing this change. On diligent inquiry I learned that the Indians knew of a place where the heat was much greater formerly than now. I was led to believe this from the fact that the springs of Messrs. Ritchie & Tucker varied their temperature four or five degrees in the space of three weeks. I next visited the place indicated by the Indians, and found it perfectly tranquil externally, and nothing

on the surface to attract special attention. But on digging down about two feet I found the heat increased rapidly, so that I could not bear my hand in the earth. I inserted the bulb of my thermometer, and the mercury instantly rose to one hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit.

From observations already made in company with Prof. James Nooney, I was led to believe there existed a line of thermal action under the neighboring mountain chains, and accordingly in company with Mr. P. Cyrus, J. Cyrus, and B. F. Briggs, (most excellent companions and expert hunters,) I traveled north westerly in the line of thermal action, and after wandering through almost innumerable dense thickets, on the fourth day after leaving the head of Napa Valley we arrived at an immense chasm full 1,000 feet in depth, where the rocks had evidently been rent asunder by great violence.—Here in the bottom of the valley we found a beautiful river and its terraced banks covered with a most luxuriant vegetation and spring flowers on the 8th of February. This extraordinary appearance was soon explained, for on proceeding up the river, the earth grew warm under our feet, and as we emerged from a thicket of evergreen bordering a deep fissure in the mountain side, the secret workings of the inner world suddenly burst upon our astonished senses. You may judge of my surprise when I found myself not on the brink of a volcanic crater or sulfatara, nor amid the sales of Humboldt, and yet the earth so hot as to burn my feet through the soles of my boots.

At no place was there any appearance of lava, but a powerful catalytic action going on effecting the dissolution of every kind of rock. The evolution of steam through innumerable orifices, and sometimes in columns rising like that from an ocean steamer, one or two hundred feet in height,—also the decomposition of sulphureted hydrogen gas the sudden formation of boiling hot water—the deposition

of beautiful crystals of sulphur and the formation of more or less sulphuric acid and an astonishing amount of metallic oxides, mineral salts, and the cementation of brecciated and conglomerate rock.—The scene leads the mind almost to bewilderment, and you tremble as you approach the Geysers, lest, like the lamented Pliny, you become a victim to your curiosity, especially when you find yourself sinking, as did the writer, into the abyss below, by breaking through the thin crust under your feet. The spouting Geysers, boiling magistroms, springs of hot water, steam pipes, &c., probably exceed two hundred on a half a mile square. The writer has commenced a series of experiments and improvements at the place, and has made arrangements to cut a road and erect a house on the premises, and in due time hopes to communicate to the public the results of his observations.

#### NOAH WEBSTER.

....

It is now over sixty years since Webster's Spelling Book was first published. This little volume has probably done more for the cause of general literature than any other book of its size that has been no longer extant. It was a most felicitous production considering its early date; lasting in its effects, and imparting a healthy tone to the morals and manners of this republican nation.

Who of us that have now descended far into the vale of life, when reflecting upon the past does not remember with interest and with gratitude the beautiful and practical lessons, expressed in poetry and in fable, contained in that "old Spelling Book?"

The young aspirant after literary fame having entered with credit at Yale, probably does not find his emotions of delight to exceed those of the little tyro who, having become familiar with his alphabet, and his first lesson in spelling a-b and e-b,

commenced his first lesson in reading 'No man may put off the law of God,' containing a sentiment which was thus early engraven upon the memory of almost every little child in the land, and we can not doubt produced corresponding feelings in the heart.

It is interesting to know that about twenty-four millions of this Spelling Book had been published as early as the year 1847. Its popularity has gone on increasing to the present day. The demand, for some years past, has averaged about one million of copies a year. "And to its influence, probably more than any other cause, we are indebted for that uniformity of pronunciation in our country which is so often spoken of by English travelers."

But our object is not simply to eulogize this little book, or Dr. Webster's more elaborate work. "The Dictionary"—a work requiring more patient manual labor and mental research than any common mind can adequately conceive. It is a more striking monument of patient labor and skillful execution than can often be met with in sculptured marble of antiquity.

Such has been the sale of this work, though so voluminous and expensive, that three large editions have already been exhausted in this country and in England.—The demand is still increasing on both sides of the Atlantic, it has become the standard dictionary of our language. A gentleman who asked some years since, at one of the principal bookselling establishments of London for the best English dictionary on their shelves, had this work handed to him with this remark:—"That, sir, is the only *real* dictionary we have of our language, though it was prepared by an American."

Our present object in alluding to these well-known works is, to present to our readers, and especially the young, some of the striking characteristic traits in the life and conduct of their revered author, Noah Webster, presenting a model of su-

perior excellence, viewed as an intellectual man, a Christian or an author, worthy the imitation of every young American who would live to advanced age, achieve great and good things during the whole period of a long life, and leave to posterity the richest inheritance—a good name.

We cannot forbear to speak of our last intercourse with the subject of this brief notice. As we were walking across the beautiful lawn in front of good old Yale, we could not but recognize Dr. Webster in the tall, slender, remarkable, erect figure, with light, elastic step, approaching us.—Though then at the advanced age of eighty years, his hair was but slightly “silvered o’er with age.” In alluding to his healthy appearance and his activity, it was but natural to inquire if, in his estimation, his remarkable health, his mental vigor, and his longevity, could be traced to any assignable causes, and if so, what were they? “Certainly” was his quick response. And with his usual kind and affable disposition, he added—“In the first place, madam, I always accustomed myself to retire at an early hour, and to make it a point to lay aside my cares with my clothes. In the second place, though I have had but a feeble constitution, I have made it an invariable rule to rise with the lark. In the third place I have, even to my present advanced age, uniformly combined mental labor with considerable bodily exercise, without remitting it even for a day. And in the fourth and last place, I have studiously endeavored to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

With such a lofty purpose of soul, accompanied by such a rigid and systematic course of bodily and mental discipline, how much may be achieved by one man. Some estimate as to this may be made from the very brief summing up of his labors given in a concise memoir of Dr. Webster’s life, appended to his revised dictionary. His biographer says: “He gave freely of his time, his counsels, and

the efforts of his pen, when requested; for the promotion of every kind of social improvement. Equally long and diversified was the range of his intellectual pursuits. There was hardly any department of literature which he had not explored with lively interest at some period of his life. He wrote on a greater variety of topics than perhaps any other author in the United States—on the formation of government, on the laws of nations, the rights of neutrals, the science of banking, the history of his country, the progress of diseases, and the variations of climate; on agriculture, commerce, education, morals, religion, and the great means of national advancement, in addition to the principal theme of his life, philology and grammar. Such was the activity of his mind, and the delight he found in new acquisitions, that a *change* of employment was all the relief he needed from the weariness of protracted study. The refreshments which others seek in journeys or the entire suspensions of intellectual efforts, he found, during most of his life, in the stimulus afforded by some new and exciting object of pursuit. Mental exertion was the native element of his soul; and it is not too much to say, that another instance of such long-continued literary toil, such steady, unflinching industry, can hardly be found in the annals of our country.”

#### EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.

....

It may give some idea of the extent of the Universe to know the length of time required for light, which travels 192,000 miles a minute to come from different celestial objects to this earth. From the moon, it comes in one and a quarter seconds; from the sun in eight minutes; from Jupiter, in fifty-two minutes; Uranus, in two hours; from a star of the first magnitude, three to twelve years; from a star of the fifth magnitude, sixty-six years; from a star of the twelfth magnitude, four thousand years. Light which left a star



of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has not yet reached the earth. Our entire solar system itself travels at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.

For the Miscellany.

ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE AND MOTHER.

BY E. D. NEWBERRY.

Husband, with thy grieving heart  
Called from her thou lov'st to part,  
Bow in meekness to your God  
Humbly yield and kiss the rod  
Know, her Savior claims her now,  
And He loves her, well as thou.

Son's who mourn a mother dead  
And in anguish bow the head,  
Though she sleeps beneath the sod  
Lift your hearts in praise to God,  
For He calls her to her rest  
In the mansions of the blest.

Daughter, with thy tearful eye  
Let those sorrow pearl-drops dry  
Check the sigh that swells thy breast,  
Say; who loves thy mother best,  
He who died for her or thou?  
Weep not then, He claims her now.

Sister in a distant land  
Grieved by Death's afflicting hand  
Call'd to mourn a sister dear,  
Check the sob and dry the tear,  
Though her form thou canst not see,  
Yet in Heaven she waits for thee.

Daughter, who could'st not behold  
Thy mother's form when dead and cold,  
When at length thy heart shalt know  
Of affliction's crushing blow,  
Weep not that to thee are given,  
Bonds to bind thy soul to heaven.

Friends who swell the mourning train,  
Filled with anguish, grief and pain,  
Weep, but O! do not repine;  
He that took her is divine,  
For he gave her you in love,  
And as kind, call'd her above.

Husband, children, friends and all  
Think not on the bier and pall,  
Think not on the chilling tomb,  
Those make death a dreary doom;  
Look beyond into the skies,  
Where in bliss the dead arise.

For the Miscellany.

THE LIFE OF VEGETABLES.

....

It has been assumed that the principle of life in vegetables is of the same nature as that in animals. If a drop or two of pure chloroform be placed on the point of the common petiole of a leaf of the sensitive plant, the petiole is soon seen to drop, and directly afterwards the leaflets collapse in succession, pair by pair, beginning with those that are at the extremity of each branch. A minute or two afterwards, most of the leaves, near that on which the chloroform is placed, and situate below it on the same stem, droops one after the other, and their leaflets collapse, although not in so decided a manner as those of the leaf to which the chloroform has been applied. After a certain time, which varies with the condition of the plant, the leaves gradually open; but when touched, they are no longer irritated so as to collapse, as they do in their natural condition. They remain in this passive state, benumbed, as it were, for a considerable time, and it is not generally until some hours have elapsed that they regain their original sensibility. After several doses they lose their sensibility entirely; sometimes they wither completely after too many applications of the chloroform. The purer the chloroform, and the greater the excitability of the plant, the greater are the effects produced. The chemical agency of chloroform is thus found to be similar upon plants and animals, and thus the opinion of the identity of the principle of life in the two kingdoms gains considerable support. Of course the allusion applies merely to that which physiologists recognise as *animal* life. Important deductions may be founded upon these theories and experiments. Agriculture and gardening cease to be mere mechanical labors—they assume the rank of sciences of primary importance—the cultivation of vegetable growths can only be fully successful in the hands of those who compre-

send the physiology of vegetable life, and the laws which govern its development and maintenance.

### ANOTHER GRACE DARLING.

....

There has recently been a communication in a New York paper—"The Sunday Messenger," respecting a young lady whom they denominate a second Grace Darling, a young, intelligent, and interesting woman, within sixty miles of New York, who has, with the assistance of an aged and infirm father, saved twenty-one lives within the last fifteen years; and yet has never been known to the public, or in any way remembered or celebrated as a public benefactor; which the writer attributes to her being an American, asserting—"had she been English, all Europe would have rung with her achievements, and our public papers have been filled with her praise.

We have been at some pains to make inquiries respecting this lady, and within a few days have conversed with a person who is intimately acquainted with her and her worthy family.

Kate Moore is the daughter of Capt. Moore, who keeps the Light House on Fairweather Island, situated midway between the harbors of Black Rock and Bridgeport, (Conn.) The Island contains five acres of land, and is about half a mile from shore. Many disasters, it is known, have occurred to vessels driven around Montauk Point, in a storm, and sometimes in the sound to homeward bound, and this lady's ear is so accurate, it is said she can distinguish the shrieks of the drowning mariner, and direct her barge in the darkest night. She can trim a boat, and manage as well as any man, and seems to make up in tact what she lacks in strength, and never refuses to turn out in the darkest night to the relief of the suffering.

Our informant adds that she is a highly accomplished and literary lady, and perfectly feminine in her manners, and that altho' she occasionally visits New York and other places in that vicinity, and has a large and most respectable acquaintance many of whom know of these facts, they have never come to the knowledge of the public before. The late lamented Major Noah, who was remarkable for collecting the most interesting facts, by some means became acquainted with them. We also understand that Capt. Moore and his worthy help-mate have resided upon the Island over 20 years, and brought up a family of five children upon a salary of three hundred dollars a year all of whom have an excellent education, and that they entertain a great many persons who visit the Island, with true old-fashioned hospitality.

### SATIRE AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

....

The vile taste for satire and personal gossip will not be eradicated, I suppose while the elements of curiosity and malice remain in human nature; but as a fashion of literature, I think it is passing away, at all events it is not my forte.—Long experience of what is called "the world," of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness, which meet us at every turn, soon unsettles our youthful creed. If it only taught us to despise the illusions and retire from the pleasures of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief—it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue and happiness; it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one, too. It makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous of goodness; it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred.

When we are young, and the passions, powers and feelings, in their full activity, create to us a world within, we can not

look fairly on the world without: all things then are good. When first we throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briars on every side, which stick in our very hearts; and fair tempting fruits which turn to bitter ashes in the taste, then we exclaim with impatience that all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour, when they who look beyond the superficies of things begin to discern their true bearings; when the perception of evil; or sorrow, or sin, brings also the perception of some opposite good, which awakens our indulgence, or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity. Thus it is with me. I can smile, nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others in fictions light and brilliant. But these very things, when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision. Your professed satirists always send me to think upon the opposite sentiment in Shakspeare, on "the mischievous foul sin of chiding sin." I remember once hearing a poem of Barry Cornwall's (he read it to me) about a strange winged creature, that, having the lineaments of a man, yet preyed on a man and afterwards coming to a stream to drink, and beholding his own face therein, and discovering that he had made his prey of a creature like himself, pined away with repentance. So should those do, who having made themselves mischievous mirth out of the sins and sorrows of others remembering their own humanity and seeing within themselves the same lineaments—so should they grieve and pine away, self punished. I abhor the spirit of ridicule. I dread it, and I despise it. I abhor it, because it is in so direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of christianity; I fear it, because we find that in every state of society in which it has prevailed as a fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and

literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of that Society; and I despise it because it is the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed, evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it.

"THIS WILL WE DO, IF GOD PERMIT."

HEN. VI. 3.

....

BY RAPHAEL.

....

When the unclouded light of childhood's morning  
Is shaded by the deeper dreams of youth,

While the fresh soul still glories in its dawning,  
Nor checks its visions at the voice of Truth;

How does the young heart dream o'er future  
treasures—

Bright spells, to charm away the ills of life—  
Enchantments soft, and fair alluring pleasures,  
Undim'd by Time and changeless in the strife!

O we will be beloved—and, deeply loving,  
What language can express our certain bliss!  
Each day and hour our firm affection proving—  
Can Heaven give purer happiness than this?

And ~~wealth~~ shall pour her richest gold, unbidden,  
Around our peaceful home—and from its cell  
The diamond of the mine, with pearl long hidden.  
Shall bring their beauty in our home to dwell!

Lo! now the trumpet-call of mad ambition—  
For us, like all before, must dream of fame—  
And honors, higher than our happiest vision,  
Shall thickly cluster round our glorious names!

No sorrow ever shades youth's dream-land region—

No hopeless love—no early graves are there;  
No need of "pure and undefiled religion"  
To stay the heart, but cloudless all and fair.

Vain, idle dreams! Go forth into the real,  
And meet its varied scenes of care and grief—  
See young hearts weeping o'er the lost ideal,  
And strong souls drooping—*hopeless of relief*

See the true child of Genius pass in sorrow,  
 Prison'd and sad, thro' "Poverty's low vale,"  
 The fervent longing for a glorious morrow,  
 Lighting with earnest faith his features pale.

See on the bed of sickness youth and beauty.  
 Called in their freshness to lie down and die;  
 See pious spirits yielding love to duty,  
 Yielding all earth to win a home on high.

Nay, look within—read not the sacred sorrow  
 Of those for whom thou canst not feel, but  
 wait—

*Visions* will fade—the swift-approaching mor-  
 row

Will bring the *strife*—the *sacrifice*—the *FATE*!

And thou wilt sigh o'er love betray'd or slighted,  
 O'er darkened prospects—friends in death's  
 cold sleep—

Ambition's sunniest promises benighted—  
 Aye, thou in very bitterness shalt weep!

Then dream no longer—oh, awake to duty,  
 Heaven can be gained alone by constant strife!  
 Be thou victorious, and all ideal beauty  
 Shall meet thy faithful soul in endless life.

For the Miscellany.

## LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE DAILY PRESS.

....

BY J. O. WHITEMORE.

....

Do not suppose, gentle reader, from the title of this article, that the Magazines are about to commence a crusade against the dailies. You need not look forward with gleeful anticipation for a "Battle of the Editors." No—no. We have too much consideration for the Dailies to pounce upon them in an unguarded moment, or to strike a secret blow. We say 'secret blow,' for we imagine that the conductors of those valuable journals have but little spare time to spend in perusing anything which is not purely of a political or local nature. At least we have a good reason for the surmise when we remember how cavalierly they dispose of our more elaborate productions—putting us off frequently with a bare table of contents and very often omitting even that—giving occasionally

only the title of the Magazine with some such flattering summary as this. "The Ladies Coral Wreath and Amaranthine Portfolio comes to us this month in its usual elegant dress. The articles are all decidedly excellent, and some of them of a very high order, and the literary notices are given with the editor's characteristic ability." For all which, of course, we are very much obliged and will be "happy to exchange" with them, thankful for even the slight mood of praise which the bustling world of business can find time to bestow.

We can very easily imagine how an uneasy and sensitive editor of a daily paper, who is obliged to write for his life, as it were, to fill up the two or three expected columns of editorial, must feel at the bare mention of literature as connected with his vocation.

While the Steam Power Press is opening and shutting its iron jaws by his side impatiently waiting for "copy," what leisure has he to polish his periods or to dally with letters? He bids the unwelcome thought begone, and quiets his conscience with a mental resolution to read over the most important chapters of Blair's Rhetoric at the first convenient opportunity.

There is much excuse for the imperfect and careless style of most of our Dailies. As long as they continue to be published the editors will be expected to furnish original matter, and the days, if we may believe the Almanac, will not be more than twenty-four hours long. These two data being conceded as the major and minor the conclusion cannot be denied, viz: that it will be useless as a practical thing, to expect a great degree of literary ornament from the daily press.

While we thus express our firm convictions, we hope that no one connected with these periodicals will be offended at our conclusion, or imagine that if it were generally conceded it could have any invidious influence upon the character of their

profession. The discriminating public have too much good sense to expect impossibilities, and are too generous to demand their performance. We read that the Titans once, and but once, defied Jove on his throne and attempted to scale Heaven's dizzy walls of adamant; so some reckless self-sacrificing editor may for once polish his daily lucubrations to the very highest point of perfection, and strew his paragraphs with roses from the gardens of the muses—but he won't do it a second time. Should he persist very likely some friend will be called upon to pen his obituary.

Yet there are other qualities of good writing quite as important as elegance or elaborate finish of style; and it is in the columns of the daily journals that we find some of these qualities developed in their highest perfection. To them we yield the palm of superiority in rapid and familiar expression of thought, in directness and concentration of language. A free, dashing, conversational style is the style which must be employed if you would catch the attention of the busy, pre-occupied reader in the counting-room or rail car, by the desk of the tradesman, or at the bench of the artisan.

The hurried and care worn man of business snatches up the paper as it is thrown upon his desk, and glances his eye first over the pithy "items," and familiar news of the day, and leaves the more elaborate articles to be read—if they are read at all—when the toils of the day are over, and he retires to the seclusion of his own quiet fireside.

Thus it becomes the interest, in the language of Political Economy, of the producer to consult the wants of the consumer, and to furnish that kind of article which is most in request. This has been done. The demand has created the supply. Already, throughout the length and breadth of the land, newspapers have adopted a style which is eminently adapted to catch the attention, and to interest

and amuse the casual reader. This style, for which we have no parallel in the graver productions of Rhetoric, combines force of expression, and distinctness and unity of thought, with a genial humor, and rapid play of fancy which seldom fails to enchain the reader. Need it be said that such a style cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect not only upon the *general literature* of the day (so called,) but upon those graver productions which are destined to bear the wear of ages?

There has always been too much of prosaic tediousness in those authors who have been so unfortunate as to write a book. This arose from various causes.—In some it was the effect of want of order in their habits of thought, whereby after they had got a little distance in their book, they forgot, amid the mass of ideas which they had collected, what ones and how many they had already put down, and so were drawn into endless repetition. In some well meaning and honest minds it was the result of obscurity of idea—and such, like blind men grasping in the dark could only make progress with that artificial help which rules and the art of schools have invented—and rules nor schools can either of them make an idea, however artistically they may build up sentences.

In others it was the result of pure art—the art of *vaporization*. Such, in full consciousness of their own barrenness, were seized with the "lues scribendi," and knew that there was but one door open for them; and so they artfully and designedly involved their readers in an endless mass of wordy sentences, and purposely threw vapor clouds heavy and dark over their wildering pathway. In a large share of writers it was the effect of imitation. A false standard had been set up, and the manner of its establishing may be supposed to have been something on this wise:

Long time ago, there lived at the Tusculan Villa a gentleman by the name of

Cicero, who was quite famous as a debater in his day. He is even now very much of a favorite with school boys, and memorable, among other things, for writing very long, almost interminable sentences. Unfortunately some people in England, a few centuries afterward, fell in with a volume of his speeches, and conceiving quite a passion for them, with the usual facility of the human race took to copying them. And as Charles Lamb humorously writes that the first roast pig having been discovered in the smoking ruins of a house which had been burned, those who greedily sought another taste of the delicious morsel knew no better way than to burn down houses over litters of swine, so it happened with these admirers of Cicero. Beguiled by the elevation of thought and the genuine eloquence displayed in these admirable writings, they copied his harmonious diction and almost endless sentences too servilely, fancying perhaps that the style was inseparable from the effect produced. Thus it happened that the "Ciceronian style," which often meant no more than an harmonious chain "of linked sweetness long drawn out," became very prevalent.

This style, as the reader may conceive, was most excessively prosy, and withal soporific. Doubtless it suited very well the quiet tastes of the venerable old gentlemen who cultivated literature in the gardens of Queen Elisabeth or of Anne—in the days when men lived upon their father's farm, and a man sometimes held an office till he got acquainted with the details of his duty.

But such a style will not answer for the driving Yankee, who "swaps" his effects so often that he hardly knows his own property, who does a tolerably profitable business if he "breaks" once a year, and who changes his place of residence as often as he can find a chance to dispose of his "available plunder."

In order to show how prevalent this false task for the Ciceronian, as it is cal-

led, as the very perfection of style, has become among too many of our writers, we will draw a portrait which may not seem exaggerated to those who are most conversant in such matters.

The editor of the "Birchville Weekly Budget," instead of saying that he is glad to see that a school is to be established in Birchville, expresses himself thus—"it is with the utmost satisfaction that we observe manifest indications of a tendency towards the establishment of an institution for the purposes of juvenile education within the precincts of our enterprising village." Now the lawyer and schoolmaster, the doctor and postmaster of the "enterprising village," in fine half Birchville read the foregoing mellifluous announcement and congratulate themselves that they possess such an elegant writer for an editor.

"What an easy flow of language he possesses!" says one.

"What a polished style!" exclaims another.

"How finely his periods are rounded!" adds the schoolmaster—and shortly the fame of the editor of the Weekly Budget is trumpeted far and wide over the land as one of the most graceful and elegant writers of the day. Such things are done in more than one place in our land which has better advantages than Birchville, and ought to know better. The public taste has been most sadly at fault in this matter, and it is to the newspapers of the day that we look for its correction. Our most substantial and respected authors, whose skirts are by no means clear of this literary sin, are in general too well established in the confidence and devotion of their readers, which they have obtained from the importance of the subjects discussed and from their original and able manner of treating them, to pay much attention to any criticisms upon their style. But he who writes for the daily press, like the poet contending for a prize before an Athenian audience, has ever an eye upon

the public. Here the dictates of interest and of good taste coincide. Public patronage will follow the star of his fortunes who abandons the prosaic formality which too often encumbers composition and uses English undefiled—plain, forcible, sententious. If you would interest; if you would persuade, (and for what else would you write, except you have an inhuman design to inflict *yourself* on your readers,) not the most polished harmony of periods, not the choicest array of beautiful words will have half the power that dwells in energetic *appropriate* language. We mean by this last term, to designate such a choice of words that though there may be an endless number of synonyms each differing but by the slightest shade of meaning from the other, you will always select that *only one* which is the word for your purpose. It is this *propriety*, which the Greeks so uniformly consulted in Literature and in Art.

It was this which breathed such exquisite grace into their melodious language, and peopled their groves and temples with those beautiful statues which modern skill despairs of even imitating, and which modern science criticizes but to praise. Now the daily press, in the promotion of these two things, in the cultivation of appropriateness in the choice of words, and of brevity and conciseness of expression, are doing a service to the cause of letters which the circulation of a million copies of Blair's Rhetoric could not counteract. Still, though much has been gained in this matter, there is much yet left undone, and we would fain urge still farther the importance of *propriety*, and the exercise of an unsparing severity of taste in the habitual choice of language. This is just now, we conceive, the *desideratum* of our national literature. That familiar, rapid, conversational style which we have noticed as a characteristic of the daily press is comparatively easy of attainment. It is almost necessarily the

result of circumstances, and springs naturally up at the bidding of this bustling, go-ahead century. Consequently this excellence is already attained by many of the best journals.

Yet this same energetic, hurrying spirit, which produces this desirable quality of style, almost shuts out the possibility of *propriety* of language, which is at least equally necessary. To distinguish carefully the various shades of meaning which belong to words that are apparently synonymous—to select that only one which will exactly express your meaning, and convey just the impression intended to the mind of the reader, demands both time and labor. But it is well worth the price. How often does the author, in the full tide of composition, catch up a hasty word to impale some flying fancy which is fresh and glowing to his mind, but which falls on the ear of the reader, rapid and inane, because this unfortunate *word* means one thing to the author and another to the reader.

How often, on the other hand, does it to the scholar who is reading some abstruse metaphysical work that when the sense begins to grow obscure, when he has labored through three or four sentences with but an imperfect idea of the author's meaning, and just as the shadows of utter *blankness* are gathering around him, some luminous word, so apt, so appropriate, glances through the darkness and scatters the mists from his path at once. These triumphs of Genius—this perfection of rhetorical skill requires both time and labor. Yet its attainment is perfectly practicable. It is within the reach of every one who will take a little pains, and form the *habit* of carefulness in the choice of language. Let him who aspires after this sovereign excellence never use a word till he has examined it carefully and weighed it well—till he is sure of its exact import, and that not from the Dictionary (for the multiplicity of speci-

mens in that respectable cabinet of curiosities may be apt to confuse the visitor) but from a careful observance of its use by the best authors. This will be at first a tedious, and it may seem a thankless task *but the same word will never need a second examination*—and this course, if followed faithfully, will lay firm and deep the foundation of a correct appropriate style, which cannot fail to charm, for the subtlest play of fancy will shine through it as through transparent glass.

I am aware that I have done but imperfect justice to the literary characteristics of the daily press. There are many peculiarities yet left untouched. We would gladly see some abler pen take up the subject, for this vast and rapidly engrossing branch of the world's literature, has never been properly considered. I offer the following as a theme worthy the hand of a master. *The influence of the Daily Press and the Telegraph upon English literature.*

For the Miscellany.

## THOUGHT—ITS COMMUNICATION AND VALUE.

....

BY REV. SAMUEL FLEMING.

....

The attributes of thought, feeling, and will are peculiar to mind. They are not properties of matter, nor in any way are they identified with matter. They may never exist perfectly independent of material essence; yet they are distinct from matter, and, so far as we know; have no property in common with matter, unless dependence be considered a property.

There may not be a being, spiritual or material, within the vast range of creation, which exists and acts in absolute independence, with respect to each other.—Material essence in every instance may constitute the vehicle and occasion, and as it were be the residence, in which spiritual essence thinks, and feels, and wills; and yet they are essentially dis-

tinct, and have their distinct classes of functions.

Matter may be brought into the most complicated forms, into the most beautiful varieties, and diversified relations; but it cannot think. It may be the organ or vehicle of thought. It may transmit it in a great variety of ways; it may be the instrument communicating thought, as the organs of speech, the eye, the expression of the countenance, the hand, the pen, the telegraph; but it cannot originate thought, it cannot control thought.

No one can deny the reality of thought; for the very act of doubting is an act of thought. The celebrated aphorism of Des Cartes—*Cogito ergo sum*—expresses a truism of the mind's own consciousness, and would be equally true if inverted. It then becomes an *a priori* statement of a conscious intelligence which is the necessary condition of thought. To think is the prerogative and production of free mind, which is itself an existence to which belong greater or less degrees of intelligence, of emotions, of volitions; self-conscious, self-active, self-controlling; conscious of its own acts and plans, and possessing the power of originating, continuing, controlling, and arresting particular trains of action. Thought is at once the harbinger and sustainer of feeling. It awakens, excites, and perpetuates emotions. The chief delight of the mind is found in the contemplation of other beings as objects of affection. Pleasure or pain, happiness or misery, or some motive consideration, calls out its sympathies for those with which it is especially related. Benevolence ennobles mind.

Thought is commensurate with the capacities and province of the spiritual agent of which it is the exercise. A finite being may be forever progressing and increasing its range of thought, but still it will be forever finite. If the being be infinite, the thoughts will also be infinite, in their extent, their intensity and quality. Human thought is wonderful—human



sympathy is wonderful—the mind in which these originate is wonderful; for we are “fearfully and wonderfully made;” and this declaration should not be limited to the mere mechanism of the body.

As remarkably true as this is of the house the mind lives in, it is vastly more so of the mind itself; for in its constitution there may be discovered far more amazing skill and handy-work of the Infinite Architect, than in the structure of the material apparatus which is made subservient to its high vocation. How wonderful then must He be whose thoughts are infinite; and whose capacities are commensurate with the whole range of subordinate being ultimately depending upon His energy and goodness! How deep—“very deep, His thoughts!” Who can fathom them? Look at his works;—how vast! What must have been his thoughts, to have conceived so stupendous a scale of being, from the atom to the globe, from the invisible animalcules which play in the atmosphere, to the equally invisible suns and nebules stretching on through the unexplored regions of space! Look at the varied structure of created beings; their organization, their mode of existence, their sphere, their capacities, their dependences, even in unmeasured distances. How deep—inconceivably deep the thoughts that planned them!

“How vast His knowledge, how profound, A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned.”

Two main inquiries are suggested by the subject of this article, the discussion of which will furnish practical instruction.

1. *Is thought transmitted from mind to mind?* This question is not intended to involve the consideration of particular theories respecting the *modus operandi*, the philosophy of the conception or communication of thought. It is a question of fact; whether one mind in possession of

an idea can make it re-appear in other minds in its integrity; whether that secret possession, occasioned by a word, a look, an incident, a touch of nature, or the production of another mind, takes wings by any medium, flies abroad, yet leaves not its native home, and becomes a universal possession?

It is not important, nor intended so much as to prove that which is universally admitted. An object will be attained, if attention to this fact is sufficiently secured to prepare the way for the considerations which are to follow.

Nor is it presumed that all thought is communicated, or can be reached by other minds. There are thoughts, deep, absorbing, which occasion ebullitions of feeling too deep for utterance; or it may be, *reserved* possessions, either for greater maturity, or forever to be concealed from the ken of others. Ah, there are depths in the human soul more impenetrable than the unrevealed treasures of mid-earth. We may know there is thought that occasions unutterable, and hence unattainable emotions.

“She pined in thought:  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.”

But there are thoughts which rise to the surface of the soul, touch the wires of communication, are transmitted from mind to mind, from age to age. There are emotions, too, which boil up from the depths of the spirit, which are borne upon winged or golden mediums of transmission, thrill other bosoms, and often kindle up for all time the same sentiments and feelings that agitated or played in rapid mood upon the mind that conceived them. We may, we do reach the thoughts of our fellows. We read them by a glance, a frown, a smile, a tear. They are transmitted by signs, by speech, by the pen, the telegraph. They come to us in libraries, in magazines, in papers, in letters. They appear in works of art, in

architecture, in manufactures, in fashions. We come in possession of them in a variety of ways, through various mediums; we make them our own; we think and feel and act under their influence.

Farther: We read the thoughts not only of our immediate fellows, but of those in distant regions of the earth; not only the thoughts of our own times, but far up the stream of time, upon the records of ages past, we read the thoughts of others passed down to us by a chain of transmissions, reliable, authentic. We thus reach the noble thoughts of Plato, and admire the profound workings of that mind upon which shone but dimly the supernatural light that reveals the great facts of creation, and the mode by which the great Builder and Governor of the universe unfolds his own deep thoughts to his creatures. So, too, we reach the thoughts of Homer, transmitted through his immortal poems, preserved and handed down to our times.

The thoughts of Napoleon have also been written out in his brief but wonderful career, careful as he was to conceal them even from Josephine, while ever on the alert to find out the thoughts of others.

Voltaire and Paine, too, live in the sentiments of an incalculable number; and their thoughts will continue to be transmitted and incorporated into the minds of multitudes for time and eternity.

So will the thoughts of those of our own time be transmitted to generations unborn. Some will record them in books and monuments, some will inscribe them with the chisel in sculpture, some with the pencil and brush in drawing and painting and some record them in music. In these and other ways they will re-appear a thousand times in the train of ages; and when the scenes of time shall have closed, and the record of its events, be passed over to the retributions of the future state, they will be revealed in the great Book of Remembrance, in living light—a demonstration of the profound and far-reaching sentiment "*None of us liveth to himself.*"

2. The second and more important inquiry suggested by my theme is this:—*What is the influence and value of thought?* What its influence in moulding the sentiments of individuals and nations? How does the attainment of the thoughts of others become valuable as a universal possession?

That the thoughts of others are sought and received as aids in some sense is clearly obvious from universal consciousness and observation. The very fact that we are in communication—mind with mind—demonstrates it. The common consent in the use of speech and written language and other mediums of communication, testifies to it. We search into books, and mark the delineations and embodiments of thought, in works of literature and art, to make the mental possessions of others our own. The works of Bacon, Newton, and Shakspeare, of Butler, Edwards and Chalmers, are studied, both for mental discipline and mental wealth, as stores of rich, deep, far-reaching and enduring thought. The influence of the grand conceptions of these minds, in molding and directing the inquiries of others, will never cease to be exerted while the great "wheel of nature" continues to revolve, and time's reminiscences affect the destinies of the future being. The blind poet of England, whose "inward promptings to leave something written for after times, which men would not willingly let die," still lives in these "after times," which will convey to the generations to come, the results of his mind's deep workings.—*Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained.*—Some will leave their impress upon the social relations; the thoughts of some will tell upon the future morals and religion, will contribute to the happiness or woe of others; their works of good or evil will follow them, roll over to the future, and constitute essential elements in the cup of man's unending destinies.

The productions of Thucydides in whose graphic style are portrayed the efforts—

cent phrases of Grecian democracy and diplomacy, furnish invaluable lessons in politics, which, aside from its mere mental discipline, is no doubt the most permanent and valuable use to be made of the Greek classics. Homer was not without his influence. Who can doubt that the success of Alexander was to be attributed in no small degree to the influence of Homer's Achilles transmitted to him by Grecian literature, and that the march of the Conqueror, who had caught the spirit of the poet's hero, opened the pathway of Grecian knowledge to the countries of the East?

In the thoughts of others, ancient or modern, we have exhibited a world in action; everything displaying itself in a living sentiment, good or evil, molding character, forming masses, consolidating or separating elements, arranging and harmonizing facts, evolving principles deeply inherent in natural or social relations, exploding old theories, and building upon their ruins new and often better ones; and in all ways contributing to work out the great problem of truth in the midst of apparent disorder, in Nature and Revelation, tending to the harmony of all truth, and the higher elevation and perfection of thought. Upon these broad and ceaseless waves of progress, often conflicting, but in their resultant forces always advancing, we see the casuistical moralist, the vague or ideal sentimentalist and rationalist, and the would-be-styled reformer of society, who conceives of the perfection of human relations by concentration in masses rather than by the development of the individual elements, and the cultivation of the individual conscience.

The power and quality of thought are molded by the mind's philosophy, whose influence gives character to its views of social and moral relations. A pre-conceived or pre-formed system of mental or ethical philosophy will often bound the mind's vision, and determine the class of facts which must constitute the field of in-

quiry; and whatever contravenes, or tends to uproot this system, is either rejected or writhed into the favorite mold. In this way, the freedom and power of mind in its excursions after truth, are in greater or less degrees circumscribed, and its habits rendered unsteady and unreliable.

It is wonderful to find in the history of men's thoughts, to what opposite divergencies two minds will advance from the contemplation of the same facts. Our own mysterious constitution, wonderful in its structure, mental and physical—"fearfully and wonderfully made"—has ever furnished matter of speculation. One finds humanity to be a favored lump of organized matter, developing all the noble attributes of his being, as results of its own mysterious workings—the higher mode of existence of which matter is susceptible. Matter, according to this scheme is the only real existence, mind being but its refined forms and properties, and susceptible of high degrees of development. Another finds humanity to be but the embodiment or outworking of an inherent energy which is a condition and mode of the self-living essence of spirit. External objects, according to this theory, are but the creations of mental phenomena; all that is real existence is mind itself. Its thoughts of external objects are ideal conceptions, and its outward forms the tangible developments of its creations in time and space. The next step leads to the conception that God, man, and the universe, are substantially the same substance! This is Pantheistic Idealism.

Now, while two wrongs never make right, a mean of two opposite extremes will often be found the truth; especially where the strength of the parties is equalized. If there is truth in both, the errors of each may be canceled and the truths harmonized—the evils of each may be discarded, and the valuable of each retained. Materialism and Idealism may be neither wholly true nor wholly false.—If the Materialist finds reality and excel-

senses in matter, and the Idealist finds noble and real attributes in mind, discard the errors of both, subtract the unreal of each, and an exalted real Humanity of spirit and body remains.

Locke's strenuous rejection of "innate ideas" led him into a divergent channel of thought, and he came to discover that sensation and reflection constitute the mediums of all knowledge. The ideas of God, moral rectitude, retribution and immortality—"Ideas which the soul forms by the very necessity of its own constitution, ring-bolts, so to speak, in the texture of the soul which God has fixed there, as indestructible as the soul itself,"—were conceived to be *manufactured* intuitions, as it were created out of pre-existing materials from without. Two hypotheses are therefore founded upon the diverse views here indicated; one that the contemplation of nature by the senses is intended for discipline, to *indicate* mind, and the other for *acquisition*, to furnish a species of knowledge upon which all other knowledge is built. The one is the modified philosophy of innate ideas, the other that of sensation and reflection.

The inestimable value of other's thoughts will appear from the slightest reflection. Perpetual infancy would be the destiny of every nation and people without the influence of what others have recorded and done. The works of master-spirits are among the most valuable treasures of earth. Nothing save the Inspired Word can compete with them in real intrinsic and practical worth; compared with which the wealth of the Indies and the gold of California are vanity. Were these destroyed, a universal calamity would be felt more disastrous than if nations were blotted from the earth. The thoughts upon which poets and prose writers and artists have subsisted in part, are so many grand landmarks to guide the progress of ages. Nations are founded, matured, changed, decayed, and still these mental treasures survive every change, and

will contribute to develop the character of generations for all time. Not very unlike the rivers which enrich and refresh this broad and beautiful land, and roll onward to the lakes and gulfs, and seas, and from which by evaporation they originated—the channels of thought, conceived or suggested by the effervescences of light which had been transmitted to some fountain head, are formed, and roll onward in their influence for good or evil to their own native home in the vast oceans of truth or error. But sooner might we suppose the Mississippi could sink and its thousands of vessels cease their plying upon its majestic sheet, than that the Paradise Lost, the Principe or Novum Organum should cease their influence upon mind.

"The seas may waste, the skies in smoke decay," but the lessons of truth and science of value to mankind, will never be erased from mind, or cease their vibrations upon the soul.

The thoughts of others are not only valuable as acquisitions, as guides to action in its various relations, they are important as being *suggestive*; as indicating the direction which the mind may take in its own conceptions and discoveries.—It is not a strange notion that the vibration of a single thought or idea, or even the shadow of one, touches a chord in the soul's self-activity which becomes the instrumental cause or medium of discoveries, new, pleasing and valuable, and which becomes the germ of most important attainments. Even for original thinking, there must be starting points, occasions, suggestions, it may be from some fact in nature, or circumstances in human relations; but when the energies of the mind are aroused, the thoughts move onward in their own channel for individual or general benefit. None indeed have reached, we will not say none can reach such mighty results as the discovery of the laws which control the material universe, from so slight and common an oc-

currence as the falling of an apple. But this is an illustration of what occurs in most thinking minds, with more or less success.

Ages and nations are characterized by the thoughts and impressions of leading minds. "Like priest like people," is a maxim which will apply with much force to the influence of master-minds in forming national character. These are often the exponents of our age which is to follow; this is an occasion for the persecutions and imprisonments to which philosophers have been subjected for the defense of truth. Such were Socrates, Gallileo, Huss, Sydney. They were in advance of their times; and this has prepared the way for a Plato, a Newton, a Luther, and a Washington. These, as incarnations of the spirit of the age, leading the van of progress in philosophy, astronomy, mental and social freedom, have been enthroned upon the popular mind as exponents of their times. An acute observer might almost describe the leading characters, at least the predominate elements and qualities, which have molded the ages in which their agencies have contributed to establish a popular character, or to form or elevate a nation's literature. Sometimes the influence over mind is derived from, or rather occasioned by the peculiar circumstances of the times, or the events of history, which do not immediately develop the results of such agencies. D'Aubigne thus brings to favorable notice the influence of the Protection. "If there is any one man, who in times past has contributed more than another, more than all others, to the wonders of the present day, that man is Oliver Cromwell. The existing greatness of England is but the realization of the plan he conceived."

The highest conceptions of thought are the True, the Perfect, the Absolute. They grasp the framework of material and spiritual relations. Channels of thought which flow on, and approximate to the highest realization, the *ultimatum*, are

these which most ennoble, harmonize and develop the mind. That generalization which has arrived at specific developments, and discovered the necessity for inseparable relations in these, as conditions of the perfect "parts of one united whole," in human society and relations, in the physical and spiritual systems, has reached conceptions of thought of the purest, most ennobling and most valuable order. The inventions of Art, as important and invaluable as they are in opening to the mind a knowledge of external nature, and the vast chain of finite being, one subservient to science, and mediums by which are demonstrated and displayed the immensity and perfection of God's empire.—The discovery of the laws, the magnitude and order of the countless spheres and systems which wheel around the throne of the Almighty, opens conceptions of the highest order for which material nature is adapted; and to the extent to which they are understood and contemplated, lead the mind proportionably to thoughts of the perfect and infinite. But as the material creation is subservient to the spiritual, the vehicle and medium of its development, the highest, purest, noblest provinces of philosophical research must be conceded to be the contemplation of spiritual agencies, relations and unfoldings. Here the great problems of being must be solved, and the great claim of being terminate, in those vast and eternal conceptions which constitute the thinking of the Omniscent Creator and Lawgiver. Discoveries in the history of man in his spiritual relations, therefore, embrace the highest province of human philosophy. And by whatever modes God is pleased to reveal His deep thoughts to His creatures, if we may find the highest conceptions of thought, and the highest perfection of being, not in "things seen and temporal, but in things *unseen and eternal*," we have presented before the mind the *ideal* of the ultimate, comprehensive attainments of the ever-progressing finite.

## MECHANICS.

Another homily on mechanics! Why! is the subject not exhausted? No: nor will it be while there are cities to rear, mines to explore, and oceans to traverse. The idea is now pretty nearly exhausted, even among the silly ones, that a man is less to be respected than a name; and with the sensible portion of the masses, a profession cannot cover a multitude of sins. Even young ladies—we will so call them for politeness sake—who demur at acknowledging the acquaintance of a mechanic, are treated now-a-days with a contempt their foolishness deserves.

We cannot think why the term "mechanic" first came into opprobrium; since it is certain that toil that shall bead the manly brow and weary the athletic frame received the sanction of God the Father, in the beginning and

"Working men whate'er the task,  
To carve the stone or break the sod,  
They wear upon their honest brows,  
The royal stamp and seal of God."

What is oftener said of the Deity than that He is the framer of the worlds; the great Architect of the universe! He condescended to make perishable things, for the earth was destined to destruction.—The Almighty constructed the first temple; a human habitation, a dwelling for the soul. He took clay and made man after his own image this surely was mechanical. He did not think man into being, but fashioned him as an organized structure, using materials, and combining Divine skill with infinite perceptions of taste and beauty in His glorious production; does not that give dignity to physical labor?

Not only will and sinew are essential to the success of the well skilled mechanic, but mind, talent and discrimination; and that hard-working men have won imperishable names, is proof that intellects of no common order bend over the fashioning of such things as the necessities of life de-

mand, whether soldering the little porringer for the tiny child, forming the delicate slipper for the maiden's foot or molding the huge ship from the heavy timber of the forest.

The mechanic enters upon his allotted task of acquiring a trade as seriously and with as high motives as one who studies for a profession. In order to make a good workman he must commence in youth, and devote much time to the consummation of his purpose.

The professional man after years of application to his favorite science, would of course, be wholly unable to compete with a mechanic in his particular line of business. He could never, it is to be presumed, bend his energies, after manhood had fairly set in, to the making of a particular edifice on mechanical principles; and yet it is a masterly undertaking to construct a perfect building, a great accomplishment.

But give to the rude, strong mind of the unlettered mechanic, the initiatory principles of intellectual study, and he will master it without farther aid; wake up his slumbering imagination, and you have roused a giant that will uproot mountains from their caverned beds, to find material for thought. He will rise to eminence; he will be a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, whatever you please. The fires of his forge shall gild some bethumbed and tattered lexicon with lustre brighter than that of shining gold; and while the strokes of his heavy hammer bend the angry ore, the pliant machinery of his wonderful mind shall shape the strange hieroglyphics of a foreign language into gems of priceless worth and images of beauty.

Men who have the physical strength to wield the anvil, and shoulder the heavy beam, will yet evince superiority in mental power, over those who early wear out the freshness of life and soul by the too intense application of but one set of faculties. It seems to us that the former,

when they devote themselves to science, have wider scope for fancy, a more vigorous and healthy imagination. To them, many of the hidden peculiarities of society are unveiled; they see all classes, and can keenly discern the hollowness and emptiness of etiquette.

The facility with which they construct gives them sprightliness of wit, while the inventive faculties which new improvements constantly put in requisition, by their electric influence upon the intellect call forth originality as well as versatility of genius.

Do some say that mechanics, as a general thing, are awkward in manner and uncouth in appearance? It is not so. And if it were—are we to respect man for the style of his address, the grace of his bow, the elegance of his speech, the extent of his social capacities?

Not *only* for these—God forbid! As soon would we crave possession of a jewelled casket whose thousand mimic suns might beguile the sight and enchant the fancy with their flashing rays, but whose precincts contained a deadly viper. There are very demons under the garb of fashion and the sanction of a sounding title, the more wary and villainous, because they practise the alluring arts of conventional society, that they may fascinate where they intend to poison.

We have known, and we now know, mechanics of whose esteem we are proud: gentlemen as refined in the courtesies of life, as delicate of perception, as 'genteel' (that much abused word) in their deportment, as fashionable in their habiliments as—we would like to see them, and that is fashionable enough; we do not fancy extremes, nor judge worth by the perfection of a coat, except to award the tailor merit for his skill in its production.

All honor to mechanics, they are the bulwarks of our nation.

'The noblest men I know on earth

Are men whose hands are brown with toil,

Who backed by no ancestral graven,

Hew down the woods and till the soil.

And win thereby a prouder fame

Than follows king or warrior's dam."

M. A. D.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.\*

I now took a long farewell of the horses, and turned northward, selecting the close by the base of the hills, going along at an improved pace, with the view of reaching the trading house the same night but stopping in a gully to look for water. I found a little pool, evidently scratched out by a bear, as there were foot-prints and claw-marks about it; and I was very instinct prompts that brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches until he comes to it. This was one of very large size, the foot-marks behind the toes being full nine inches; and although I had my misgivings about the prudence of a *tete-a-tete* with a great grizzly bear, the "better part of valor" was overcome as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a no-descript weapon, a sort of cross between a claymore and a bowie-knife; so after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the horn of the saddle, and, staking my mare, I followed the trail up a gully, and sooner than I expected came within good shooting distance of Bruin, who was seated erect with his head towards me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast of his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the lock caused him to turn quickly round, left little time for deliberation; so taking a ready good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing

\* From Kelly's "Excursion to California."

ing along the ribs, entering the armpit, and shattering snarlingly the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him, to my dismay, on all fours, in direct pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the cracking bushes close in my rear convinced me that he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reached the rope, pulled up the picket-pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold on the lariat, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affright produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a sort of snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance between us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree; but in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enfeebled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously. After a moment's pause, and a fierce glare upward from his blood-shot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw his endeavors to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of his jaws, he had just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working convulsively to bring up the body, when with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell with a dreadful souse and horrific growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again somewhat tardily, and limping around the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark

with his tusks. However, watching my opportunity, and leaning downward, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head that he dropped; and my nerves being now rather more composed, leisurely distributed the remaining five balls in the most vulnerable parts of his carcase.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little enervated by the excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled profusely from the temple; so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh. I therefore hastily hacked off a few steaks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out towards the trading post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company, who arose to listen; after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or the use of the mule.

There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who, judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said they frequently overrun, he himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's party, having killed several that came to 2000 lbs. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small-girthed tree, which they cannot get up; for, not having any central joint in the fore-legs, they can not climb any with a branchless stem that



does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, being in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, hugging them closely, lift one of the hind feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately, in the haunts of that animal those slim juvenile saplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *vis-a-vis* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

#### MISS DIX, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

....

No person in our own country, none in any country, except Howard and Mrs. Fry, has shown us by example, how much may be done through the instrumentality of a single individual for the relief of wretchedness, as the estimable lady whose name is at the head of these lines. Her success is beyond all parallel even in the history of the two great philanthropists we have just mentioned; and although her own modesty shrinks from the publicity which her career involves, there is a propriety in presenting her example to the world, that she may thus be silently as useful in stimulating others, as she is by her active efforts in the dispensation of mercies to the suffering.

Miss Dix was a teacher in Massachusetts, honored and useful in her vocation, when her mind became deeply interested in the condition of her fellow beings who are confined in prisons and asylums.—Without being governed by that philosophy which confounds vice and misfortune,

and which looks upon a criminal as the victim of derangement, she appears to have been moved by a strong desire to promote the physical and moral treatment of both classes, with a view to the reformation of the one and a cure of the other. So far as she has a theory, it embraces a provision for the personal comfort of the subject, with the application of religious truth and undeviating kindness.—Her theory has its foundation in the law of love, which she desires to apply to all classes of humanity; believing that the element of power is in it, and that happiness will spread as it prevails.

It is truly wonderful that a single individual, and she a retiring, quiet female, should be able, while yet young, to accomplish so much good for her fellow creatures. We venture to say that no score of men would have achieved so much in the same time.

In various States, at the east and the west, at the south and the north, she has succeeded in obtaining the establishment of well-ordered asylums for the insane, in introducing important improvements in prison discipline, in meliorating the condition of county jails and alms-houses; while the facts which her unwearied labors have elicited, being published widely, have awakened interest and secured reforms in many cases, that have never come to her knowledge. She is now in correspondence with committees in six different States, having the erection or modification of asylums in charge. Her mode of operation has always been of the quietest kind.

Proceeding to the State where there has been no provision made for the insane, she visits various parts of it, and collects facts that show the vast importance of an asylum. In these visits she becomes acquainted with the leading minds, and then she visits the seat of government during the session of the Legislature. In the retirement of the parlor and in the social circle, communicates to the members.

as she comes in communion with them, those facts which she has gathered; she enlists their sympathies and secures their individual support to the measures she desires to carry through. In this way she disarms all opposition, and almost invariably succeeds. How many of these Institutions are now shedding abroad their blessings, as the fruit of her philanthropy we cannot say; but we do know that the blessings of thousands ready to perish have come down on her head, and that in various parts of the land she has monuments more honorable, if not more enduring than the pyramids.

How beautiful is such a life! Here is nothing which may not be successfully imitated by any one. Her walks are those of benevolence. She goes about doing good. And who may not go and do likewise? The same paths may not require other travelers just now, but we live in a world of sorrow and suffering; the poor we have with us always, and whensoever we will we may do them good.—*Presbyterian*.

#### AN ICE-HILL PARTY IN RUSSIA.

....

The reader, I hope, will have no objections to quit his comfortable fireside, put on his furs, and accompany me to a sledge, or ice-hill party.

An army of about ten or fifteen sledges start from a house where the party assemble, the gentlemen driving themselves, and each family taking some provisions with them. After about an hour and three-quarters' drive, the whole caravan arrives at the house of a *starosta* (president) of the work-people employed by the foreign commercial houses in Russia. The *starosta* is usually a wealthy man, and mostly looked up to by his neighbors, as he has by some most extraordinary means acquired some few townish manners, which suit his country appearance as much as glazed boots and a polka tie would suit the true English country farmer.

After having warmed themselves before a good hot Russian stove, the party begin operations by getting the sledges ready, and ascending the ice-hills. The hills are made of a wooden scaffold, covered with huge bits of ice, all of an equal size, placed side-by-side, so as to fit closely together. Being constantly watered they gradually become one solid mass, as smooth as a mirror. The hill, which is usually of a considerable height, and rather sloping, ends in a narrow plain of ice called the run, which is just broad enough for three narrow sledges to pass each other, and long enough to carry you to the foot of a second hill.

The sledges are usually made of iron, long and narrow, and covered by cushions, often embroidered by the fair hand of a lady. They are low and so constructed that they can hold one or two persons, as the case may be. Both the run and the hill are bordered by fir trees on each side, and on such evening parties are illuminated with Chinese lamps placed between the branches of the trees. Fancy yourself on the top of the hill looking down this illuminated avenue of firs, which is reflected in the mirror of ice, as if to outshine the lights of the clear sky, and the gay laughing crowds moving up and down the hills, and you have before you the finest and most perfect picture of sorrowless enjoyment, as a striking contrast to the lifeless nature surrounding it. The briskness of the movement, and the many accidents happening to the clumsy members of the party, keep up the excitement, while the contest of young men to obtain this or the other lady for their partners on their down-hill journey, (not in life,) never allows the conversation or the laugh to flag for one moment.

I remember once getting into what school-boys would call an awful scrape with one of the ice-hill heroes. We both started together from the second hill on a race, and I having a faster sledge, overtook him by the length of my conveyance,

and arrived at the top of the hill before him. Seeing that the *belle* of the evening was disengaged, I approached her with all the formality with which the newly admitted youth requests the queen of the ball-room for the pleasure and honor to dance a polka with her, and asked her to go down. Forgetting a previous appointment with my former antagonist, she accepted my offer, and the latter just arrived in time to see us start from the hill. In his rage he determined to do me some mischief by upsetting my sledge, as soon as he had an opportunity to do so without any damage to another party. He soon had an occasion, but, unfortunately, I had a sledge with a lady before me; passing me, he hit me, and I, hitting the sledge before me, without being able to avoid it, at the same time getting hold of his legs, upset all three. Luckily, no injury was done, as the whole lot was upset into the snow, to the great enjoyment of all the spectators.

Gradually the time to retire approaches. The lamps begin to go out, and the hills, divested of their beauty, appear like the ruins of a magnificent city of olden times. Here and there you see a single lamp peeping out from the branches of the trees, wistfully looking round in search of its brothers, as if it wanted to assure itself of the absence of any other enlightening object.

The party go in to refresh themselves with tea and other warm beverages. The gentleman wait on the ladies, and a new contest begins, as each tries to surpass the other in politeness and quickness. If it is a supper, you see these youthful and useful members of society running about with plates of sandwiches, or steering along with a cup of *bourillon* in one and a glass of wine in the other hand, through the intricate passages formed by the numberless tables occupied by members of the fair sex. And then having, after a great deal of danger, at last arrived at their place of destination, they find the lady they wan-

ted to serve already provided with every necessary comfort; and, perchance, she is so much engaged in conversation with their more fortunate rival, that she cannot even give them a grateful smile for their trouble.

Now the ladies adjourn, and the field of action is left to the gentlemen. All restraint seems to have gone. The clatter of knives, the jingle of glasses, the hubbub of voices, all this makes such a chaos of strange and mysterious noises, that it has quite a deafening effect. At last a cry of order is heard from the top of the table. One of the directors of the party, after having requested the audience to fill their glasses, in flowery language proposes the health of the ladies, which, of course, is drunk with tremendous applause, manifested by acts, such as beating with the handles of knives and forks on the table, and clapping hands.

After several other toasts, the party adjourn to the ladies. Merry-making now begins, and an hour or so is passed in social games, such as hunting the slipper, cross questions, crooked answers, and others.

At last, the parties wrap themselves up again in their furs, and prepare to go home. On their homeward tour, one of the finest phenomena in nature, may perchance, appear to them. A streak of light suddenly appearing on the horizon, shoots like lightning up to the sky. One moment longer, and the whole sky is covered by such streaks, all of different colors—margamating together, and constantly changing and lighting up the objects as bright as daylight. This is the *Aurora Borealis*, one of the numerous spectacles of nature, which the common people regard with astonishment, while the cultivated mind finds a sermon on the glory of our Maker in every object he meets on his journey through life; looks at it with admiration and reverence.

## ISLE OF WIGHT.

....  
 \* BY DOWNING.  
 ....

All over the island, the roads, sometimes broad—but more often mere narrow lanes—are bordered by high hawthorn hedges; so that frequently you drive for a mile or more, without getting a peep beyond these leafy walls of verdure. I could imagine that in May, when these hedges are white with blossoms, the whole island must be a very gay landscape; but just now they only served to confirm one in opinion of the Englishman's fondness for seclusion and privacy in his own demense. Just in proportion to the smallness of his place, his desire to shut out all the rest of the world increases; so that if he only owns half an acre, his hedge shall be eight feet high, and the sanctity of the paradise within remains inviolate. The solid, high, well-built stone wall around some of the cottage and villa places of half an acre, on the south side of the island, astonished me, and gave me a new understanding of the saying, that "every man's house is his castle." Here, at least, thought I, it is clear that people understand what is meant by private rights, and intend to have them respected.

It was not until I had reached the pretty villages of Bowchurch, Shanklin, and Ventor, that my ideal of the Isle of Wight was realised. These villages lie on the south side of the island, backed by steep hills and sloping to the sea. The climate is almost perfection. It is neither hot in summer, nor cold in winter, and though open to all the sea breezes, the latter seem shorn of all their violence here. The consequence is, they enjoy that perfect marriage of the land and sea so rarely witnessed in northern climates. The finest groves and woods, the richest shrubbery and flower gardens, the most emerald-like glades of turf, here run down almost to the beach, and you have all the luxuriant beauty of vegetation, in its loveliest forms,

joined to all the sublimity, life, and excitement of the ocean views.

As to the climate, you may judge of its mildness and uniformity, when I tell you that the bay trees of the Mediterranean grow here on the lawns, as luxuriantly as snow balls do at home; and fuchsias as tall as your head, make rich masses in almost every garden, and stand the winter as well here as lilacs or syringoes do with us. In the neighborhood of Shanklin I saw a charming old parsonage house; the very picture of spacious ease and comfort—with its great bay windows, its picturesque gables, and its thatched roof; quite embowered in tall *myrtles*—Roman myrtles—one of the cherished green house plants that here has grown thirty or forty feet high, reaching quite above the eaves of the house. Bays, Portugal laurels, hollies, and China roses surrounded this parsonage, and never lose their freshness and verdure, (the owner assured me the roses bloom all winter long,) cheating the inhabitants into the belief that winter is an allegory, or if not, has only a substantial existence in Iceland or Spitzbergen.

Then the hotels here—especially in Shanklin—are absolutely romantic in their rural beauty. Designed like the prettiest cottages, or rather in a quaint and rambling style, half cottage and half villa, the roof covered with thatch, and the walls with ivy, jessamines, and perpetual roses; and set down in the midst of a charming lawn, and surrounded by shrubbery, you feel the same reluctance to take the room which the chambermaid, with the freshest of roses on her cheeks, and the cleanest of caps on her head, shows you, as you would in hiring the apartments of some tasteful friend in reduced circumstances. When you rise from your dinner, (admirably served,) always in a private parlor, the casement window opens upon a velvet lawn, bright with masses of scarlet geraniums, verbenas, and tea roses, set in the turf, and you give yourself up to

the profound conviction that for snugness and coziness, and perfection at a rural inn, the world can contain nothing better than can be found in the Isle of Wight.

### A MINE UNDER THE SEA.

....

The following description of a visit to Bottallack Copper mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railroads." In completing equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travelers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping-wet rock passages, fathoms down into pitchy darkness; the miner who guides them calls a *halt*, and their exact position with reference to the surface of the "terraceous globe," is thus described:

We are now four hundred yards out, under the bottom of the sea! and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work and there are galleries even below that.—The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Bottallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land but under the sea.

Having communicated these particulars the raw miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down on a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant unearthly noise becomes faintly au-

dible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes—that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace as if enchanted by it, and not think of communicating to each other the astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

At last the miner speaks again and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond.—The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountains of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce & awful that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor—all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the cavern below.

### COME AWAY.

....

BY AMANDA.

....

At eventide my soul was in a melancholy mood, and I wandered forth in search of solitude. My careless footsteps led me to a field of graves—sad place for pleasure—yet in my heart there is a tender chord, which swept by memories of the dead, gives back a sound whose sweetest melody thrills and animates my soul. A willow's drooping branches cast their shade upon the tomb of one I once loved,

and beneath that shade I lingered, thinking, perchance, her spirit would with my aching heart commune. The golden sunset beams still lingered, and the breath of evening nestled in the cypress leaves and sighed among the tombs, while clouds of forest texture veiled in mourning the vigil stars. Tearless but sad I stood in calm expectancy. It may be fancy; but methought I saw an angel form advance, her steps fell noiseless as the dew-drops on the sward, and her countenance was milder far than the silver sun-beams. As yet I knew her not. I gazed in silence, and felt entranced. Her robe unfolding, she drew forth a scroll—a leaf from the book of life, it seemed—and in letters of light I read the name of her I loved. My heart was filled with ecstasy, my lips were sealed, and for a few moments profound silence reigned. Then with accents as soft as the harp's dying tones, she whispered, "*Come away.*"

The vision vanished, the spell was broken. And now, ever and anon, methinks I hear, wafted upon the evening breeze, in tones of sweetest melody, "*Come away.*"

## Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, JULY 1851.

### OPPORTUNITIES FOR DOING GOOD.

....

There need be little time spent in finding an opportunity of doing good. Indeed, whatever may be the circumstances of an individual, at every turn he will find an occasion for the exercise of the principles required in order to do good. Be he found in the learned professions or in the humbler, but not less useful walks of life, opportunities will constantly occur for lending assistance, or adding a blessing, in some way, to fellow-travelers on the same road. But, as a general thing, it is not the inquiry among men, "how shall I add to the sum

total of human happiness?"—but, "how shall I increase my own individual happiness?" And, in nine cases out of ten, the practical answer to this question is erroneous.

It is not by constant selfish aims, however successfully those aims may be prosecuted, that we are to secure the happiness which the Author of our being has put within the reach of all; but that man who seeks the good of others, enjoys more true happiness than can possibly be realized by one selfishly bent upon his own aggrandizement. It is often the case that that which is most ardently sought, and most actively and sedulously pursued, has in itself the poison of every pleasure, and instead of affording sweetness, embitters the whole of life, and makes everything wear a sombre aspect. But such is not the case when one lays aside his selfishness, and asks, in the sincerity of his soul, what can I do to serve my generation, and to bless and comfort those who are in distress? There is true enjoyment for every one, if he can be prevailed upon to pay the price. Before a harvest of peace, there must be a seed-time in which, with a plentiful hand, we have strown the requisite seed. If we go forth, spreading peace and joy wherever we go, we shall return in the evening to view the flowers which have sprung up by our care, and to see the golden grain of righteousness and peace waving in glorious beauty along our pathway.

It is impossible for the man, who is dispensing goodness and causing the smile of joy where despair and wretchedness was before, to be unhappy—Nay, he must in the very nature of things be blest in blessing—be comforted in comforting and be happy in producing happiness. Reader, in every step in your path there is an opportunity for doing good to others immediately, to yourself ultimately, for it will return into your own bosom making all right there, and all peaceful as the holy calm of a summer's eve. Then try

it upon the first wretched one in your reach, and do not stop doing, whilst the sun dispenses his light and life to the world, or the great Author of life is dispensing to you.

There is more genuine happiness in the world than most people are prepared to believe. It is only by missing the mark, that men are so constantly coming short of their expectations. It is by looking in a wrong direction, and striving in an improper manner that men fail to secure the bliss, they so much desire. Instead of looking at one's self, and bending every energy of the soul to the accomplishing some purpose in which *self* only, is to be found—let one look abroad on the suffering world—Let him set himself to work to roll away from earth just as much of its misery as he possibly can. Let him by every means within his reach seek to spread joy and peace around. Let him commence with the first object which presents itself and in the fulness of his heart, at once set about doing something to benefit, to bless, and it is impossible for this to be done without causing light and sunshine in one's own breast. If any of our readers have doubts of the truth of our statement, let them at once set about this business, and experiment a little and if they do not find this a sovereign panacea for the misery that before was theirs, we will charge them nothing for the recipe we have given. It is impossible to bless without being blessed. Q.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOR JUNE.—This valuable monthly, we think has more than surpassed itself, as it has heretofore surpassed all other monthlies of our country. For we say emphatically it is at the very head of the family of "Monthlies." We regret that the enterprising publishers of this work, as well as those of the Harper's Magazine which stands next to it, have found it necessary to publish novels. It is true they are the best of their kind; but we think that truth may be as attractive, and more instructive than fiction; yet we

believe that both these works are doing much to correct the vitiated taste of a large class of the reading public. \$3.00 a year, Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway, N. Y. Found at Morse & Son's, Detroit.

#### AGENTS WANTED.

We want any number of Agents. All who are unknown to us, must bring testimonials to their honesty and necessary qualifications. We want agents that will pay us when they have got the subscriber's money without delay.

Now at the commencement of a new volume is the time for all indebted to make payment, and to advance pay for the next volume.

Although we have two volumes a year we prefer that our subscribers should pay for the year, as it is much more easily transmitted, than the fractional part of a dollar.

Let each one who wishes to see the Miscellany prosper, and become what he and the publishers wish it, send us one new subscriber, with pay in advance, together with the amount of his own subscription. Some may do much more than this—so much the better. We are doing all we can at present, to make the work acceptable and useful.

But very few of those subscribers who paid for the Miscellany have discontinued. Some who forgot to pay, have forgotten to take their books from the office and consequently they have by the order of the Postmaster been discontinued, much to our regret.

We hope all such will be kind enough to send on the amount of their indebtedness and a dollar for the next year, and understanding one another better, we shall be able to add to the future of each others pleasure and enjoyment.

Will those indebted to us remember that one dollar and fifty cents will be charged after the twentieth of July—no farther change. We give one month longer as all may not have seen our former note.

We have received some valuable papers too late for insertion in the July number. They will enrich the next number.

# MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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For the Monthly Miscellany.  
THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

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BY REV. H. D. KITCHELL.

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(Concluded from page 297.)

It is at this point the career of a people ordinarily terminates, and having reached its noon of greatness it begins to sink thenceforth into gradual decline.— But there was in this race a plenitude of vigor that more than sufficed to produce an England. That great empire, greater in all the substance of greatness than any the world had yet seen, was merely the first product of the Saxon genius, the work of its minority, its juvenile experiment, its poem at the age of sixteen. It constitutes its mere vantage point from which it might rise with unexhausted vigor to a nobler work. Its prentice hand it tried on England, and then it made America.

But for this higher achievement there was demanded a long preparation and many changes.

First of all a new and nobler field must be found for it. A little fragmentary island, a sort of waste bit that remained from the building of the Continent, and was pitched away as useless into the sea, would not suffice for this people when it had reached the years of discretion. It had done well with a little, and now deserved an ampler field. England, great

and noble as she is, was not all nor the best which this race was called to achieve. But the scene on which it was appointed from the first to figure most largely, lay as yet hidden from the world. This continent was yet to the old world as if it were not. But as this race ripened for the great purpose of Providence, the Ocean was to be pierced to find for them an appointed and fitter abode. And how significant was the process of discovering this New World. The idea of it first dawned on the genius of a Genoese adventurer, who attempted to realize it under Spanish patronage. But it was in vain; it could not be realized under the auspices of Spain. Columbus conceived the enterprise and led the way; but Columbus did not discover America. God turned aside the prow of the Pinta to the Island of Cuba, and suffered the Spaniard to touch no part of the real continent.— No—it was reserved for England to discover America. The Saxon shall find for himself his future home. Seizing on the bright conception of the Spaniard—with some touch, it must be confessed, of the old piratical craft of his fathers—and beating up and down in this great Western abyss to see what new worlds he



might light on, a certain Saxon sea-king by the name of Cabot first set civilized foot on the real continent. Had it fallen to Spain by right of discovery, how different had all been! The Papal power would have grasped it, and would have made of it, of the whole of it, in all human probability, what it has made of Mexico and South America. It was a Divinity that shaped that end also, and very differently from the rough hewing of the human draft, threw America into the hands of the Saxon.

But it had only found its future home. This race was not yet ripe for its occupancy. It was not enough that it had ceased to be pagan and had become papally Christian. This gold must pass through the fires of the Reformation. Accordingly England came early into the great Lutheran reform. From the days of Wickliffe there had been among the Saxon commonalty of England a strong and deep-working spirit of opposition to the Papacy. And when Luther in the ear of all Europe struck the hour of spiritual emancipation, it was echoed from heart to heart through all the depths of English Saxondom. And while the Norman surface was beaten forward and backward in that storm, the royal family and nobility being now Protestant and then Catholic, and never becoming more than half Protestantized, the middle class, the Saxony of the nation, entered heartily into the Reformation.

For England the Reformation effected only the politico-ecclesiastical system of State-Churchism. That was the happy medium of the Anglican compromise, so lauded by the old School of historians. It was all that England might then attain, and must even yet be endured for a time. But a Protestantism thus arrested midway on its passage from Rome to Christ—a Protestantism that still loved to go flaunting in Romish gear, and plumed itself with the ceremonial insignia of the Beast—was not the stuff to be entrusted

with the destinies of a new World! There must be a higher development for that. Protestantism must rise to Puritanism. It must have the bloody tuition of Elizabeth, the greatest of that most royal line of tyrants, but greater in nothing than in that discretion which bade her live single and be the last of the Tudors. It must have conferences with that great jest of Nature in the way of King-craft, that boorish Solomon, Scotch James the First of England, whose majesty by divine right spake and acted much folly, but has also hidden much wisdom beyond his thought for the world to ponder and digest in that memorable adage, "no Bishop, no King." Protestantism had yet a Land to endure, and a Cromwell to produce and to lose. At last the right element was evolved and ripened. This Saxon Puritanism was what God had been preparing to bring forth as the right seed wherewith to plant a New World. And during all that troubled period, and especially when king and prelate and nobility came back from their exile to scourge with bloody hand the liberties and consciences of all to whom Liberty and Conscience were anything but names, there stole away in silence and in tears from their dear English homes that succession of Puritan Saxons, whose worth needs no other memorial than their works.

We need not minutely follow the subsequent history. This people brought with them, in the essential elements of their character, all that they have since become. It was certain, from the hour when they first set foot in this land, that such a people would in due time become a separate and independent nation. That issue was progressing from the very first. From every record of the early American Colonies, which enters at all into the interior of their history, it is clear that long before the Revolution the spirit of Saxon independence was chafing under the restraints of British tyranny, and preparing for the assertion of its rights. Long before

the day of Lexington the struggle was begun. The Declaration of Independence was no extemporaneous act. It had long been growing up in men's hearts, and getting itself into shape against the day of need.

And it was no less certain that, whenever this people should achieve a distinct national existence, they would adopt Republicanism as their polity. That was a foregone conclusion. It was in their history and training. They came out from England just at that period when the spirit of Freedom was stronger in that land than ever before or since. They came from that class who felt in all its bitterness the degradation to which England was sinking under the rule of the Stuarts. They had shared in that great struggle for Constitutional Freedom which even in its failure, had power to ennoble forever the names of its actors. It was in vain then. The time had not yet come. Not even Cromwell could yet lead them out of the wilderness. But the Saxon Pilgrims caught the sacred fire as it dropped from the falling altar of English Liberty, and bore it over the ocean. It was kindled into a flame when that little Saxon Senate drew up, in the cabin of the Mayflower, that notable document by which they resolved themselves into "a civil body politic"—a popular government.—That was the harbinger and beginning of much. It was the seminal principle of Voluntary Self-government. And when the Revolution left this country free, and it was called on to choose its national polity, it remembered that compact of the Pilgrims and based on it the structure of our Republic.

From this point the Saxon race entered upon its true and highest mission. Its native genius, its early tuition, its whole training as seen in English history, had fitted it for the work on which it now entered. The great purpose for which this race had been raised up and trained of God, was that it might here, on the

broad theatre of a New World, work out for itself and for the human family, the problem of a more perfect social and political life, a new and truer type of Civilization.

The principles of Freedom which were adopted in our national polity are but a development of the original spirit of this race. Its inbred love of Liberty had never died out. It had been as a smothered fire, over which oppression had need to walk softly and at its peril. It had been held in check, and sternly crushed down in England; but never did the Saxon Commons so fully imbibe the Norman spirit of *loyalty*, but that its free blood would rise at every blow of a tyrant.

Had this people remained wholly within the British Isles, the same development of Free Principles would in due time have been made. Ages might have passed, in that case, before they could be clearly evolved and vindicated—but they would have been made. The world had need of this development, and it was the mission of this race to make it. It will even yet be made in England. Slowly, and winning each step by a contest that is a lesson to mankind, that portion of this race which occupies the old homestead is clearing itself of its many obstructions. The popular sentiment, dreaded, reviled, resisted by the whole strength of despotism, is rising and forcing itself to be respected, and steadily winning back its rights.—How different is the England of to-day from the England which our fathers left! How wide the space through which Rebellions and Revolutions and ever-progressive Reforms have carried England since then! The two hundred years which measure the interval between Charles I. and Victoria, carry us from despotism almost to republicanism. And every year witnesses an advance in the same direction.

Over a stormy sea the once strong ship of English Absolutism, freighted with Kings by the grace of God, and nobles by

the grace of the King, has thus far weathered every tempest. But it wears the marks of conflict and of age. With loosened joints and battered hull it still faces the storm. It has just outridden another gale that has strown the shore with the wrecks of almost every other monarchy in Europe. But dark and unknown passages are before it. The Irish Sea is ahead, and other seas beyond.

But the great contest which has in various forms for the last two hundred years convulsed England, we have here settled forever—the contest between popular rights and arbitrary power—the battle of the Ballet-box with kingly and lordly prerogative.

The profane People, the vulgar rabble of the masses, fit only to toil and fight battles and pay taxes—this people, that have hitherto been a very separate thing from the England of History, that have merely stood beneath and lifted up on their scarred shoulders for the admiration of mankind an England that was none of theirs, a mere pageant of royalty and nobility—this people are finding a voice and learning their rights and their power.—And on the other hand, the work of Crown and Peerage and Establishment, of all whom vested funds and vested glories bind to resist all change—in a word, the work of the whole combined Toryism of England—is to stand with broom and bucket in the open doors of Church and State, and sweep back as long as they may the swelling ocean of Democracy that is relling in upon them. The strife may be long, but the victory is certain. For as surely as that the old Teutonic blood still pours its vigor through the veins of the English yeomanry, so certainly a day is coming when there will be an *England of English People*.

But we must leave our brethren in the old Island home to struggle as they may, and follow in the race of Freedom as they can. We glance back at their condition, only as it gives us a convenient measure

of the Saxon progress in our own country. Our work is before us. Here at one stroke all those entanglements were cast off.—The popular principle was laid at the basis of our American enterprise. We can scarcely over-estimate the advance which was then made on all past politics, or the significance of our position to the world. The choicest tribe of the human race, after ages of divine preparation, is caught far away out of the Old World's ways; a new Continent, made for them, hidden away for them till the fullness of times had come, now found at length, and given to them as the theatre of their great experiment.—They start emancipated on a national career, with the noblest declaration of human rights, and the highest forms of personal, civil, and religious freedom. *Constitutional Liberty and Popular Sovereignty—a Nation of the People*—the elevation and well-being of the people the end and not a means—these are the corner stones of our American system. What the Bard of Scotland sung, with genuine Saxon soul, we propose to realize, viz: "Thata man's a man for a' that:"

"What though on homely fare he dine,

Wear hoddin gray, and toil for bread—  
Give fools their silks and knaves their wine—

A man's a man for a' that!  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—  
The man's the gold for a' that."

And the high experiment is a spectacle to the Nations. There is not a cabal of princely plotters in Europe, as they gather around their council-boards to forge fetters for the masses, that does not scent danger in every Western breeze; nor a cottage in all the bog-land of Tipperary, or on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube, where the victims of oppression do not whisper to one another of the Land of the People.

Of all this we need only speak. But we may see in this what is the purport and drift of the Saxon race in its new home.—

It has it in charge to assert and exemplify the worth, the rights, the capabilities of the People. This is the meaning and tendency of all our Institutions. And under their influence there has already been witnessed a popular elevation in all that pertains to human worth and happiness, such as is not found elsewhere on earth.

It is very true, we have had other work thus far than the old nations of Europe have had leisure to accomplish. Our wealth has not gone to embellish our land with architectural and monumental structures, as in old nations, grown plethoric with stagnant riches. We have not bent our strength to the achievement of naval or military pre-eminence. We have scenes, indeed, which it costs us no blush to remember, on our Lakes and on the ocean, and fields well-fought from Quebec to Buena Vista—enough, and some items too much, of glory like that. And all paid for! We have not mortgaged the whole future and pawned the birthright of coming generations, by a National Debt for a forced growth of martial greatness, for glory run up on credit, till payment would involve national bankruptcy. We pay as we go. We have had our warlike follies, very costly, and not very glorious. We have not quite unlearned the Saxon trick of the strong hand. But we have grown economical and thrifty. The bills are all receipted for that chivalrous slave-chase in Florida. And this recent glory of conquering a country and then buying it—let us pay for this too as soon as possible.

One of England's finest wits, smarting under the consequences of English glory, has left us a warning, which we do well to heed, against growing fond of warlike glory. "We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of this fondness for glory,—*Taxes* upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and in the waters under the earth, on every thing that comes from abroad, or

is grown at home—taxes on the raw material, and on every value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. The school-boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent. and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the prebate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

Another direction in which our new Saxon enterprise is working out results for the world, is to be seen in the full Toleration which is here extended to all forms of religious opinion and practise, and in the voluntary principle on which all religious systems are here placed. These are principles of genuine American production. The churches wholly independant of the State, and resting confidently down on the affections of the people—all religious systems protected and thrown on their own merits—they constitute a new era in the external history of Christianity. They bring our religious Institutions home to the business and bosoms of the people, and give them a hold on the popular mind, such as no patronage of the State could possibly effect.

Under the working of our Popular Principles there is rapidly resulting among us a new and higher type of Civilization.—

Hitherto civilization has everywhere been of an exceedingly partial and superficial character. National refinement and elevation have everywhere been confined to a part, and generally to a very small part, of the social body. The intelligence, comfort, and virtue have pertained only to a fraction of the State, and have been co-existent with the greatest ignorance, degradation and practical barbarism on the part of the greater mass of the people.—In how many respects have the People hitherto formed no real part of the Nations! A Nation's civilization has not at all been the civilization of that Nation, but has consisted in a few bright spots on a broad ground of popular darkness. A single order, a few great families, a favored nobility, have shone forth with brightness which has won the world's admiration; and men have forgotten the plebeian masses that have weltered in penury, ignorance and vice underneath. A few tall pinnacles have shot up till the sunlight gilded their tops, but around their base lay the dark sea of the People, wretched, uncared for, forgotten.

But in the purposes of God a new order of civilization has been decreed—the civilization of the people—the elevation of the masses. And in the ripeness of time, the Saxon race has this charge committed to it, and a new world given it in which to work out the great problem of popular civilization. Here, from the genius of this people, and from the evident purposes of Providence, we are to look for this high result. This is the purport of our free institutions, our personal, civil and religious freedom. Here, at length, *the People are the State*. And here accordingly, from the dawn of this high destiny, there has been a care for the means of cultivating and elevating the common mind, that is a new thing upon the earth. The Common School System dates back to Plymouth, 1621. From that day to this, it has extended itself, with its fit adjuncts of Academies and Colleges; and the result alrea-

dy is a people educated and elevated and ripe for an onward career. The Christian Education of the whole people is indeed the great interest of our country. Sink or swim, we have no plank but the intelligent virtue of the people. On their education and religious cultivation rests all the hope of our Nation.

One opprobrium which has been cast on our American Saxondom is, that we have no Literature. The reproach is ill-considered and premature. We have not had time to write our books yet. To charge it as a grave default on a country yet in its infancy, and whose energies have been demanded in the toil of settlement and new institutions, that it has not already wrought out a Literature to compare with that of lands a thousand years old, is as preposterous as to require the great works of Bacon and Newton at the hands of a sophomore. We think there is a Literature in us, and begun to be wrought out, and a capability in due time of completing it. Meantime we are acting our Epics too busily to sing them. We are making History too earnestly to find time to write it. There is song in us, but we have yet found no leisure to sing, save such strains as the laborer might troll over his toil, or as the swan might give forth while yet on the wing.—We have work in hand. We have but just felled the forest which frowned unbroken along our eastern border from Maine to Florida. We have but just now discovered the Valley of the Mississippi. We have Oregons and Minnesotas to build, and Californias to cultivate. From Wisconsin to Texas we are pushing forward one long line of invasion for the conquest of the Prairies. We confess the lack, therefore, but not with shame. We will write presently. Our poets are waiting till they may compose in attics perched on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, looking out on the Pacific.—There will be more history to write by and by, and perhaps better—and riper sciences to unfold. Meantime all England's litera-

ture is ours also. Whatever Saxon genius has achieved since our common fathers annexed the Island of Britain, is ours no less than England's. And in due time we will stand pledged to produce their like of our own. And already, though only as with left-handed effort, we have said and sung somewhat which time will not willingly let die.

One other and more weighty reproach remains. In such a view it is impossible not to notice and deplore one striking and mournful anomaly, the great reproach and burden and peril of our free institutions. Slavery is the dark spot on our fame. It is with no purpose of extenuating this stupendous crime against Freedom that we shall here speak of it. To apologize for it would be to sin against our own heart's strongest sentiments. While it continues, it will be the grief of every free American soul, as it will be the shame of our country, and the fountain of misrule, confusion and danger.

But even at the risk of apparent partisanship in defense of the Saxon character, there are a few historical facts which we will bring forward, bearing on this matter, and pertinent to our general subject.

There was a wide difference of origin, purpose and character between the first planters of our Southern States, and the founders of New England—a difference which has perpetuated itself, and gives to this hour the tone to our Northern and Southern sentiments. The South was colonized very much as we are now colonizing California. It was just at the close of a war between England and Spain, just when a mass of restless and unscrupulous adventurers were thrown loose on society, that it was noised abroad that in the New World of the West there was not only a genial climate, and fertile soil, and all the soft delights of the tropics, but more than all, there was gold there! Gold glittered among its sands, shone in its limpid streams and dropped from the yellow cliffs of its

mountains! We can easily conceive the effect. It threw a succession of eager and improvident colonies into the South. Many failed, but they finally effected settlements. But for a long period the ruling purpose of the Southern Colonial Companies was traffic, gain, speculation, wild adventure, and the search for precious metals. How different from this was the high and holy purpose that peopled New England! And the very year that witnessed the approach of the Pilgrims to the north coast, saw also the first Slave-ship on its way to Virginia, with its cargo of human chattels. Neither were they of the same race. The leading Virginia Companies were of the English nobility—the favorites and retainers of the crown; and the colonists themselves were mainly of the same class—decayed noblemen—gentlemen adventurers—the aristocratic loungers in the courts of Elizabeth and James. The Saxon common people had no share in that movement. It was a Norman colonization. And this gave character and distinction to the enterprise. With these Slavery found a congenial and permanent home. The Norman pride, his scorn of labor, his high blood, despotic temper, and aristocratic refinement, leavened that portion of our land from the first, as it leavens it yet. And these have prevailed to retain and cherish there the institution of Slavery, long after the Saxon spirit in the East had thrown off the uncongenial appendage. And that spirit as it more and more pervades our country, is fast undermining this alien institution.

From this rapid sketch of the Saxon history and character, it would not seem difficult, within certain obvious limits, to predict the future of such a people. At least that species of prophecy is within our reach, which lies in tracing given causes to their natural results. We may trust that the future career of such a people will be the complement of the past, the completion of the present. Looking

back, then, over the history of the Saxon race—considering its origin, its native genius, its culture and progress thus far, its past achievements and present capabilities—who does not feel that, if there be granted to this people the ordinary exemption from great disturbing agencies, if but ordinary wisdom characterize its counsels, and the favor of God rest upon it, there opens before it a career that has no parallel in all the past records of the world. It is the race of Workers. It has in its life and energy and an all-subduing spirit of enterprise. Compared with any other race, it has the freshness of youth. A strong inventive genius and an equally strong executive faculty mark it as the race that is to make itself felt on the world's destiny. And here, in a boundless field, under the auspices of Freedom and Christianity, it now enters on its manhood.

Mark what a strong *expansive* force has characterized this race from the beginning. It has an elastic, diffusive faculty, by which it has filled and overflowed, and burst forth through every avenue, and spread itself over every field. First stocking the wilds of Scandinavia, it rolled down over Denmark and Westphalia, and inundated Britain. That little Island has been the Mother of Nations, the hive ever-swarming and ever full. And the same feature marks it in its western home. Every year it rolls forth its population still farther on the prairies. The frontiersman of to-day to-morrow has a neighbor beyond him. And along with this diffusive force, it possesses beyond any other race a self-conserving and assimilating power, by which it retains its own character even while absorbing into itself the millions of other races. It seems the universal solvent which melts down and absorbs all the other elements of humanity. It Saxonizes every contribution however foreign. The vast masses of foreign population which continually pour into our country, alien in blood and speech and spirit, float

for a little space upon the surface, like lumps of ore on the fused body of metal, then dissolve into the Saxon mass.

Long since, almost simultaneously with the settlement of America, this race threw itself eastward in the form of an East India Company. What was long a group of mere trading-posts has since become an Empire, and has ministered largely to the wealth and commercial greatness of England. The movement was significant and prophetic. It was the Saxon's first rude grasp at the Commerce of the East. Of all the sources of wealth and greatness, that which has done most to rear up the great and opulent cities and nations of past time, has been the possession of the traffic and carrying trade of the Indies. Babylon, Palmyra, Petra, Tyre, Alexandria, and Venice, each in succession, gained the command of that eastern commerce, and were lifted by it, in their turn, to wealth and power without a rival. So far from being exhausted, it is a commerce richer and more various than ever before, and its products more than ever indispensable in all the markets of the world. Whatever modern nation has possessed that trade—Portugal, Holland, England—has risen to influence and power. And the diversion of this traffic from one channel to another has marked the moment from which the old marts began to sink and the new to arise. The new condition of the world, we may hope, has rendered it impossible for any nation to secure to itself a monopoly of this eastern traffic. But the bare possession of any marked facility, the mere circumstance of proximity, is sufficient to turn the scale and throw an incalculable advantage into the hands of the fortunate nation.

The trade of Eastern Asia is still the prize for which the nations are in competition. And it is fast coming into view that this western wing of the Saxon race is on the route to India. It needs but the completion of some of those schemes of transit across our continent, which have

lately forced themselves on our consideration, to throw the abundance of the East into the vessels and ports and warehouses of America. A Panama rail road will bring China, Calcutta, and all the Pacific ports of South America 10,000 miles nearer to New York than they now are. They are our Western neighbors. This is the significance of California. The Pacific coast is on the way to India. And as if the plan were approaching some great issue, as if to accelerate the common pace of events, a lure is thrown out which was never known to fail, and Gold precipitates the Saxon to the banks of the Sacramento. At its mouth a New Tyre may yet arise, and rival the palmiest days of the old, as the emporium for Asiatic commerce. And it is not Cuba that we need to annex, but the Sandwich Islands.

And over all this God reigns, guiding the nations. Through all this succession of events runs the secret thread of a Divine Purpose, aiming through this people at infinite issues of good. It is a people made strong for the Holy One. He chooses from among the nations the instruments of His will. As He raises up a Cromwell, a Luther, a Washington, and fits them for his ends, so also He prepares chosen national instrumentalities to execute those larger designs which affect the destinies of the race.

### THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

The welcome flowers are blossoming.

In joyous troops reveal'd;

They lift their dewy buds and bells

In garden, mead and field;

They lurk in every sunless path

Where forest children tread;

They dot, like stars, the sacred turf

Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind

That stirs the blooming trees,

And laugh on every fragrant bush.

All full of toiling bees;

From the green marge of lake and stream.

Fresh vale and mountain sod.

They look in gentle glory forth—

The pure sweet flowers of God!

They come, with genial airs and skies,

In summer's golden prime.

And to the stricken world give back

Lost Eden's blissful clime.

Outshining Solomon they come,

And go full soon away.

But yet, like him, they meekly breathe

True wisdom while they stay.

"If God," they whisper, "smiles on us,

And bids us bloom and shine,

Does he not mark, oh faithless man!

Each wish and want of thine?

Think, too, what joys await in Heaven

The blest of human birth,

When raptures, such as woo thee now,

Can reach the bad on earth!"

Redeemer of a fallen race!

Most merciful of kings!

Thy hallowed words have clothed with pow'r

Those frail and beauteous things.

All taught by Thee, they yearly speak

Their message of deep love.

Bidding us fix, for life and death,

Our hearts on things above.

### THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE PALACE OF GLASS.

ON New Year's Day, in the year 1847, a traveler was proceeding, in a native boat on a difficult exploration up the river Berbice in Demerara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraordinary object.—He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it. The nearer he appeared, the higher his curiosity was raised. Though an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America,



he had never seen anything like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "and felt myself rewarded! All calamities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light-green above, and a vivid crimson below rested upon the water! Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink" [and, in some instances, measuring fifteen inches across]. "The smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire.

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's nosegay; but Sir Robert Schomburgk, not content with mere flowers, dug up whole plants; and sent first them, and afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificent lily was named the "Victoria Regia." After some unsuccessful attempts, the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

Mr. Paxton—a man of high scientific attainments—is not a mere academic savant. His Alma Mater is nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burned loam and peat; he deluded the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Beribician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

With that glass case our history properly commences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, who began a chapter on stewed apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start with the parentage and gestation, before proceeding to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde Park; for by a curious apposition, the first parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest known floral structure in the world. Although, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of St. Paul's and a China orange; yet the one proceeded from the other, as consequently as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had already effected many improvements in horticultural buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs built for darkness and eternity, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and opaque materials.—He pared away all clumsy sash-bars, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and heat during the best parts of the day; he abolished dirty and leaking overlaps, by using panes, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty.—Lastly, finding, that into the sloping roof the sunbeams enter, at an indirect and unprofitable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of annular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's rays so as to admit them to the plants in a straight line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green-house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had everything been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigorously as if it had been restored to

its native soil and climate. Its growth and development were astonishingly rapid; for on the ninth of November a flower was produced a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened, some of them were sown; and on the 16th of February succeeding, young plants made their appearance. Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment. The extraordinary lily obeyed Nature's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this:—Given, an exotic growing in a green-house, at the rate of six hundred and forty-seven square inches of circumference per diem; required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity?

Mr. Paxton went to work; and combining all his improvements in constructing green-houses, with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D.," in the shape of a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde Park,—why necessitates a short explanation.

Among the many desiderata required for every kind of habitation—whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the enormous glass case under which to collect the products of All Nations,—the most imperative conditions, after stability, are perfect facilities for draining and for ventilation; another, though scarcely subordinate proviso, is economy. The man who can construct houses which shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and gentle change of atmosphere at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is of course, the prince of builders. Now, in order to be

economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials shall perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. If he build walls which answer for warmth and strength only, if he add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria Regia house—guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is, as shown in his last effort—the great building—that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most extensive of known sky-lights, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form perfect drains for both sides of the glass,—for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation.—Lastly, his whole building is, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus we save time as well as money.

The Victoria Regia house, which contains most of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks' less time, and cost considerably less money, than the slenderest old-fashioned conservatory that has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London about a site for the new building for exhibiting specimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in 1851. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Time," and perused with sympathizing interest its fiercely-urged objections

against the invasion of Hyde Park by armies of excavators, brick-layers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for, mark, a temporary edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the cutting down from one side Rotten Row of its most cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brick-work being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the impossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster duly drying:—All this, tho' occasionally overdrawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, which the means and appliances of the Victoria Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Every new thunderbolt from the newspaper Tonans, strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. All that was wanted, was a great many great lily-houses joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no structure could be raised so quickly and so cheaply. The promenaders of Hyde Park would be relieved of the incessant "click—click" of bricklayers' trowels, the maddening noise of the blacksmiths' riveting-hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and scaffold-poles.—The proposed edifice could be constructed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead. As to the trees: for a couple of hundred pounds Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the Industrial Fair without injuring a single twig. And here we may remark, in passing, that, according to Horace Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the Twickenham Prophet wrote to his

cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun—"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that, a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip roots."

However, Mr. Paxton could do without moving the venerable wood "on the shortest notice" (as if it had been converted into household furniture before its time.) If the Park authorities preferred, he would clap the trees, all standing, under his great glass case.

But, alas! feasible as the plan appeared it was not to be thought of. The fiat of the Building Committee had gone forth.—The competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. The first exhibition of the Industry of the Architects of all Nations had been pronounced a failure; and the fact of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construction of a design of its own, shut out fresh competitors.

One day, however—it was Friday, the 14th of June—Mr. Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done. Then, nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England—whose very leisure would kill a man of fashion with its hard work) was off immediately to keep a special appointment at the tular bridge over the Menai. After his journey, the next morning, the conversation with his friend, the M. P., was clenched by another and more than usual powerful burst of thunder in that day's issue from Blackfriars. His mind was made up; "and," said the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent public meeting at Bakewell—

"I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to

undertake what he did not fully accomplish,"

To have engagements for every day in the week in different parts of England and Ireland, together with the management of the estates at Chatsworth, did not much matter; there was still time to be found for concocting the plans and details of a few square acres of building. Tuesday morning, the 18th of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated as Chairman of the Works and Ways Committee of the Midland Railway—to try an offending pointsman. This was the first leisure moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and, upon it, before the chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him saying:

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. This," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial Building to be erected in Hyde Park."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting, and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his din-

ner in his pocket, he entered a carriage.—Here, to his great delight, he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled.—"There they are," said the impromptu architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great Building for 1851."

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with the serio-comic surprise of incredulity.

"I am serious."

"But you are too late; the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well, just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Neither will I disturb you, for I must light a cigar;" and in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Commissioner went over his plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with no more than business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently, they grew fainter and more intermittent, and by and-by the cigar went out; yet the suction was continued as vigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the

unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will."

The value of this promise and of the favorable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany its performance, will best be understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy page in English history. It was Saturday, the 29th of June. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the Board was over, the Prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay-windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. He was in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office, however, to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings and the Prince signified his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity; remarking, with pleasure, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horse

back for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of the most modern comedies) is "never sought in vain;" namely, to the British public! This he did by the aid of the woodcuts and pages of the *London Illustrated News*. Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile the projector of the building waited on the projector of the entire Exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the Christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed need not be divulged; but the encouragement vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Committee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for raising *their* edifice to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Messrs. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all other plans, the plan—the supreme desideratum—they tendered for it as an "improvement" on the Committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving

tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be *dies mirabilis* the third, for it was the identical Saturday on which the Sunday postal question had reached its crisis; and there was to be no delivery next day! But in a country of electric telegraphs, and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated, and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connexion with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's office, in Spring Gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; but, within a week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London, relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters, glass-workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year,) and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glassmaker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were

made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master passed his word in like manner to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length; thirty-four miles of guttering tube, to join every individual column together under the ground: two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron;) besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five miles of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.\*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous, loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in their resources and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Every thing in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof; hence, the interve-

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\* The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specifications.

ning bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But after checkings have divulged no material error.—The result was that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

The public have long known what followed. Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were, however, adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the Industrial building; and the central transept—the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and twelve feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in Hyde Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron columns were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding—for its cheapness. It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or an Irish cabin! A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for, brings out the astonishing quotient of little more than one half-penny (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the Exhibition is over—or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a

barn is more than twice as much, or two-pence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures:—The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed and taken down, the sum to be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds: if bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns are, as has been already said, not only props but drains.—They are hollow, and into them the glass roof will deliver its collections of water. In the base of each column is inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as foundation; they are links that connect the whole of the three thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pulley in a few minutes; and, once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below, and the iron girders above, the eighteen acres of structure is held from end to end so compact and fast that it becomes an enormous hollow cube, as immovable as if it were, instead, a solid cube dropped down beside Rotten Row by a gang of Titans.

The roofs—of which there are five, one to each aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle—play many parts. They are windows, light and heat adjusters, rain conductors outside, and condensed moisture ducts within. They are interminable rows of roofing, so placed as to form in the aggregate a plane; in other words, they are parallel rows of the letter V done in glass, in endless ridges “long drawn out”—thus: VVV The apex of each “ridge” is a wooden saah bar, with notches on either side for holding the sloping laths in

which are fitted the edges of the glass.—The bottom or “furrow” bar—otherwise a rafter—is hollowed in the middle, to form a gutter, into which every drop of rain glides down from the glass, and passes through the transverse gutters into the hollow columns. These longitudinal gutters are formed at the tops of the girders; for the roof is self-supporting. This is not all in converting a conservatory for plants into a resort for breathing beings, and a depot for articles emphatically “to be kept dry,” internal as well as external moisture must be drawn off: the breath of myriads of visitors, condensed against the glass, would otherwise return in continued Scotch mists. That difficulty partly dictated the A-like form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that vapors ascending to glass inclined to a slope of one foot in two feet and a half, do not condense in separate drops and descend again, but slide down over the smooth surface. To receive them, therefore, he grooves each rafter under the inside of the glazing. Into these grooves the condensed breath of “all nations” will fall and be conveyed into the transverse gutters; thence through the columns into the jurisdiction of their honors the Commissioners of Sewers.

These ingenious rafters are cut out of solid wood, in a machine (invented by the inventor of all the rest,) with incredible rapidity. In order that there may be a fall for the water to run off, each rafter is slightly curved; and, to correct warping, a rod of iron, with nuts and screws at each end, forms the string of the bow, so as to regulate its deflexion. For this ingenious expedient Mr. Paxton has taken out a patent.

We must now give proof that the floor is a ventilator and a dust-trap. It is laid four feet above the sward of the park. A series of subterranean lungs are thus provided, and air is admitted to them, by means of louvres, fixed in the outer walling of the building. These being made

to open and shut like Venetian blinds, will admit much or little air, which gently passes through the seams of the open flooring, and circulates over the building.—Finally, through the openings of the floor, the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a machine, which Mr. Paxton has invented for that purpose.

Enough has now been said to indicate rather than to describe how each part of the building “plays many parts,” and, how, consequently, incalculable saving has been effected in time and money. It is hardly necessary to repeat, that the interior of the edifice is the most expansive covered space in the world. That some idea may be formed of the excess of its capacity, we may mention that the largest covered area in England is believed to be that of the Ravenhead Glass Works, at St. Helen’s, in Lancashire, where the space roofed in is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, by one hundred and five feet, or not one-quarter so large as that section of Hyde Park which Mr. Paxton has glazed over.

That a Palatial Exhibition building, providing a total exhibiting surface for *nine miles* of tables, shall have been put up in four months, for less than a penny farthing a cubic foot, would in itself make 1851 famous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else were to happen to stamp it as pre-eminently “The Industrial Year.”—From it will at least be dated a new era in building such structures as would have been deemed impossible, even in the early part of the present century.

The following description of the “Tombs of the Kings,” the “Mecca” of the vast British Empire, I think will interest all readers. No written account can convey a sense of the solemn grandeur and ancient breathings of the spot—it must be seen to be realized.

I have been through and examined all those places. The description is as cor-



rect as possible, but nothing can convey a full realization of the great profoundness of this old Pile of Stones—the most impressive and sacred spot in all the British realms.

L. B.

#### A WALK IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE KING; THE QUEEN; THE CONQUEROR;

THE CHRISTIAN.

You would not have seen half the wonders of Westminster Abbey if you omitted to visit the Chapel of King Henry VII. There is not free admission to this chapel; but it is well worth paying 6d. to see its curious monuments, and the beautiful and far-famed roof. On your way thither, you will be shown by the guide two little chapels—the one dedicated to St. Edmund, the other to St. Nicholas. There are some fine old monuments here.

There is a little tablet to the memory of Lady Knollys, one of the miserable Anne Boleyn's attendants during that Queen's imprisonment in the Tower; and a splendid altar-tomb over the remains of the Duchess of Suffolk, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, who was, as you most likely know, beheaded in Queen Mary's time, for her acceptance of the crown, forced upon her by relations of more ambition than herself.

By a flight of twelve steps you enter the chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, commonly called Henry VII.'s Chapel.—The entrance gates to the nave are of oak, overlaid with brass-gilt, and wrought into various devices. The building consists of a nave, with five small chapels at the east end, dedicated to different saints; and two side aisles, north and south. The exquisitely-wrought ceiling will at once strike you with admiration; it seems almost incredible that the fine, delicate work you see is truly carved out of stone.—Henry was the first of the line of Tudors. He was originally Duke of Richmond, and descended from a Welshman of the name of Tudor, who had married the young widow of the warlike king, Henry V.

Henry's claim to the throne was not clear; but many of the people, dissatisfied with Richard III., conspired to bring this young duke to the throne, and then to marry him to Elizabeth, daughter of the late king, Edward IV., and sister to those young princes who were murdered in the Tower. The battle of Bosworth decided the matter in favor of the Duke of Richmond; Richard lost his life on the battle-field, and Henry's subsequent marriage with Elizabeth ended the Wars of the Roses. Henry was a cautious man; and once having secured the crown, he seemed to have no disposition to encourage the warlike spirit of his people, whose tastes and manners underwent considerable improvement in his time. He was extremely avaricious and fond of money; and Horace Walpole has said, that "Henry never laid out any money so willingly as on that which he could never enjoy—his tomb; on that he was profuse; but the very service for which it was intended probably comforted him with the thought that it would not be paid for until after his death." Henry, in his will, left direction for the exact place, manner, and material of his tomb. "It shall," he says, "be in the myddes of the chapel, before the high aultier." The wish of the royal founder has been strictly complied with; but the altar at which he ordered certain priests to say masses for the weal of his soul and the remission of his sins was, in Henry VIII.'s reign, at the commencement of the Reformation, stripped of its vestment, costly candlesticks, and relics, and then destroyed.

The tomb in which Henry and his queen Elizabeth repose is very handsome; it is principally composed of black marble, and the effigies are made of brass. By the 'effigy' we mean the image or likeness which usually represented the dead. At a great man's funeral it was usual to carry a representation of him in wax, as he was in life, in a chariot before the hearse. Both

Henry's tomb and effigy are the work of an Italian sculpture, as well as the enclosure, or screen, which is also of brass.

You will be struck with the old banners as you enter the chapel, as well as with the swords and helmets which are fastened on the walls. The guide will tell you that they are the banners of the most honourable military Order of the Bath. There were different orders of knighthood, and this order had its origin in chivalric institutions. Chivalry is a term expressive of horse-soldiery. Europe, in the eleventh century, was in a state of great confusion, and every owner of a manor became a petty tyrant; his mansion-house was surrounded by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a castle. The possessor had a party of 800 men at his call, and with these he used very often to go out on excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with some neighboring lord, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasurers carried off by the conqueror. Many lords who despised this state of things associated to protect property and ladies, and bound themselves by a solemn vow, which at length became quite a religious ceremony, to become the protectors of the weak and oppressed.

The Order of the Bath was, I believe, instituted about the reign of Henry IV.—The ceremonies before a Knight's installation are rather curious. He had to go through a bathing operation in a tub, then to be put to bed, and afterwards to watch all night. These vigils were always performed in the Abbey. There has not been an installation for many years; the last was in 1812.

In the south aisle of this beautiful chapel is a stately monument to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots. Her history is well known; but it is necessary that a person should understand, there are some points on which historians differ so widely, that it is difficult to arrive at a correct judgment. No character, perhaps, has

been so variously dealt with as Queen Mary's; and it is not possible here to discuss the evidence for or against this unfortunate woman. Mary was but seven days old when her father, James V. of Scotland, died, and ten months after she was solemnly crowned Queen of Scotland. When she was scarcely six years old, she was sent to France to receive her education; and it is not unlikely that this education at a French Court had a very unfavorable influence over her future life.—France was at that time ruled by the counsels of a wicked woman, Catherine of Medicis, widow of Henry II. of France, whose son was too young to reign at his father's death. The persecutions of the Protestants, known in France by the name of Huguenots, is, with some justice, attributed to her, as well as the dreadful massacre of 30,000 of these people on St. Bartholomew's day. Mary married the son of Catherine, who was Francis I., king of France. There was much wickedness in the Court where the young Queen received her first impressions; and it is likely that here her nice sense of female modesty and propriety may have been blunted. She was left a widow at nineteen, and her return to her own kingdom, which was in a very disturbed state, was very melancholy. The poverty of the country struck her. The weather was wet and dolorous, and a serenade of bag-pipes quite offended her polished French attendants. John Knox, the great Reformer, was very zealous in his attempt to convert Mary from the Popish faith.—He must have been rather severe in his reprimands, for he sometimes was so sharp in his denunciations that he confessed he once made her weep "so that they could scarce get kerchiefs to hold her eyes dry." It is not improbable that to a young self-willed Queen, long unaccustomed to contradiction, the opposition and free speaking of the conscientious but somewhat blunt Reformer, was very bitter.

The history of Mary, from the time of her arrival in Scotland, was one series of misfortunes. She married a second time Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a young headstrong boy, who led her an unhappy life, and made her pay for her partiality to her Italian secretary, Rizzio, by assisting at his murder in her very presence at Holyrood. Darnley's murder, in which she was suspected to be implicated, soon afterwards took place, and Mary's ruin was now sealed. Not long after her son's birth, she was sentenced to imprisonment in Lochleven Castle. She managed to escape from this prison; and after a defeat in battle, resolved to cast herself on the protection and kindness of her cousin Elizabeth. How she was received you have no doubt read. At twenty-six years of age, in the full bloom of beauty and health, a pall was, as it were, cast over her life; and thenceforward, Mary's history is one story of weary, monotonous suffering and misery, the only change permitted the poor captive being that of removal from one prison to another. It is not my object to give you a detailed account of Mary's life; but while you are standing by her magnificent monument in Westminster Abbey, and feel, as is natural, compassion for her sorrows, and indignation against the persecuting queen who now lies within a short distance of her rival, I would have you remember that Mary's trials did not absolve her from many great faults. Do not lose sight of this in your estimate of her character. She was fascinating and beautiful; but she was a flattery-spoiled, pleasure-loving, giddy woman, whose qualities better fitted her for a ball-room than a council chamber, and who took more interest in hawking, hunting, masquerading, and lute-playing, than in the welfare of her people. James I., her son, has been much censured for his unnatural conduct to his mother; but we must recollect that he had been brought up to despise and desert her, and to view her with selfish fear, as one who might de-

prive him of a throne. The fine monument he erected to her memory, after he came to the crown, looks almost like a mockery. She was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, in Northamptonshire, where the last few of her nineteen years' captivity were spent. Her remains were interred in Peterborough Cathedral; but James, on coming to the throne, removed them to Westminster Abbey.

In the opposite aisle is another monument, to one who little thought that she on whom she had trampled would repose almost by her side in the burial place of kings. Elizabeth's reign is full of interest. She came to the throne under such happy circumstances, that it is no wonder that some of the light of those glorious days should fall upon her. Within the century preceding her accession, in 1448, printing was invented; America discovered in 1492; and the Reformation began, by Luther, in 1517. Her reign, of forty-four years, was rich not only in great events, but in great men. It produced Shakspeare, the poet; Bacon, the philosopher; Drake, the seaman and the first circumnavigator; Gresham, the great merchant, who founded the Royal Exchange; Spencer and Raleigh, names renowned in history and in song. Abroad, there was Luther, the Reformer; Sully, the statesman; Ariosto and Tasso, those fine Italian poets; and the immortal painters, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio.

The picture of the country, indeed, is a finer picture than that of the queen. Look at her: though her beauty was much talked about by her flattering courtiers, there is very little, noble and beautiful about her. We need not go far from Westminster Abbey to see what woe she wrought.—Mary's monument and Mary's history are enough to take from the name of Elizabeth the appellation of good. Many writers, both young and old, have sung her praises as though she were the heroine of the English Church; and her accession

has been called the birthday of the gospel. How little the gospel influenced Elizabeth's actions, you have but to read her history to see. As to toleration, she knew nothing about it. She told the Archbishop of Canterbury that she would allow of no deviation from her will, and that no man should be suffered to decline either on the right or the left from the drawn line she had limited by her authority. Much has been written of Queen Mary's persecution; but the records of Elizabeth's reign show the same spirit. Sixty-one clergymen, forty-seven laymen, and two ladies, suffered death in the course of fourteen years, on account of their religion; and many endured unjust fines, imprisonment, and exile. If you want to see what Elizabeth did, look at the "Martyrs of Nonconformity," a sheet of engravings just published, in which her persecutions of the Puritans are very admirably illustrated. The Puritans, then first called by that name, increased, however, so greatly in spite of her persecutions, that forty years afterwards they had strength sufficient to hurl Charles I. from the throne.

Elizabeth was very impatient of preachers and preaching, and used to say that "two or three preachers were enough for a whole country." She has been known, it is asserted, to call out in her chapel to commend the minister to change a disagreeable subject, or to cease too bold an exhortation. Then her private life: the more one reads of it, the more trifling and flippant, vain, selfish, and coarse does she appear. A courtier must be very particular about the cut of his coat. She once spat upon one that displeased her. If any one wanted a favor, he must not go empty-handed. "Five hundred pounds in money," one suppliant proposed to give, "or a pretty jewel or garment."

Her jealousy of her attendants was in later years childish and absurd. Lady Mary Howard, a young, beautiful, lively girl, who had many admirers in court, ex-

cited her bitter envy. She had a pretty dress once, so pretty that the queen, like a spoiled child, wanted it; and one day, sending to the maiden's chamber, she got the dress, put it on, and made her appearance in it. The garment was far too short for her majesty, who asked the ladies how they liked her new-fashioned suite. At length she asked the owner, if it were not too short and ill becoming to her; to which, of course, the girl assented.—"Why, then," said Elizabeth, "if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine, so it fitteth neither well."—The picture of the poor, aged, feeble queen, lying on cushions on her palace floor, refusing to go to bed and to eat, is a lesson on selfishness and the nothingness of power. We have lingered long enough by Queen Bess's tomb. Her character, Mrs. Jameson says, possesses not the element of greatness or of elegance; she was a strong minded, but, at the same time, a vulgar-minded woman.

Placed in a niche in the east wall of this aisle is a sarcophagus of white marble.

You may remember reading of the murder of Edward IV.'s children in the Tower. For many years their bodies were undiscovered; but in the reign of Charles II. a chest was found at the foot of the stairs leading to the Chapel of the White Tower, and these were believed to be the remains of Edward V. and his brother. Charles II. ordered Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, to make the sarcophagus for their bones. "It was rather curious piety," Walpole has sarcastically remarked, "to erect a monument to these imaginary bones, and to sink 70,000*l.* actually given by Parliament for a monument to his father;" or rather to spend it on his own sinful pleasures. Still more disgraceful than this mis-appropriation was the mean and savage revenge of the licentious monarch in tearing Cromwell's, Ireton's and radshaw's bodies from the coffins in

which they had reposed within the Abbey walls, and causing them to be hung on gibbets at Tyburn. There is a notice in the "Diary" of a gossiping writer named Pepys of the frightful spectacle. On the anniversary of Charles I.'s execution, he writes, 30th January, 1660:—"To my Lady Batten's, where my wife and she are lately come back from seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshawe, hanging and buried at Tyburn." Not a very refined taste in Lady Batten and Mrs. Pepys.

After you leave Henry VII.'s Chapel, you are shewn the most ancient part of the Abbey. You enter it by a small, narrow stone-staircase. It is one of the most interesting, because one of the most ancient.

The tomb of Edward's present shrine was erected by Henry III. Pilgrims came from afar to do penance there, and kings and nobles have offered many a costly gift at the altar. Edward gained the name of Confessor for having professed Christianity, and was the last king of the Saxon line. Henry IV. was seized with his last illness—an attack of apoplexy—whilst paying his devotions at this very shrine. There is a Latin inscription on the tomb, most likely not of earlier date than that of the Popish Queen Mary. In James II.'s reign, when the scaffolding was taken down after his coronation, a hole was broken in the lid of the Confessor's coffin.—This might have been accidental; but not so the proceeding of a certain innkeeper who lived at the time, and who writes thus: "On putting my hand into the heels, and turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain twenty-four inches long." The crucifix and chain were offered to, and accepted by, the king, who ordered the coffin to be new-planked, that no abuse might be offered to the "sacred ashes of the Anglo-Saxon king."

Edward I. tomb is close to the staircase. He conquered the Welsh, and

fought many battles with the Scotch and Irish. His queen, Eleanor, is buried near.

Henry III.'s tomb is very handsome: the panels are of polished porphyry; and the figure of the king, once richly gilt, is said to have been the first brazen statue cast in England.

This Chapel of the Kings, as it is called, is full of the remains of warriors, and at the time of the Reformation it was one of great splendor. Henry V., the noted hero of Agincourt, lies at the east end. The head of the king's effigy was of solid silver, but when the monasteries were dissolved this was stolen. His bruised helmet, with the deep dent of a battle-axe visible, his shield, and saddle, are shown. Henry began life in a very gay manner. He had many idle companions; and curious stories have been told of his mad pranks when Prince of Wales. It is he, you know, who obtained the title of Mad-cap Harry. In one of his frolics he and his friends disguised themselves like robbers, and attacked some travelers, taking their money from them; but the travelers pursued them, and they were all brought before the sheriff. The sheriff informing Henry that he must acquaint the king of his conduct, he was so angry that he struck the judge on the bench, who immediately sent him to prison. He did not revenge this act; and on coming to the throne, he dismissed his idle companions, and bent all his energies on war and conquest.

It is to be regretted that he had such a mistaken notion of the duties of a king, for he seemed really desirous of performing those duties aright. Taking Edward III. for his model he resolved to conquer France, nay, if possible to be king of the French. One of the French princes, who had only heard of him as 'Mad-cap Harry,' laughed at the idea of his coming to fight with France, and sent him in derision a present of tennis balls. Henry answered that he would soon send him some

London balls, which would knock his house about his ears.

Setting aside his warlike spirit, which, remember, was the spirit of a half-civilized age, there is much to admire in Henry's character. He was kind to the poor and much beloved by them for justice. His worst sin seems to have been his bitter persecution of the Lollards, as the followers of Wickliffe were called. At thirty-six years of age, during one of his warlike visits to France, he was then ill, and, neglecting his disease in his eagerness to pursue his conquest, he died at Vincennes, near Paris, leaving a young queen and an infant son. When his confessor was reading the seven Psalms appointed in the Roman Catholic service for the dying, and came to the verse, 'Build thou the walls of Jerusalem,' he stopped him, saying, that when he had ended his conquest in Europe, he had intended to undertake a crusade as an atonement for his sins. How universally may you mark this feeling of the necessity of an atonement. Dying kings, under the remorse of conscience, have left bequests to found abbeys and to say masses for their souls. How strange does it seem that man in every age has been found unwilling to take hold of the only atonement which God has been pleased to accept, even that which his well-beloved Son made upon Calvary. The king's body was embalmed and brought over to England. It was met at Dover by fifteen bishops, and many abbots. All the way from Blackheath, through the City, hymns on the way to the Abbey were sung, every householder standing at his door with a lighted torch in his hand. Henry is described as having been tall and agile in person, and such a swift runner, that he could, with but little help of his lords, and without assistance of dogs, capture deer in the enclosure.

The coronation chairs are shown in the chapel. Placed in one of these chairs is the celebrated stone brought from Scot-

land by Edward I. and is a very curious relic. This stone is supposed to be that which the Scots won from the Irish. All our kings and queens, since the time of Edward I. have been seated upon it at their coronation. To give a list of all the monuments in this and the adjoining chapels, will not be needful; you can read them in one of the many hand-books which are to be bought. I have selected such as I thought most likely to interest you, but still the wonders of Westminster are not exhausted.

The choir you must observe attentively. Just before the altar is the rich pavement which was placed here at the expense of Henry III. in 1268. Abbot Ware brought the stones from Italy, and employed Odoric from Rome to lay the different pieces together. This pavement you will hear called *tesselated*, from the Latin word *tesselatus*, or wrought in chequer work.—The materials are porphyry, lapis lazuli, jasper, alabaster, and some other stones. Abbot Ware lies buried underneath this pavement. King Sebert, who, you will recollect, founded the Abbey, is buried on the south side, as well as Anne of Cleves, one of Henry VIII.'s many wives.

The north transept was, for many years the principal entrance into the church, and most of the stately processions, common in Roman Catholic worship, must have passed within this porch.

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#### CHAPTER II.

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### WILBERFORCE.

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We turn aside almost weary with the sight of these countless monuments and long flattering inscriptions. Effigies of poets, philosophers, kings, queens, and statesmen, seem to be without end, and I fancy you growing tired of Westminster Abbey. Do not leave it, however, without looking at one figure in the choir, which, although it has little to recommend it as a work of art, will remind you of a man

who better deserved the title of Great than many who sleep around. It is a sitting figure, and there is little dignity in it as a figure, nay, you may be almost disposed to smile when you see it with the head a little bent, the legs crossed, and the pleasant half smile that lurks in and about the lips even of the cold marble.—The statue is to the memory of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, the advocate of liberty, the friend of the slave.

I might have given you an account of other statesmen, more noted as orators, more lauded in history, but I prefer to direct your attention to Wilberforce; he was not a mere philanthropist—he was a Christian. He was born at Kingston upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, in the year 1759, at almost the same time as the celebrated Pitt.

He was naturally kind and benevolent, but when young he was worldly, and careless of religion. He became a member of Parliament for Hull, in 1780; and entering into many fashionable societies and clubs, was in great danger of suffering from flattery and folly. Early in his public life, he went on a tour on the Continent with the learned Dr. Isaac Milner, afterward Dean of Carlisle. The conversation of this good man seemed to have impressed him greatly, and his recommendation to Wilberforce to read Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion* was greatly blessed to him.

When the great change in Wilberforce became apparent, his companions were quite distressed at the loss of such an amiable young man from the world; but he soon rose high in public opinion, and made a great impression in the House of Commons. He was very intimate with Pitt, and often tried to impress him with the importance of personal religion. In time, however, the intimacy ceased; Wilberforce increased in love to God, and holiness of life, and zeal for his cause, and went too far in religion for a man like William Pitt. The abolition of slavery

was the grand object of Wilberforce's parliamentary life, and the emancipation of slaves in the colonies actually took place in 1833, just before his death. He devoted the thirty seven years of his life in Parliament to move the country to this glorious end, and just lived to see it achieved. He was moderate in all he said, never provoking an adversary, never calling in question his sincerity or purity of motive, always abstaining from irritating expressions, never returning evil for evil, or railing for railing. Wilberforce's 'Practical Christianity,' a work which has gone through many editions, shows, very beautifully, the difference between a merely philanthropic man, without religion, and the same character strengthened, directed, and guarded by Christian principle. It was published in order to give his political friends a just conception of his real views on the subject of religion. It has been the means of usefulness to many, and Legh Richmond, afterwards a very eminent clergyman, dated his conversion from reading this work.

To judge of any man's character correctly we should follow him home.

At home Wilberforce was especially to be admired. He was a gentle, tender husband and father, and love reigned through his house. An anecdote is told of his amiable temper, which is worth relating. He once mislaid a despatch, and having delayed the search until the last moment, he began to get a little flurried and vexed. One of the royal family was waiting for it, and still it was not to be found. At this unfortunate moment a sad disturbance in the nursery overhead took place. To hear children crying is never pleasant, still less so amidst business and engagements. 'Now for once,' thought the person who was present, 'Wilberforce's temper will give way.' As the thought passed through his mind, Wilberforce turned his benevolent face to him, and said, 'What a blessing to have these dear children—only think what a re

lief amidst other hurry to hear their voices and know they are well.'

His was true, constant, *home* piety, and, as is the case with all consistent men, he was a man of prayer. When he retired into private life, how sweet must have been the remembrance of his victory.—How delightful the thought of the past! No pictures were called up by his memory of blood-stained battle-fields; no harrowing sounds of the graves of his dying enemies, disturbed the peace and joy of his death-bed; but the blessings of the oppressed and the helpless slave, whose chains he had devoted his energies to break, and the song of liberty and rejoicing, must have cheered his soul when heart and flesh failed.

I have said that Wilberforce was benevolent: he was also humble. There was no self-gratulation, no exalting of the acts of his useful life. He loved God, and admired his character too truly to be proud, and knew that after all he was but an instrument that his Heavenly Father had been pleased to use for his own purpose and his own work. He died in 1833, having completed his seventy-fourth year. As a piece of sculpture, unquestionably, Wilberforce's monument is not fine, but the reflections which it must awaken are very pleasant.

With what melancholy feelings we look at the tombs of the worldly, the tyrant, the blood-thirsty conqueror, or the mere moralist; but the tomb of a Christian is a pleasant spot; for we know that although the earthly tabernacle is dissolved he has a building of God, a house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens.

For the Miscellany.

# MENTAL CULTURE.

BY REV. I. K. FULLER.

Man is a complex being, creation's supreme wonder, a miniature world, possessing elements, mental and physical, (by virtue of a mysterious union of corrupti-

bility, with—immortality,) elements containing those inherent qualities, which properly developed, will generate his present, and ultimate happiness. The mind of man, the thinking principle, is the *Primum Mobile*, of all his energies; it is the elevator, which exalts him in the scale of being, the grand axle-tree, around which the mighty wheels of motive, are silently, yet constantly revolving, the life gushing fount, 'tis the "Divinity that stirs within him."

I mean by mental culture, that the light of science, must pervade the territory of the inner man, and urge into action, all those secret springs, which by their combined effort impel the whole machinery of mind. To educate the mind is to brighten, and strengthen its eyesight, removing all those films, which obstruct the mental rays, thus enabling it to look into and feast upon, the very vitals of whatever subject it may grasp. It can then delve into the rich mines of thought, and embowel and spread out, their exhaustless treasures, before the world. To educate is to discipline the mind; to make it think, and feel, and act; to make one know that he has within him a living soul, demonstrating the verity of its existence, "by thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Show me a man, who possesses a clear-sighted, far-reaching, deep-penetrating mind, and I will show you one, who grasps colossal thoughts; common thoughts are but his playthings, he feels the force of that saying, that human knowledge is a proud pillar, built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and that those, who have ascended the highest, have only gained a more extended view of the waste around them, while he is deeply conscious that he is standing on the edge of a vast ocean of investigation, having as yet, gathered, only here and there, a pebble, which has washed ashore.

First, principles have ever existed in the mind of Deity, and as fast as their



transmission, from the supreme intellect, is promotive of the well being of our race, he places them within the reach of mind.

There are two mental states, or groups of mental faculties, which will claim our attention. viz: The moral and intellectual. By the moral, I mean those powers of mind, by which we appreciate the relations which we sustain, and the duties which we owe to God, and to each other,—those innate ideas, so essential to the doctrine of the soul's progression.

As the sun in heaven, is a firm, and enduring centre, around which lesser bodies revolve, deriving therefrom, light, beauty, and harmony, so the moral faculties, are a grand nucleus, a focal point, around which cluster all the other elements of mind, and from which they radiate, diffusing balmy loveliness, and golden hope, upon all, who come within the sphere of their influence. These moral powers were predominant in the Bunyans and Baxters of our holy religion, those master spirits, who have arisen upon the darkness of our world,—stars of the first magnitude in the moral galaxy, the melting rays of whose piety, scattered the thick gloom of moral midnight, and let a flood of light burst in upon the nations. We need men of this stamp, in the ministry of the present day; men who will fearlessly enter the arena of moral combat, and wield effectively, the weapons of their warfare, against the giant evils of the world, while every blow they strike, bursts some fetter, or releases some sin-bound captive. God has chosen this class of mental faculties to move, and renovate the world; and through this instrumentality the moral world, must be turned upside-down, before it is right side up. There never was a time, when men of sterling, deep-toned piety, were more needed, than at present.

But a few words, with reference to intellectual culture. It is an admitted fact, that the strongest men we have in the sacerdotal ranks, are those who are not

only morally, but intellectually profound. Not that I would place undue importance upon the cultivation of the intellect; "for with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool." But I would be understood that this, is emphatically an age of improvement, and that he is a stingy pattern for a full grown man, who, in assuming the position of a teacher, falls behind the intellectual advancement of his age. It is a lamentable truth, that there is in our generation, too much superficial ministerial effort, and too little of that kind of effort which under God, will probe men's hearts to their very bottom, and tend to elevate them, in the scale of intellectual, as well as moral existence.—*Scientia est pabulum animi*, was the motto of a Roman orator; than which nothing is more true, for nothing short of science can properly satiate the hungry mind.—Science, is truth, and truth is the mind's proper aliment. Obviously then, you will discern the necessity of bringing out, filling up, and enriching the mind with its golden stores. Next, in point of importance; comes up the literature, which is to form, and mature the mind, thus rendering it subservient to its proper uses. This topic I would gladly have avoided, but for the deep and dark influence which the literature of the present day, is exerting over the rising generation. I allude to that floating mass of yellow covered and intellectual gangrene, which comes to us in the form of novels, popular tales, &c., and which is being scattered, like autumnal leaves, throughout the length and breadth of this republic, and tends directly to poison every element of the moral being, and disqualify the mind for sound reading, and sound thinking.—Books are the indices to human character, the thoroughfares, on which the human faculties travel, either to glory or to shame. How important, then that our books should be divested of error, in all its Protean forms. Truth fattens the mind, but error, impoverishes it. Truth strengthens

the digestive functions; error weakens them, and brings on a moral dyspepsia, which sours, and taints, every pleasure. Truth operates on the minds of men, like fire, on mineral substances, melting some, and hardening and refining others; while error, like the blighting frosts of autumn, and the chilling winds of winter, sweeps over the mind, and transforms it, into a wild, barren desert waste.

This book-making propensity, the ostensible design of which is, to charm and captivate, the fancy, and imagination of of the reader, but whose real end, and aim is to gratify an inordinate love of lucre, an omnipotent dime-grasping, temporizing policy, is like an *ignis fatuus*, whose dazzling brilliancy, lures for a moment, but ultimately plunges its victim, beneath the tumultuous waves of the *Black Sea* of error, whose 'waters cast up mire and dirt.' The brightest star, in the constellation of modern novelties, will, doubtless find to his cost, that in return for the mischiefs, he has done to society, he will be visited, with heavy blows. I do not envy that man's position, who in the day of final adjudication, will be recognized, by the omniscient eye, as the fountain from whence sprang this muddy, putrid stream, of fashionable corruption, for at the termination of time, he will stand abashed, on the black battlements of death, and behold a moral Maelstrom of his own creation, which at every gyration, whirls into its vortex, a deluded mortal, without a vestige left upon the turbid waters, nor any sound, except the wailings of a lost soul.

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For the Miscellany.

### PEASHWAY'S REVENGE.

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BY A. J. WEAVER.

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"Some years ago, on the banks of the Wabash river, in the northern part of the state of Indiana, lived two tribes of Indians, the *Miamis* and the *Potawatomes*.—

Brave warriors, there were in both of them, fierce and savage, and who had no fear of death.

White traders came among them, and taught them to use intoxicating drinks, and whilst under the influence of the mortal poison, they would frequently quarrel, and not unfrequently the rival tribes would inflame each other's minds to such a degree, by boasts and bantering songs, that braves of each tribe would be left dead by their comrades at the scenes of these riots.

These scenes became so often repeated, that from several thousand, belonging to each tribe, they were reduced to only several hundreds. The cause, as before stated, was strong drink, one of the greatest curses under which not only the red man, but the world is now laboring.

Among the *Potawatomes* was a noble warrior, who looked with pain and displeasure upon the cause of this melting away of his tribe. He remonstrated against it, but all to no purpose. At length one of his relations was murdered in the most barbarous manner, by a *Miami*, at one of these drunken frolics. He solemnly and silently vowed revenge, but kept his purpose locked up in his own breast. He spoke to no one, but paced his wigwam in silence. His piercing eyes sought the earth. An awful frown was on his brow. He was not long in laying his plans. He then carefully dressed and painted himself, armed himself completely, and sallied forth to execute his purpose.

His course soon brought him to the bank of the *Wabash*. On the opposite side was his foe's hunting ground. He stepped into his canoe, and soon sprang upon the soil of his sworn enemy. His searching eye scans with a sweeping glance the circuit of the wood, but no one was within sight. He advanced from the banks of the stream, and sought a clump of small trees and brush, that effectually sheltered him from sight, without interfering with his scope of vision, for he could survey all around him for some distance.

He was not long in waiting for his prey. Advancing from the depth of the forest, with free and easy motions, came one of the bravest of the Miami nation. He suspected no surprise. He dreamed of no danger. Peashway lay crouched like a panther, hid by the bush, near the path by which the unthinking warrior was advancing. He breathed not, lest he should be discovered—his eye sparkled greedily, but not a muscle of his face moved. On, on, the doomed warrior came, until he was opposite the hiding place of the avenger; when with the speed of lightning, and a yell, that would make the heart quake, Peashway sprang upon his foe, and with one plunge, deep sank the steel of his scalping knife into the bosom of the other. A tremulous shock was the only answer given to the unerring death-messenger, and with a heavy sound the rigid body of the victim fell at the feet of his foe, a lifeless corpse.

It was near night, and ere the twilight had changed to darkness, the avenger will seek a safer place, for doubtless his yell of victory was heard by more than one. The work of scalping and disarming his victim was finished in a moment, and in another he was moving stealthily through the bushes and fallen trees, to a clump of undergrowth near a fine spring of clear, pure water.

He had not been in this hiding place long, thinking of the pride and glory his nation had given away, in exchanging the healthful draught of the gurgling spring, for the burning and devouring demon of the "fire-water" of the pale face, when he saw, advancing towards the spring, in an opposite direction from that in which he came, two other Miami warriors. They had heard Peashway's yell, and thinking it boded no good, were somewhat cautious in their approach. But they were closely observed by one who knew well the game he was playing.

Peashway allowed them to come up to the spring, and they stooped down to

drink; but that sweet drink was their last for no sooner had they arisen from their drinking posture, than the sharp report of a rifle was heard and forward one of the warriors fell with his pierced forehead in the gentle brook, and almost in another instant his companion sank under the irresistible force of a powerful blow with the tomahawk, which cleft his skull in twain.

Thus, in the space of one short hour, three brave Indian warriors were surprised and killed, by one who was avenging the effects of strong drink. Would that those who go to barter with the rude red-man of the forest, would have some principle, some feelings of humanity, some benevolence and nobleness of spirit, to prevent them from destroying, by such fatal poison, the noble spirits that inhabit our wild woods. But to their shame be it known, that they stoop so low, and do such crimes for the sake of filthy lucre.

But I must follow, for a few more hours, the course and actions of Peashway in his mission of vengeance.

After having scalped his second and third victims, he moved off in a southern direction. His course lay through a dense forest of large trees and undergrowth, the latter of which was so thick that nothing could be seen a hundred yards off.

He had not proceeded through this wilderness more than a mile, when darkness spread its sable mantle over the forest; but the avenger still continued on his way, stopping every few minutes to listen if footsteps could be heard, but all was silent.

Night came on apace, and it was midnight. Angry looking clouds came looming up from the westward, and low rumbled the distant thunder. The brave warrior still sped on. It became darker and darker as the black clouds covered the sky. The winds whistled through the tree tops, and everything betokened a violent storm.

As Peashway came to the top of a little hillock, he saw a small glimmer of light

some distance in the wood, directly in front of him. He stopped for a moment and saw it flash up again and again, and then all was dark. He walked slowly and stealthily forward, and as he came nearer he saw two dark forms lie with their feet towards the remains of a fire, which now and then would flash up and light the space for a few yards around; and then die away to start up again as before. He saw that the two dark forms were his enemies, and he at once planned his mode of attack. With his tomahawk in one hand and his scalping knife in the other, he walked boldly forward and stood between them. He looked down upon them with evident satisfaction, knowing that they were within his power and would soon die. A sudden thought seemed to arise in his mind. He replaced his knife and tomahawk, and stooping down, took up the knives of the sleepers. He enjoyed the prospect a moment longer, and then, just as the heavens seemed to be rent asunder with an awful crash of thunder, two rude souls took their eternal flight to the Spirit Land, and thus was completed *Peashway's Revenge*.

*Lewisburg, Ind., June, 1851.*

For the Miscellany.

## FLOWERS OF MORTALITY.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY, ESQ.

"O, what a world of beauty fades away  
With the winged hours of youth. \* \* \*"

DAWES.

O, there is a time in our rosy dream of youth,  
When we dream not that cares and sorrows are to come;  
When life seems fraught with peace, and smiles and songs of truth,  
Like a calm and noiseless stream,  
Without a heaving swell, or gush of sparkling form,  
Reflecting morning's golden beam.

The bud there bursts its tender shell,  
And the young flow'et opens to the day;  
And low breath'd sighs like zephyrs swell,

O'er it softly in life's budding May.

O, there are moments in this sad and mournful life,

When our hearts do melt with love—  
servent, joyous love:

We loose our grosser element—we cease  
from strife,

And are all spirit for a time;

Such moments seem but lent by angels  
from above,

Of bliss from heaven's peaceful clime.

The flow'r there blooms in beauty  
bright,

And sparkling dew-drops tremble on its  
stem,

And sweet perfumes, on breezes light,

Are softly wafted from life's floral gem.

Ah! there are hours of bitter grief befall  
us here,

Which are so sad and sorrowful, when  
youth has fled;

They weigh us down, and fill our hearts  
with awful fear

Of something dreadful yet to come;

These fitful gleams of mem'ry's fading  
light are shed,

And lo! were bending o'er the tomb.

Ah! then the once bright flow'r doth  
fade,

And leaf by leaf it scattereth at last,

Lonely it droops in autumn shade,

Its perfume wasted by life's wintry blast.

Ha! there are flitting moments, when we  
dare not think

What we may be in one more gliding  
little hour;

A chill pervades the heart,—the pulses  
throb—we sink—

The last, last gleam of light is shed:

We gasp, we mourn, we faint; we loose  
all sense—all pow'r—

We cease to sigh—to breath—we're  
dead!

All blanch'd and with'red strengthless  
—torn,  
The flower there lies crush'd upon its  
bed;

Its sisters bending o'er it mourn,  
And their bright tears, like pearly dew-  
drops shed.

Belle Monte, Mich, 1851.

For the Miscellany.

### SONG OF THE MORNING STARS.

BY ISAAC MILES CRAVATH.

When the morning stars sang together,  
and all the sons of God shouted for joy.  
JOB. xxxviii: 7.

Come, let us chant anew our joyful lays,  
And celebrate the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
Who hath again His banner—love un-  
furled,  
And made another bright and beauteous  
world.

And let the anthem peal, as now we sing  
All honor, praise and power to God our  
king;  
The Almighty Father "spake and it was  
done,"  
And darkness' empire conquering light  
hath won.

The polished pillars of a world he brought  
As glorious trophies from the realms of  
naught;  
With songs of joy the mighty fabric  
rears,  
And now the green and grove-clad earth  
appears.

Quick, at the fiat of Jehovah's word,  
Up sprang the bleating flocks and lowing  
herd;  
The finny tribes of ocean, too, were there,  
And all the feather'd songsters of the air.

And then, the wonder of the wondrous  
plan,  
Upright from dust of earth, he fashioned  
man—

Breathed in his nostrils, to complete the  
whole,  
And mortal "man became a living soul."

Shout! shout aloud for joy, ye sons of God.  
And ring the echoes through your blest  
abode;

Take up the swelling strains each distant  
star,  
And roll the pean to the worlds afar!

Give thanks, rejoice thou rosy new-born  
earth,

Where Nature smiles, exulting in her  
birth,

And Eden, blooming in pereannal spring,  
Your grateful tribute to your Maker bring.

Ye rocks and mountains, vallies, hills,  
and woods,

Ye lakes and rivers, forests, fields and  
floods

Repeat the song;—and thou, O man a-  
rise,

And join the chorus of the earth and skies!

Attending angels now the notes prolong,  
As upward move to heaven the countless  
throng;

And heavenly guards unfold the doors  
within,

As glory's king and train now enter in.

"Who is the king of glory?" 'Tis the  
Lord,

The God of host, who, by his awful word.  
Hath made yon systems with their worlds  
of light,

And banish'd darkness back to endless  
night.

Be glory given by every angel-tongue,  
Let all your golden harps in praise be  
strung;

Bend low in homage each seraphic knee,  
To him who was, and is, and is to be.

Thus sang the harbingers of opening day,  
And through yon azure fields betook their  
way:

E'er since revealing in their smiling rays,  
The silent anthems of creation's praise.

## THOMAS MOORE. THE IRISH POET.

BY GILFILLAN.

To be the poet, *par excellence* of Ireland, the cleverest man in the cleverest nation of the world, is to hold no mean position, and that position we claim for Thomas Moore. We do not of course mean that he is by many degrees the greatest poet at present alive; but for sparkle, wit and brilliance, his country's qualities, he is unsurpassed. The bard of the butterflies, he is restless, gay, and gorgeous as the beautiful creatures he delights to depict. It would require his own style adequately to describe itself. Puck putting a girdle round about the globe in forty minutes—Ariel doing his spiriting gently—the Scotch fairy footing it in the moonlight, the stillness of which seems intended to set off the light and aerial motion—any of these figures may faintly express to us the elegant activities of Moore's mind and fancies. We are never able to disconnect from his idea that of minuteness. Does he play in the "plighted clouds?" It is a "creature of the element," as tiny as he is tricky. Does he flutter in the sunbeam? It is as a bright mote. Does he hover over the form and face of beauty? It is as a sylph-like sprite, his little heart surcharged, and his small wings trembling with passion. Does he ever enter on a darker and more daring flight? It is still rather as the flight of a fire-fly than of a meteor or comet. Does he assail powers and potentates? It is with a sting rather than a spear—a sting small, sharp, bright and deadly.

Thomas Moore is a poet by temperament, and by intellect a wit. He has the warmth and the fancy of the poet, but hardly his powerful passion, his high solemn imagination, or his severe unity of purpose. His verses, therefore, are rather the star-dust of poetry than the sublime thing itself. Every sentence he writes is poetical, but the whole is not a poem.

The dancing lightness of his motion affects you with very different feelings from those with which you contemplate the grave walk of didactic or the stormy race of impassioned poetry. You are delighted, you are dazzled; you wonder at the rapidity of the movements, the elegance of the attitudes, the perfect self-command and mastery of the performer; you cry out "Encore, encore," but you seldom weep, you do not tremble or agonize; you do not become silent. Did the reader ever feel the giddy and blinding effect of level winter sunbeams pouring through the intervals of a railing as he went along? This is precisely the effect which Moore's rapid and bickering brilliance produces. Our mental optics are dazzled, our brain reels, we almost sicken of the monotonous and incessant splendor, "distinct, but distant, clear, but ah, how cold."

Our great quarrel with Moore's poetry, apart from its early sins against morality and good taste, is its want of deep earnestness and of high purpose. Not more trivial is the dance of a fairy in the pale shine of the moon, than are the majority of his poems. And though he did belong to that beautiful family, he could not in his poetry meddle less with the great purposes, passions and destinies of humanity. What to him are the ongoing and future prospects of what Oberon so finely calls the "human mortals." He must have his dance and his song out. We believe that Thomas Moore is a sincere lover of his kind, and has a deep sympathy with their welfare and progress, but we could scarcely deduce this with any certainty from his serious poetry. Indeed, the term serious as applied to his verse, is a total misnomer. Byron's poetry has often a sincerity of anguish about it which cannot be mistaken; he howls out, like the blinded Cyclops, his agony to earth and heaven.—The verse of Wordsworth and Coleridge is a harmony solemn as that of the pines in the winter blast. Elliott's earnestness is almost terrific. But Moore flits, and flut-

ters, and leaps, and runs, a very Peri, but who shall never be permitted to enter the paradise of highest song, and to whom the seventh heaven of invention is shut for ever.

It were needless to dilate upon the beauties which he has scattered around him in this unprofitable career. His fancy is prodigious in quantity and variety, and is as elegant as it is abundant. Images dance down about us like hailstones, illustrations breathlessly run after outrun illustrations, fine and delicate shades melt into others still finer and more delicate, and often the general effect of his verse is that of a large tree alive with bees, where a thousand sweet and minute tones are mingled into one hum of harmony. Add to this his free flow of exquisite versification, the richness of his luscious descriptions, the tenderness of many of his pictures, and the sunny glow, as of eastern day, which colors the whole, and you have the leading features of his poetical idiosyncrasy.

But it is as a wit and satirist that Moore must survive. There is no "horse play in his raillery." It is as delicate as it is deadly. He carves his foeman as a "dish fit for the gods, not hews him as a carcase meet for hounds." Such a gay gladiator, such a smiling murderer as he is! How small his weapon—how elegant his flourishes—how light but sinewy his arm and how soon is the blow given—the deed done—the victim prostrate! His strokes are so keen, that ere you have felt them you have found death. He is an aristocratic satirist, not only in the objects but in the manner of his attack. Coarse game would not feel that fine, tremulous edge by which he dissects his high bred and sensitive foes to the quick. We notice, too, in his sarcastic vein, and this very probably explains its superiority, a much deeper and heartier earnestness.—When he means to be serious he trifles, when he trifles it is that he is most sincere. His work is play, his play is work. All

his political feeling—all the moral indignation he possesses—all the hatred which as an Irishman and a gentleman, he entertains for insincerity, humbug, and selfishness in high places—come out through the veil of his witty and elegant verse. Of a great satirist, only one element seems wanting in Moore, namely, that cool and concentrated malignity which inspires Juvenal and Junius. He hates, they loathe. He tickles his opponents to death, they tear him to pieces. His arrows are polished, theirs are poisoned. His malice is that of a man, theirs is that of a demon. His wish is to gain a great end over the bodies of his antagonists, their sole object is to destroy or blacken the persons of their foes. His is a public and gallant rencounter, theirs a sullen and solitary assassination.

Moore may be regarded under the four phases of an amatory poet, a narrative poet, a satirical poet, and a prose writer. As an amatory poet he assumed, every one knows, the *nom-de-guerre* of Tommy Little, and as such do not his merits and demerits live in the verse of Byron, and in the prose of Jeffrey? These poems, lively, gay, shallow, meretricious, were the sins of youth; they were not, like "Don Juan," the deliberate abominations of guilty and hardened manhood. Their object was to crown vice, but not to deny the existence of virtue. They were unjustifiably warm in their tone and coloring, but they did not seek to pollute the human heart itself. It was reserved for a mightier and darker spirit to make the desperate and infernal attempt, and to include in one "wide waft" of scorn and disbelief, the existence of faithfulness in man and of innocence in woman. Little's lyrics, too, were neutralized by their general feebleness; they were pretty, but wanted body, unity, point and power. Consequently, while they captivated little lads and lovesick misses, they did comparatively little injury. It is indeed ludicrous in looking back through the vista of forty

years, and thinking of the dire puddle and pether which such tiny transgressions, produced among the critics and moralists of the time; they seem actually to have dreamed that the morality of Britain, which had survived the dramatists of Queen Elizabeth's day, the fouler fry of Charles II's playwrights, the novels of Fielding and Smollett, the numerous importations of iniquity from the Continent, was to fall below a few madrigals and double entendres. No, like "dew drops from the lion's mane," it shook them off, and pursued its way without impediment or pause. Whatever mischief was intended, little we are sure was done.

As a narrative poet, Moore aimed at higher things, and, so far as praise and popularity went, with triumphant success. His "Lalla Rookh" came forth amid a hum of general expectation. It was rumored that he had written a great epic poem; that Catullus had matured into Homer. These expectations were too sanguine to be realized. It was soon found that "Lalla Rookh" was no epic—was not a great poem at all—that it was only a short series of Oriental tales, connected with a slight but exquisite framework. Catullus, though stripped of many of his voluptuous graces, and much of his false and florid taste, remained Catullus still. And the greatest admirer of the splendid diction, the airy verse, the melodramatic incident, the lavish fancy of the poem, could not but say, if the comparison came upon his mind at all—"Ye critics, say how poor was this to Homer's style!" The unity, the compactness, the interest growing to a climax, the heroic story, the bare and grand simplicity of style—all the qualities we expect in the epic, were wanting in "Lalla Rookh." It was not so much of a poem, indeed, as a rhymed romance. Still its popularity was instant and boundless. If it did not become a great, still, steadfast luminary in the heaven of song, it flashed before

the eye of the world brief, beautiful, gorgeous, and frail—

"A tearless rainbow, such as span  
The unclouded skies of Peristan."

And even yet, after the lapse of twenty years, there are many who, admiring the fine moral of "Paradise and the Peri," or melted by the delicate pathos of the "Fire Worshipers," own the soft seductions of "Lalla Rookh," and in their hearts, if not in their understandings, prefer it to the chaster and more powerful poetry of the age.

The "Loves of the Angels" was a bolder but not a more successful flight. It was a tale of the "Arabian heaven," and there is nothing certainly, in these wondrous "Thousand and One Nights," more rich, beautiful and dream-like in its imagination and pathos, than in those impassioned stories. But it was only a castle in the clouds after all—one of those brilliant but fading pomps which the eye of the young dreamer sees "forever flushing round a summer sky." Its angels were mere winged dolls compared to the "celestial ardors" whom Milton has portrayed, or even to those proud and impassioned beings whom Byron has drawn. In fact, the poem was unfortunate in appearing about the same time with Byron's "Heaven and Earth," which many besides us consider his finest production as a piece of art. Mere atoms of the rainbow fluttering round, were the pinions of Moore's angels compared to the mighty wings of those burning ones who came down over Ararat, drawn by the loadstars which shone in the eyes of the "daughters of men," and for which, without a sigh, they "lost eternity." And what comparison between the female characters in the one poem, and the two whom we see in the other, waiting with uplifted eyes and clasped hands for the descent of their celestial lovers, like angels for the advent of angels? And what scene in Moore can be named beside the deluge in Byron; with



the gloomy silence of suspense which precedes it—the earnest whispers heard among the hills at dead of night, which tell of its coming—the waters rising solemnly to their work of judgment, as if conscious of its justice and grandeur—the cries heard of despair, of fury, of blasphemy, as if the poet himself were drowning in the surge—the milder and softer wail of resignation mingling with the sterner exclamations—the ark in the distance—the lost angels clasping their lost loves, and ascending with them from the doom of the waters to what we feel and know must be a direr doom?

We have spoken already of Moore's character as a witty poet, and need only now refer to the titles of his principal humorous compositions, such as the "Fudge Family in Paris;" the "Twopenny Post-Bag;" "Cash, Corn, Currency and Catholics," &c. They constitute a perfect gallery of fun without ferocity, without indecency, and without more malice than serves to give them poignancy and point.

From Moore's "Life of Sheridan" we might almost fancy that, though he had lisped in numbers, and early obtained a perfect command of the language and versification of poetry, yet he was only beginning, or had but recently begun to write prose. The juvenility, the immaturity, the false glare, the load of useless figure, the ambition and effort of that production, are amazing in such a man at such an age. It contains, of course, much fine and forcible writing; but even Sheridan himself, in his most ornate and adventurous prose, which was invariably his worst, is never more unsuccessful, than is sometimes his biographer. Perhaps it was but fitting that the life of such a heartless, faithless, though brilliant charlatan, should be written in a style of elaborate falsetto and fudge.

We have a very different opinion indeed of his "Life of Byron. It is not, we fear, a faithful or an honest record of that

misérable and guilty mistake—the life of Byron. We have heard that Dr. MacGinn, by no means a squeamish man, who was at first employed by Murray to write his biography, and had the materials put into his hands, refused, shrinking back disgusted at the masses of falsehood, treachery, heartlessness, malignity and pollution which they revealed. The same materials were submitted to Moore, and from them he has constructed an image of his hero, bearing, we suspect, as correct a resemblance to his character as the ideal busts which abound do to his face. When will biographers learn that their business, their sole business, is to tell the truth or to be silent? How long will the public continue to be deceived by such gilded falsehoods as form the staple of obituaries and memoirs? It is high time that such were confined to the corners of newspapers and of churchyards. We like Moore's "Byron," not for its subject or moral tone, but solely for its literary execution. It is written throughout in a clear, chaste, dignified and manly manner; the criticism it contains is eloquent and discriminating, and the friendship it discovers for Byron, if genuine, speaks much for its author's generosity and heart.

We must not speak of his other prose productions—his "Epicurean," "History of Ireland," &c. The wittiest thing of his in prose we have read, is an article in the "Edinburgh Review" on "Boyd's Lives of the Fathers," where, as in Gibbon, jests lurk under loads of learning, double-entendres disguise themselves in Greek, puns mount and crackle upon the backs of huge folios, and where you are at a loss whether most to chuckle at the wit, to detect the animus, or to admire the orudition.

We had nearly omitted, which had been unpardonable, all mention of the "Irish Melodies"—those sweet and luscious strains which have hushed ten thousand drawing rooms, and drawn millions of such tears as drawing-rooms shed, but which have seldom won their way to the

breasts of simple unsophisticated humanity—which are to the songs of Burns what the lute is to the linnet—and which, in their titles, are thus far unfortunate that, however melodious, they are not the melodies of England. It was not Moore, but Campbell who wrote “Erin Mavourneen.” “He,” says Hazlitt, “has changed the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box.”

Such is our ideal of Thomas Moore. If it do not come up to the estimate of some of his admirers, it is faithful to our own impressions, and what more from a critic can be expected? We only add, that admired by many as a poet, by all as a wit, he is as a man, the object of universal regard; and we believe there is not one who knows but would be ready to join in the words—

“Were it the last drop in the well,  
 ’Tis to thee that I would drink;  
 In that water as this wine,  
 ‘The libation I would pour  
 Would be peace to thee and thine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.”

#### DECISION OF CHARACTER.

No man can be denominated a decided character who suffers his mind to be the sport of inordinate affections, irregular appetites, excessive joy, or overwhelming solicitude. These have all a tendency to mar the peace, and corrode the happiness which infallibly possess the mind of that man who conscientiously obeys the dictates of reason and virtue. Uninfluenced by party spirit, he speaks his sentiments without fraud or disguise; regardless of the allurements of pleasure, he obeys the call of duty with cheerfulness and alacrity; unshaken by misfortunes, he considers them as his share in the cup of sorrow, from the taste of whose bitter draughts not one of his species is exempt; and alike insensible to the adulation of his friends, and the reproaches of his enemies, he pursues such a steady and determined line of conduct in the prosecution of his

designs, as will not fail to ensure the desired success. These traits in the character cannot exist in the mind which is “tossed to and fro” by a variety of contending passions, and when the sentiments ebb and flow in exact accordance with popular opinion; but in that mind only which, conscious of its Divine origin, scorns to be confined in the inglorious shackles of democratic clamour, and disdaining to be influenced by any base or sordid motive, exerts itself alone in those pursuits which will merit the commendations of an approving conscience, and infallibly produce “the soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.”

Thus strength of mind, though not synonymous with a decided character, is essential to its formation, being necessarily connected with it; that being in a manner the cause—*this* the effect. It is the basis on which the superstructure is erected; remove it, and the edifice is destroyed.

#### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The author of *Fanny Burns*, *Marco Bozzaris*, etc., was born at Guilford in Connecticut, in August, 1795, and in his eighteenth year removed to the city of New York. He evinced a taste for poetry and wrote verses at a very early period; but the oldest of his effusions I have seen are those under the signatures of “Croaker,” and Croaker & Co., published in the *New York Evening Post*, in 1819.—In the production of these pleasant satires he was associated with Doctor Drake, author of the *Culprit Fay*, a man of brilliant wit and delicate fancy, with whom he was long intimate. Drake died in 1820, and his friend soon after wrote for the *New York Review*, then edited by Bryant, the lines to his memory beginning—

“Green be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days;  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee but to praise.”

Near the close of 1818, Halleck published Fanny, his longest poem, which was written and printed in three weeks; in 1827 a small volume, containing Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and a few other pieces, which had previously appeared in various miscellanies; and in 1836, an edition of all his serious and more finished compositions. The last and most complete edition of his works appeared two years ago in a splendid volume from the press of the Appletons.

It was Lord Byron's opinion that a poet is always to be ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art. "The poet who executes best," said he, "is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem." We have no doubt of the justness of that remark; it is the only principle from which sound criticism can proceed, and upon this basis the reputations of the past have been made up. Considered in this light, Mr. Halleck must be pronounced not merely one of the chief ornaments of new literature, but one of the great masters in a language, classical and immortal, for the productions of genius which have illustrated and enlarged its capacities. There is in his compositions an essential pervading grace, a natural brilliancy of wit, a freedom yet refinement of sentiment, a sparkling flow of fancy, and a power of personification, combined with such high and careful finish, and such exquisite nicety of taste, that the larger part of them must be pronounced models almost faultless in the classes to which they belong. They appear to show a genuine insight into the principles of art, and a fine use of its resources; and after all that has been said and written about nature, strength, and originality, the true secret of fame, the real magic of genius is not force, not passion, not novelty, but art.

Look all through Milton; look at the best passages of Shakespeare; look at the monuments, "all Greek and glorious,"

which have come down to us from ancient times, what strikes us principally, and it might almost be said only, is the wonderfully artificial character of the composition: it is the principle of *their* immortality, and without it no poem can be long-lived. It may be easy to display art in writing, but he who obtains popularity by the means and employment of careful, elaborate art, may be confident that his reputation is fixed upon a sure basis.—This—for his careless playing with the muse, by which one time he kept the town alive, is scarcely remembered now—this, it seems to me, Mr. Halleck has done; Mr. Halleck, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Poe, have done above all our authors.

#### OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The first of May has long been a glad-some day in England, but never was it so much so as in 1851. Early in the morning, tens of thousands were hastening from all directions towards Hyde Park.—Although the Queen was not expected until twelve o'clock, yet even so early as eight, the road from the Crystal Palace to Oxford Street was crowded with an unbroken line of carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, who were waiting to be admitted into the building. At nine o'clock the doors were opened for those who were fortunate enough to procure tickets, and in a very short time the nave and noble galleries were crowded with from 20,000 to 30,000 persons, the ladies having seats in front, and the gentlemen standing behind.

It was a long time to wait prior to the arrival of the Queen, but to those who had secured places near the transept, the scene was one of ever varying interest.—The chair of state was brought in by some of the elegantly dressed officers of the Queen's Household. It was covered with a rich gold cloth, and placed upon a raised platform under a magnificent canopy.

In a short time the Gentlemen at Arms, dressed in their costly uniforms, with waving feathers, came marching in and took their places around the platform.—The funny looking “Beef Eaters,” dressed in the red costume of Henry VIIIth’s time, were cleverly grouped amongst the flowers and trees. The venerable looking Archbishop of Canterbury in his gown and lawn sleeves, the Lord Chancellor in his robes, the Tunis Ambassador, Hsing, Mandarin from the “Junk,” with his long tail and thick wooden shoes, and many others too numerous to mention, attracted considerable attention as they, from time to time made their appearance.

At length the pointers of the clock told that it wanted but a few minutes to twelve. Hark ! the trumpet sound. “The Queen has come,” passed from gallery to gallery. After a pause of a few minutes a second flourish of silver trumpets was heard, and Her Majesty the Queen with H. R. H. Prince Albert, the little Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, followed by a long retinue of richly dressed lords and ladies, slowly walked up towards the chair of state.

For a few moments, silence reigned throughout the vast mass of human beings who were eagerly gazing upon the beautiful scene. No sooner, however, had Prince Albert led the Queen to her seat, than the most deafening plaudits rose from all parts of the immense building. It was an affecting and exciting time.—The Queen gracefully acknowledged the reiterated cheers of her subjects. As the cheering subsided, the loud peals of the organ and the voices of the choir joining in “God save the Queen,” burst upon the ear.

The Archbishop of Canterbury now advanced near to the Royal party, and offered an appropriate prayer for the Almighty’s blessing. This was one of the sweetest features of the imposing ceremony.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert reverently inclined their heads towards the ground.

The clear and strong voice of thanksgiving and supplication fell upon the ears of thousands, and seemed to find a response in every heart. Doubtless many sincere prayers ascended to heaven, that this great gathering of all nations might be over-ruled for the glory of God, and good will amongst men. The choir again struck up in overpowering strains the “Hallelujah Chorus,” during the whole of which Her Majesty continued standing.

Prince Albert joined the Royal Commissioners and advanced with them in front of the Queen. In a distinct voice he read and then handed to Her Majesty, the Report of the Commission.

The procession was now about to form, when to the astonishment of every one, the portly looking Chinese, Hsing, marched boldly forward from amongst the group of Ambassadors and Officers to the front of the Royal party. This representative of the so called “Celestial City,” gracefully bowed to the Queen, which she very pleasantly acknowledged. He then retired amidst loud applause.

The Queen, resting on the arm of Prince Albert, now joined the long procession.—The Queen held the hand of the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert that of Princess Royal. As the procession moved slowly along, the Queen was loudly cheered.—The two old warriors, the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Anglesea, who walked arm in arm, were objects of pleasing interest. They seemed very happy in thus celebrating the triumphs of peace.—The organs occasionally gave out their melodious notes, and the bands of music struck up some favorite airs. The sun burst forth in all his beauty, giving a splendor to the scene which neither pen nor tongue can describe.

The procession being over, the Queen again ascended the chair of state, and declared the exhibition to be opened. She then graciously moved to the assembly, and accompanied by Prince Albert, the Royal Children, the Ladies of the Court

&c., left the building, followed by the most deafening cheers, and the blessings of her joyful people.

### TEMPTATION, A SKETCH.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The maxim of "all things to all men," was not to be found in Mr. Fielding's rules of conduct. The moral pendulum of his mind swung to the other extreme. "I will do what is right for myself; and what is right for me cannot be wrong to others."

This was his doctrine, and, properly understood, it is the true doctrine. But most persons interpret religious and moral precepts in a way to favor their own inclinations. In fact, all of us do this to a certain extent.

On the subject of drinking spirituous liquors the mind of Mr. Fielding was clear. He was satisfied that the introduction of alcohol into the human stomach was injurious. But, in regard to wine, he differed from the great body of temperance advocates. Wine, he said, was like bread, a good thing; and it was not only lawful, but right to use it. He assumed that wine was not evil, from the fact that it was ordered to be used in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, that most holy of all acts of worship. For so holy a purpose, he argued, the Divine Being would not have selected any earthly thing that was not good in itself.

"Why were the elements of bread and wine chosen for so sacred a ceremony?" he asked, while in debate on this subject with a warm opponent of his peculiar belief.

"I don't know that I can answer your question," was replied.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Fielding, speaking with some enthusiasm. "All things correspond to and represent spiritual things, because therein lies their origin. There is nothing in the material world which is not the product of a spirit-

ual cause. Bread and wine, therefore, are the fixed ultimates of something spiritual; and the fact that they have been selected for use in one of the sacred mysteries of the church, shows that they correspond to something pure and excellent. In the Holy Supper we find an image of regeneration, which is effected by the life of truth and the appropriation of goodness from heaven. The natural reception of bread and wine, in the ordinance, corresponds, therefore, to the spiritual reception of goodness and truth; and I argue, from this use of these elements, that bread corresponds to good, and wine to truth. In other words, that the divine goodness, in descending through the heavens and flowing down to the lowest natural and fixed plain, subaides in bread, as that substance which, in the highest degree, nourishes the natural, as goodness nourishes the spiritual body; and that the divine truth, in like manner finds its lowest ultimatum in wine."

"Then why?" asked the other, "does wine produce intoxication?"

"Pure wine will not do so, unless taken in immoderate quantities."

"Is there any pure wine to be obtained?"

"But little I must acknowledge."

"Yet a vitiated appetite, even pure wine will inflame and lead inevitably to excess."

"And so, to an inflamed eye, will the light of heaven come with a destructive, rather than a salutary influence. But surely, for this reason you would not exclude the light from all. Truth, to which wine corresponds, when received into the mind of an evil man, is changed into what is false, and injures rather than benefits. Yet not for this would you shut out the rays of truth, and leave the world in mental darkness."

"Admit, for the sake of argument, what you say, and yet the general use of wine, even if it be pure, is to be condemned on the same principle that you would condemn the admission of strong light into

the room of a man who was suffering from a diseased eye."

"Why so?"

"Because a tendency to excessive drinking has become hereditary in the community. Until this be overcome, even your pure wine cannot be taken without danger."

"I rather doubt that. Wine, perfectly pure, will not, I am inclined to believe, inflame the appetite."

"I thought, just now, that you made a different admission."

"If so, it was without proper reflection. Nine-tenths of the stuff called wine is a decoction of drugs, and poisons the stomach. This is the reason why wine-drinking is just as bad as brandy-drinking, and sometimes worse, for brandy might almost be called harmless when compared with a great deal of the stuff that is sold under the name of wine."

"I should be afraid to put a glass of the purest wine to the lips of a man who had once been in the habit of intoxication."

"I would not hesitate," said Mr. Fielding.

"You would not?"

"No. Every man, to be a true man, must be in rational freedom; and no one is in such freedom who cannot drink a glass of pure wine without being led astray."

"Yet many must inevitably be led astray under such a system of license."

"As I said before, I doubt this. But even if it is so, I am not responsible. Wine is a good gift, and I am not the one to withhold it as an evil thing. With those who abuse it must lie the responsibility. As well might you ask to have the light of heaven shut out."

"And so I would in particular cases of disease, such as you have mentioned."

"I cannot know who are or who are not afflicted with either an hereditary or acquired love of intoxicating drinks, and, therefore, I can attempt no discrimination, I know wine to be a good thing, and,

therefore, I will continue to use it, and also set it before my friends. If any abuse the natural blessing, with them must rest the consequences. I will act right as far as I am concerned. If others act wrong, they are alone to blame."

Finding, after repeated attempts to do so, that he could make no impression on the mind of Mr. Fielding, the individual with whom he was conversing, changed the subject.

In his views Mr. Fielding was perfectly sincere. He was a man of great self-control, integrity of purpose, and independent feeling. He was proud, too, in his individuality, and this led him to act with less reference to his conduct as affecting those around him, than might otherwise have been the case. His cellar was stocked with the best of wine, as pure as it was in his power to obtain. This was used habitually in his family, and invariably set before his friends.

Mr. Fielding had an only daughter, who was a favorite with all who knew her. Her face had a gentle beauty, that once seen, impressed itself upon the mind, and lived there as an image of purity and loveliness. Her name was Rose. It so happened that about the time Rose attained her nineteenth year, that she met a young man by the name of Forrester, the son of an old friend of her father's, who lived in the West. In early life Mr. Forrester and Mr. Fielding had been almost inseparable, and in the mind of the latter, the memory of his old friend had always been a green spot. They separated at twenty-five, and had not met since.

"I saw a young man at Mrs. Webster's," said Rose to her father, after her meeting with Forrester, "who says that his father and you were once intimate friends."

"Did you? What is his name?"

"Mr. Forrester."

"Forrester," exclaimed Mr. Fielding, taken by surprise. "Forrester. Can it be possible. Yes, my earliest and most in-

timate friend was named Forrester. And so his son is in the city. What is he doing here?"

But Rose could not answer this last question.

Mr. Fielding had a great many inquiries to make as to the young man's age, appearance, character and manners, to all of which his daughter was competent to give little more than half satisfactory replies. At the earliest convenient moment he ascertained where Forrester was to be found and called upon him. He found him a young man of education, intelligence, agreeable manners, and, as far as a first interview would enable him to judge, of good principles. His father had been dead for some years, and he conveyed to Mr. Fielding his first knowledge of that fact.

In accordance with a pressing invitation, Forrester returned the call of his father's old friend. It so happened that Mr. Fielding was not at home, but his daughter received his visit, which to her, as she had met him previously, and he was gentlemanly and agreeable, proved a pleasant one. Even before knowing who he was, on first meeting him, her mind had taken a prepossession in his favor and on his part the feeling was reciprocal.

After chatting freely and pleasantly for half an hour, Forrester made a move as if about to retire, when Rose said rising

"Wait a few moments," and left the room.

She soon returned with a small waiter in her hand, upon which was wine and glasses. She did not observe the sudden change that went over the young man's face as she entered. Even if she had done so, she would not have comprehended its meaning.

"Will you have a glass of wine," said she, with a smiling invitation, as she approached Forrester.

For a moment the young man paused, and to Rose, appeared as if he were about

to decline the offered refreshment, but the indecision was only for an instant.

"If I were an anchorite, I could not refuse it from your hands," said he, as he took the decanter and filled both the glasses that were on the waiter.

"And now, to your health, and that of your excellent father," he added, as he lifted a glass and raised it to his lips.

"Excellent," he remarked, sipping a portion of the generous liquor, "I have never tasted a better wine."

Forrester remained chatting with increased freedom for another half hour, in which time he filled his glass twice. He then went away, promising to call again, and expressing the hope that he would be more fortunate in finding Mr. Fielding at home.

The more intimate association with the young man which this visit afforded, had the effect of giving to the mind of Rose a very favorable impression. To say that she was merely pleased with him would not convey an idea of her true feelings; something about him touched her more deeply, and Forrester was no less pleased with the lovely young girl.

From that time the heart of Rose beat with a new impulse, and a thought of the young man was sufficient to awaken a ripple on the surface of her feelings. She felt towards him as she had never felt towards any man before.

A week elapsed and Forrester did not repeat his visit. Rose had expected him within that time; for not having found her father at home, she inferred that he would take an early opportunity to call again.

"I have rather unpleasant news," said Mr. Fielding to his daughter about this time. He looked serious as he spoke.

"What is it?" inquired Rose, her own face reflecting that of her father.

"I met young Forrester in the street today, so much intoxicated that he did not know me,"

The face of Rose grew instantly pale; she made an effort to speak, but her lips

quivered so that she suppressed the words that were upon them.

"Oh dear," added Mr. Fielding, "it is sad to see a man, just in the freshness of his early spring-time, thus abandoning himself to a vice that ruins both soul and body. To think that the son of my old friend should be the victim of so degrading an appetite!"

Peace, which had nestled since childhood in the heart of the fair young girl, spread its wings and departed. A little while after she was alone in her own chamber weeping. If the simple announcement of the fact that Forrester was seen intoxicated, how much more painful was the conviction, soon after forced upon her that she had caused his fall.

Rose was on a visit to the lady at whose house she had met the young man, a few days subsequently, when the latter said:

"You remember Mr. Forrester, who was here on the evening I had your company? I have sad news to tell you about him. It appears from what my husband has been able to learn, that his father was, for a great many years before his death, in habits of intemperance, and that the son derived from his father a natural fondness for stimulating drinks, which showed itself at a very early age. Before he attained his twentieth year he was, to use plain but true language, a drunkard. The death of old Mr. Forrester, which took place under sad and revolting circumstances, occasioned as it was by drinking, startled his son, and made on him so strong an impression, that he solemnly vowed to himself never again to taste even wine. He was led to this entire abstinence from all exhilarating beverages at so early an age, from a conviction forced upon him by the reasoning of friends, who satisfied his mind that the habit of drinking to excess, which his father had indulged, was transmitted to him in an undue fondness for the same indulgence, and that he could not taste even wine without having his appetite so

inflamed as to be in great danger. For years he kept faith with himself in this matter. Let him be where he would and with whom he would, he steadily declined tasting any stimulating drink. Alas, that he should have been tempted from the right way by one of our own sex. It is said that he visited a short time since a young lady in this city who offered him a glass of wine. In a moment of weakness he took the cup from her hand, drank—and fell! I would not be that young lady for all the world. What a fearful responsibility has she brought upon herself!"

It was impossible for Rose, on hearing this, to conceal her emotions; and to the lady's surprise, for she did not know her to be the person to whom she made allusion, she lost the entire control of her feelings and hiding her face with her hands yielded to a passionate gush of tears. What was said could not be softened, and the lady made no attempt to do so. She understood, without explanation, that it was Rose who had tempted Forrester and caused him to fall.

The young girl, as soon as she could gain sufficient control over her feelings, started for home. Few sadder beings could have been found in the whole city. But yesterday, she was a light-hearted, happy young creature, on whose spirit but few clouds had ever rested and they not dense enough to shut out entirely the warm sunshine. Now, she was unutterably wretched. As she hurried along the street, on her way to her father's house, she suddenly met Forrester. Alas! how was he changed! His eyes were red, his face distorted from its former calm, gentlemanly, intelligent expression, and in his whole appearance and manner there was an air of personal abandonment. He did not see her. How like a daguerreotype impression was the form of the young man, as he thus passed before her, instantly fixed upon her memory! At home, in the solitude of her chamber, she looked



at the painful image, while a voice, with rebuking tones, uttered in her ears, 'This is your work !'

'And mine must be the work of restoration,' said she, with a sudden energy of manner, while a flush of enthusiasm went over her face.

The idea, intimated by these words of the maiden, came like a distate to her mind; and she felt almost instantly, inspired with a solemn purpose.

'Yes, yes,' she murmured, while her tears ceased to flow, 'mine must be the work of restoration.'

While the enthusiasm of this first state remained, Rose felt that the work she contemplated would be of easy performance. But as she thought longer and longer, and came, more realisingly, into the perception of what she purposed doing, her native delicacy of feeling shrank, like the leaf of a sensitive plant, from the exposure any attempt to approach the young man must subject her. The imputation of motives by others, and the certainty of being misunderstood and misrepresented, came next to throw a chill over her generous spirit, and to occasion a long and severe contest in her mind. But her resolution, spontaneous and impulsive as it was, became permanent, and in a heroic, self-sacrificing spirit for one so young, in the secrecy of her own heart she pondered the course of action best for her to adopt so as to ensure the most certain result. Her first idea was, to write to Forrester in the plainest and frankest manner; but the fear that this might fail in effecting what she desired, caused her to turn from it. The more closely she looked at the subject, the more painful became her sense of reluctance. But, inspired by a feeling of duty, she bravely kept by her resolve to do whatever was in her power for the young man's restoration.

The thought of confiding to her father what she contemplated doing presented itself to the mind of Rose, but satisfied that he would not only object to any

such course of action, but positively forbid her attempting to see or communicate with Forrester, she determined to keep her own secret.

As for the unhappy young man, on receiving from the hand of Rose the first glass of wine he had tasted for a long time, he felt his old appetite returning.— And on leaving her presence, so intense was the desire he felt for a stronger stimulant, that, with a kind of mad abandonment of his rational self-control, he went direct to a tavern, and drank brandy and water until he was so much intoxicated as scarcely to be able to reach his boarding house. Daylight found him, on the next morning, in a state of mental anguish intolerable to be borne. He had fallen again, and fallen through temptation thrown in his way by a young, innocent and beautiful girl, who had already inspired him with a sentiment of affection, and, in falling, had debased himself in her eyes. To drown his wretchedness, in a spirit of self abandonment, he put the cup again to his lips, and drank until reason left again her throne in his mind. And this was continued day after day, until nature was nearly exhausted.

A little over a week had gone by since the melancholy change in his habits, and there was a lucid interval in which reason once more strove for the mastery. On the night before he had come home late, so much intoxicated that the servants had to take him to his room; and, in the morning he felt too sick, both in body and mind, to leave his bed. He did not come down until about the middle of the afternoon, when he was perfectly sober, but watched as a man could well be. Inclination prompted him to go out and drown the burning desire he felt in the maddening bowl, while reason and conscience held him back. The struggle had become severe, and appetite was about conquering, when he heard his name mentioned, in a woman's voice, at the street-door where the waiter had gone to answer the bell.—

Before he had decided whether to retire or not, a young lady entered the room.

'Miss Fielding !' he exclaimed in utter surprise, as the visitor drew aside her veil and showed a face on which was a deep impression of sadness.

'I have done you a great wrong,' said Rose, in a trembling, hesitating voice, entering at once upon her mission; 'and I come now, in the hope that I may be able; in some measure, to repair it.'

She could say no more. Her feelings, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, here gave way. Sinking upon a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently.

The unhappy young man found himself in a strangely embarrassed position. For a little while, he was so confused that he was unable to comprehend the meaning of what was passing; but it soon became clear, and that even before the trembling maiden recovered her self-possession.—Something of admiration for her conduct mingled with other emotions in his mind.

As the bewildering whirl, into which his feelings had been thrown, subsided, good resolutions formed themselves. Suddenly approaching the young girl, he took her hand and said in a low but earnest voice,

'Return to your home, Miss Fielding.—Virtuous self devotion like yours must not—shall not be exercised in vain. From this hour I stand where I stood before we met. An angel shall not tempt me again from my integrity.'

'Enough !' said the young girl, rising, while she let her veil again fall over her face. 'May heaven give you strength to hold fast by this good resolution ! Pardon what I have done, and think of it only as an act prompted by an overpowering sense of duty.'

Saying this, she glided from the young man's presence, and hurried back to her home, her heart fluttering like the heart of a frightened bird.

When Mr. Fielding became aware that

Forrester had fallen in consequence of having tasted wine, presented by the hand of his daughter, he felt some misgivings in regard to his peculiar views and practices. His wine was very pure, and might be very good; but it had proved, to the morbid appetite of the son of his old friend, a maddening poison. Still more startled was he, when he learned what Rose had done; for he understood human nature well enough to know that such an act would produce a mutual interest. And he was not mistaken in his anticipation. In a very little while these two young persons were thrown together again.—There was a slight embarrassment on both sides; but this soon passed off. They had thought of one another too much for either to feel indifference.

After this, Forrester ventured to repeat his visit to the house of Mr. Fielding.—The father of Rose was at home, and received him with rather cold formality.—But, as he had been, to a certain extent, a party to the fall of the young man, he could not treat him with repulsion. Of one thing, however, he was very careful, and that was, not to order wine to be served, although this was in the face of a previous declaration that he would not refrain from doing so to his guests, even though one addicted to intemperance were present. He saw the consequences nearer, in a different light, and as likely to affect himself.

As Mr. Fielding had feared would be the case, so it proved. A mutual attachment sprung up between Forrester and his daughter, and when the young man asked for her hand, though he wished to refuse, yet he could not do so.

At the wedding, no entertainment was given; only a few friends were present, and strange to say, even to them wine was not served. Mr. Fielding would have set forth poison as quickly as wine. And why? Had he changed his views in regard to its utility? Not so much that, as he feared the production of evil results

likely to affect himself and family. His principles were based rather upon a regard for himself than dependent on abstract appreciations of right and justice—and this was one fact he had yet to learn. As it was, he was made to feel, almost in his own person, the evil of serving wine to any and every one, without regard to acquired or hereditary predispositions to over-indulgence; and in the future, his practice was as different from what it had been as could well be conceived.—*Temperance Offering.*

For the Miscellany.

#### INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

The "World's Fair," an exposition of the wealth, resources and industry of all nations—a general gathering of people from every clime—the greatest wonder of this truly wonderful nineteenth century.

It is worth five years of toil and time of one's life to witness and participate in its stirring scenes. "We will go," said hundreds as they read of the various great and world-wide preparations, and among the many, I also resolved to forego all other considerations, to make one of the vast crowd, and, dear reader, here I am, over four thousand miles from you, and all the most cherished associations cut off by that same "old ocean" on which our fore-fathers ventured some hundreds of years since. Their voyage consumed nearly a year's time, while in less than twelve days, I, from the shores of my native land, stepped upon the time-honored soil of our father-land. Old Neptune, the surly sea king, seems determined that, the voyage being long or short, all who venture across his dominions shall be treated to storms, mountain waves, and the terrors of the raging deep, as well as that most sickening of all maladies, "sea-sickness." Describe it, I cannot—you must experience its utter prostration of both mind and body, before any picture would be understood. Recovering from

this there is ample amends in the almost hourly occurrence of something new. For days we were in the midst of storms and gales—one entire day passing through that cold current of waters—some three hundred miles wide—flowing southward, from the icy regions of the North, bearing upon their bosom numberless floating mountains of pure crystal ice. We counted over fifty, some of them hundreds of acres in extent and over three hundred feet high. It must be remembered, also, that more than four-fifths of their bulk is under water.

Again we are surrounded by a "school of whales," sporting their "transient fountains for our amusement and wonder. Again, the porpoises in wild tumult are rolling along like a thousand *huge outdoor ovens* set up edgewise and rolled down a steep hill—leaping up and plunging down as they tumble along. Again we met, (the first time the thing has ever occurred upon the Atlantic since ocean steamers commenced running,) a steamship—it is just at evening—she approaches near us, when suddenly, a bright flash of light illuminates her decks—then a dense volume of smoke arises through her clouds of canvass, and the "loud cannons roar comes booming over the waters," an instant and our noble craft returns that sulphureous salute. Thus, alternate gun after gun is fired, announcing to the "monarchs of the deep" this interesting and friendly meeting of the boundless power of steam, emanating from two great nations, whose ships propelled by "powers of air" not long since, met in nearly the same place.—The roaring cannons then hurling from their open ports a storm of iron death against each other. May the horrors of war never be renewed between the two countries. I have seen enough of the "preparations for war," on both sides to foretell a more deadly struggle, should there be an appeal to arms, than the world has ever witnessed. We could well imagine something of a real engagement,

from the exciting scene of this strange, yet friendly meeting.

But we are moving on—day after day carries us farther from home and nearer the “old world,” and now we approach the “Scilly Isles,” the first land seen by anxious navigators on approaching the channel.

One overwhelming thought must ever be engraved upon the heart of him who has once crossed the Atlantic. If there is a place on earth where the reality of a Supreme Being is more truly brought home than elsewhere, it must be upon the boundless ocean; “the Great Spirit moves upon the mighty deep.”

Thankful for His continued mercies, we now joyfully look upon the green fields and frequent gardens in full bloom, of that lovely spot, the “Isle of Wight.”—In the one hour we were sailing along its charming shore we almost forgot our long voyage. We soon reach the watering places known by the homely name of “Cowes.” And here we have a view of Queen Victoria’s favorite country residence—nothing can be more delightful one would think—But in this land of magnificence, luxury and wealth, honest industry, systematic crime and squalid poverty; we have much to see and learn before we ought to envy even the palace or the coronet of the Queen, or Princes of England.

We pass up the charming “Southampton Waters,” in our way to this truly “old town,” Southampton having been settled long before the first stone was laid in London. We pass under the stern of our country’s splendid man of war, the St. Lawrence, with the American eagle, stars and stripes at her head. All seem quiet, not a man to be seen above her gun-wale—but our hearts are full of patriotism, and our little party give three cheers—when, what heart-touching magic—300 Yankee sons of Neptune mount the hammocks, and tarpaulin in hand, with one voice return our cheers—the band striking up

“Home, Sweet Home.” No one can realize the feelings called into play by an incident like this, until he shall be in like circumstances, it sends a thrill through the heart that never ceases to vibrate.—We land, and John Bull takes from us every article of baggage—trunks, carpet-bags, bundles, and even the willow-basket, containing that good woman’s baby-linen, this one’s hat box, that one’s American copy of “Dickens’s last work”—everything in fact is taken away and locked up in the Custom House, and as we land, Her Majesty’s official bundle of roast beef puts the question to us, “have you any foreign goods about you?” at the same time feeling of our clothes and pockets.

It is Sunday, and although Bull takes away our luggage on this holy day, yet he cannot find time to return it until Monday, because he forsooth wants to attend church. We cannot enjoy this privilege having just landed after a sea-voyage, in our soiled sea-rig. And how does this end? Why on Monday morning the British lion paws over all the dirty linen, unrolling all bundles, &c., &c., finally giving us permission to repack as well as we can our wardrobe amidst the dirt and confusion of carts and goods of a public storehouse, after paying for his trouble! And what is all this for? To prevent the Yankees from *defrauding* the country out of the duties on what tobacco and segars they may have for their own use, while in her Majesty’s dominions. We submit, because, “when in Rome, we must do as Romans do,” but this system of examination of baggage, and the system of passports on the continent are very expensive and annoying to travelers.

It is to be hoped that among other beneficial results of the peaceful gathering of the year 1851, these useless restrictions upon free intercourse between different countries will be done away. We spent one day at Southampton, visiting the ship-yards, docks, ancient gateway, forts and walls of the old fortified town, also

the extensive ruins of an ancient Abbey. The day was lovely, our party fully enjoyed the ramble over its ruined walls and high towers. This is said to be one of the most interesting "old ruins" on the Island. It would take a volume to describe its various features of interest. It was destroyed in Cromwell's time. A thousand thoughts rush upon the mind. But we are about to start for London. We are at last seated in the cars of the South Eastern Railway, and about an hour before sunset we arrive at the terminus, near Waterton Bridge, nearly in the heart of the city, where the full roar of London falls upon one's ear; and as we cross the bridge, a full view of the Thames, with its arches and palaces is immediately before us. On our right a dense forest of shipping, the tower of London, St. Paul's, the Custom House, and a hundred tall spires of magnificent churches and palaces, fill one with wonder at the grandeur of this modern Babylon, the metropolis of the great English Empire. Though not the most populous, it is undoubtedly at this time the most important city in the world. While other Capitals are but the chief towns of their respective countries, London lays claim to the appellation of the Capital of the world.

Pekin in China, and Jeddo in Japan, are reported to be more populous; but in point of wealth, enterprise and civilization, those cities fall far behind, and cannot be compared with aristocratic London. But it is a conceded point, though reluctantly, on the part of the English, that N. York approaches it rapidly in population, wealth and enterprise; favored as she is in situation, to become the great reposit of the Western World; and that she will in a few years outstrip London there can be no doubt.

The entire number of the inhabitants of the cities of Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Brussels added together, do not outnumber the population of London. This city is like a kingdom in itself, concentrating

within a space of about twenty miles, or on about thirteen thousand acres, two and a half millions of human beings. Here they live, labor, suffer and enjoy. Within this area there is to be found packed a larger amount of luxury and of misery—of wealth and poverty, than is to be found any where else on this wide earth. This is the city to which, it is estimated that more than five millions more of humanity are flowing from every part of the world this season. Who shall say that this of all others is not the most fortunate time to see all the world at once? The first day after arrival must of course be devoted to the great attraction, the "World's Crystal Palace." And how immeasurably beyond the most extravagant description or the wildest of pre-conceived notions. Its vast extent crammed full in every nook and corner with all that is rich and gorgeous.

The most celebrated diamonds in the world—the diadems, crowns, plate of gold, silver and precious stones of all the monarchs of the old world—their furniture and carriages—Machinery of every possible kind, a world of things that it would take a world of time to describe. The estimated value of its contents is two hundred millions of dollars, much of it could not be bought at any price. But I must take my time to say more of this "world's wonder." We will visit it from time to time as we feel inclined—no moment can be lost in London—there is to the stranger something of interest at all times. I went, (for the first time in my life,) to a horse race, the famous Epsom races, and such a strange scene it has never been my fortune to witness before. It was estimated that over 200,000 were on the ground, and that more than \$500,000 was lost and won upon the occasion.—These races take place annually in May. Aside from the immense amount of bets made upon the result of the races, a very large purse is made up by subscription, thus: All persons who wish to enter the

list, paid or bet the sum of \$125 on the speed of their three months old colts, when they shall arrive at the age of three years. If the colt dies, this is lost to the subscriber, but adds to the winner's prize. Those who put their colts upon the course must pay into the fund \$125 more, thus in the race at Epsom that I attended on what they call the 'darby day,' the amount of purse was \$25,000. Three years ago 175 persons subscribed and paid in their money according to the rules, but when the time came round for the race to come off, only 33 horses were fit to run, and not more than four or five of these have any chance to win, yet all are full of sanguine hopes, bet their money and make themselves beggars for life, just to enjoy the fun. I must say, that England may well boast of the finest horses I have ever seen. But while her horse racing improves her breed of horses, its direct tendency is to demoralize and degenerate her breed of men and women, for nearly one-fourth of the vast crowd of spectators at this time were of the gentler sex—high-born ladies, tradesmen and farmer's daughters, and those of all classes—all intent upon pleasure seeking.

Gamblers in all ways seemed to flourish. Beer-drinking was almost universal among them. I do not wish to see the like again, the excitement was too great.

All the world has heard of St. Paul's, and a stranger first turns his steps towards its "towering dome," 404 feet in height, with strange delight. I was not satisfied till I had placed my head in the copper ball on the very top of the spire.—Descending from this dizzy height some ninety feet, there is a circular walk called the golden gallery, reached by 616 steps from the ground. From this point the most extensive view of London and surrounding country can be had, say twenty miles each way. I gazed long on the various objects which can be seen from this place. North, south, east and west a whole world lay before me, and almost

within a stone's throw, lived a population equal to the entire number of the inhabitants of Michigan; and within the scope of vision numbers almost equal to one-fourth of the United States. The great clock struck the hour of six upon the monster bell, its tones rolling like thunder along the heavy air, called up the scenes when the mighty ruler must submit to the universal fiat, "Dust thou art, and into dust must thou return." This bell is only tolled at the death of some member of the Royal Family.

A day is well spent in closely examining the various scenes of interest, but the mention of them would fill an entire number of the Miscellany. All that I can hope in my letters to you, dear reader, is to excite in your mind a desire to learn more about the history of the Old World's past and present greatness; either by a personal inspection or by obtaining and attentively reading such works as shall convey a full and complete description.

Letter-writing for the public eye has almost become a trade and like all callings, practice only can make approaches to success. This, my first attempt is sent to you, crude and unrevised—penned in moments stolen from hours which ought to be allotted to refreshing sleep, to prepare for the toils of to-morrow. I can only hope it will find approval in your eyes from the fact, that I come to you as an eye-witness—one who is participating in the various occurrences of the most wonderful gathering, the records of past or present time can present. I hope that the journey I have commenced will result in disabusing my mind and yours of many erroneous ideas—and absurd prejudices, and lead me, I trust to purer knowledge, and more enlightened hopes, for the future. Will I trust tend to counteract the selfish influence engendered by long, long years devoted to a mind-enslaving business.—No one can circulate through the world's

busy scenes without gradually "*wearing off the rough corners.*" My life has been a somewhat eventful one—with some bright spots, and many dark ones, most of the latter owing to the want of an early, liberal education. Parents, let this thought be engraven in letters of burning fire on your hearts. *The best legacy you can leave your children, is a sound, liberal education.*

I know this from bitter experience. In our free country we can, with prudence and reasonable industry, acquire a moderate competency—to the full end and enjoyment of which a good education is absolutely necessary—easily acquired when young; but then neglected, it is sought after with travel and toil, and a thousand annoying obstacles that beset one in after life. I am but a rough, unpolished stone, rolling through scenes of the Old World, trusting that my manners and Meas will, by constant contact, become somewhat more smooth and agreeable to my friends and readers. And now you have my first letter we will call it *Rub No. 1, of a rough stone rolling through Europe.*

L. B.

London, June, 1851.

## Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1851.

☐ No one should ask us to discontinue until all arrearages are paid. We shall not attend to those cases, unless the postmaster assures us, that there is no hope of our getting what is due us, and that we shall save farther imposition by ceasing to send to such persons. One, who has been owing for nearly two years, has on being requested to pay, full of benevolence, invited us very politely to "go to Halifax." Now, though it might afford us very great satisfaction to attend to the wishes of so worthy a patron, we find it absolutely impossible to comply with so reasonable a request, for we have several thousand subscribers still left, who expect the Miscel-

lany and expect to pay for it. To these we are really attached, and for them we feel bound still to labor. But really Doctor, if we can, consistently with other duties and engagements leave for that classic spot, we will consider upon your proposition. No honest man will refuse to pay for his subscription.

☐ We were a little late with the July number, in consequence of waiting some ten or twelve days for the engraving. We received a line from Mr. Beecher who was in London, saying, he had sent 'the plates' and nearly two weeks afterwards they arrived. But for this delay, every book would have been sent, the first day of July.

☐ The postage on the Miscellany under five hundred miles will be 1½ cts. a number if paid quarterly in advance it will be double that amount if not paid in advance. Over five hundred and under fifteen hundred, the rates are doubled.

☐ We had hoped this month to enjoy a little chat with our readers, but our feeble voice can not be heard amid the deep-toned thunders of our noble host of contributors. We uttered our cry but there was no room to report it. We bide our time. Q.

☐ Adams' New Arithmetical Series are advertised on the cover of this number of the Miscellany. The facts, stated in the advertisement, are such, that there is no necessity of our saying anything by way of commendation of so popular a work.

**THE ANCIENT LANDMARK.** By A. O. Smith & A. M. Tenney—a semi-monthly Journal devoted to Masonry, Literature, the Fine Arts and general intelligence. For one year, advance pay, \$1; if not paid until after the volume closes, \$1 50.

This periodical will doubtless receive a liberal support from the friends of the Order whose interests it seeks to promote.—Let each one possess himself of it. And the work under the efficient management of the publishers, will no doubt be an honor to the Order.

**THE PENINSULAR FOUNTAIN,** is edited by H. O. Knight and Mrs. E. M. Sheldon.

This is an interesting paper, and should be most liberally supported by the people of the west. Let all rally to its support and give it a patronage worthy its merit.

# MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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For the Monthly Miscellany.  
GNADDENHUETTEN.

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BY S. C. COFFINBURY, ESQ.

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The very brief notice of the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnaddenhuetten, contained in Doddridge's Notes, is familiar no doubt, to all readers of frontier history, but the details of that fearful tragedy, it is believed, have never yet appeared in print. There were circumstances attending that disgraceful and cold-blooded sacrifice, which, for the honor of civilization, had better never be penned, but which truth, in this unpretending narrative, demands.

None but such as have been exposed to the perils and privations of frontier life, can appreciate the struggle between civilization and barbarism, which, to some of those familiar with it, affords a poor apology, in some instances, for the cruel retaliation of the settlers upon the unfortunate aborigines. But no circumstances exist to excuse or palliate the inhuman cruelty of the Moravian butchery. This massacre seems boldly up against humanity, without one bright spot, one noble deed, one redeeming feature, one act of forbearance to soften or relieve its horrors.

After the Delaware Indians had been repudiated by the Leni-Lenape, or Five Nations, by which they lost their nationality, (a circumstance well known to all

readers of American history,) a large family, or tribe, retired from the valley of the Susquehanna, to the beautiful and fertile plains of the Tuscarawas, one of the tributaries of the Muskingum, in the eastern part of the State of Ohio. Here they were for a long time, permitted to pursue an unobtrusive and non-interfering policy of savage life. They became non-combatants, and an entirely neutral tribe, between neighboring belligerents; this condition was forced upon them by the terms of the last treaty it was their misfortune to enter into, and this stipulation did they strictly observe to the last moment of their existence as a tribe.

It is singular to observe that many features in the national character of the aborigines, might well put civilization to the blush. The Indian is always true to his nation, and to his education. He is cruel, revengeful and implacable, because he has been so taught—proud, honorable and faithful, because it is his nature. The white man is cruel, revengeful and proud, having been taught benevolence, meekness and humility; and instances of faithlessness and an absence of integrity have been known among civilized nations, when interest came in competition with



duty. Perhaps, if the Indian had been taught in our school, and we in his, civilization would not have been the gainer, and barbarism have lost nothing of its revolting horrors.

This remnant of the Delawares, after having remained in this quiet situation for a number of years, taking no part in the frequent feuds of the tribes around them, at length, by their peaceable habits, attracted the notice of the "good and pious Heckewelder," of Lititz, a German village of Pennsylvania, as proper objects of his best efforts to establish the Christian religion among the Indians, and "make the wilderness blossom as the rose." To effect this benevolent object he immediately addressed himself; and after five years' labor in this laudable cause, the entire tribe had been baptized into the Christian faith and had beaten their implements of savage life into plow-shares and pruning hooks. Schools had been established among them, in which the German language was taught, and the attention of the natives successfully devoted to agricultural pursuits. The tribe was divided into four districts or villages, Goshen, New Salem, Schoenbrun and Gnadenhuetten. These villages were surrounded by small, but well conducted and productive farms, with each an orchard of the choicest fruit then known in the German settlements of Pennsylvania. Much attention was directed to, and much taste displayed in gardening.

Perhaps there is no happier preliminary step towards wooing and inviting the indolent savages into industrial habits, than that adopted by the shrewd and judicious Heckewelder, and his co-laborer Schmick, his associate in this as well as many other benevolent enterprises. Their plan was, to introduce at first, but slight departures from savage life, and such as served rather to excite the curiosity of the untutored native to sedulously watch the result of an experiment, rather than to task his untrained hands to hard labor. A few seeds

planted, a few shrubs cultivated and trained, after having been selected by those close students of the human mind, with a view of ministering to and gratifying, in their flowers and fruits, the peculiar taste of the savage eye and palate, for which they were designed, resulted in a desire, on the part of the savage, to increase his labor that he might the more fully indulge his eye, and gratify his appetite. He soon learned that the more seed he planted, and the more labor he bestowed, the more abundant was his harvest. He learned too, from example, that a red rose appeared more brilliantly beautiful when contrasted with a white one; and that the contrast was necessary to exhibit advantageously, the snowy purity of the one, and the gaudy brilliancy of the other.

These great primary lessons were not lost on the natives, and were turned to the best account by their philanthropic benefactors. In a short time after habits of methodical thinking and systematic manual exercise had been fairly established, the mechanical arts were successfully introduced, and considerable advances made in architecture.

A large wooden building had been erected in the village of Gnadenhuetten, some twenty rods from the bank of the river, which at this point, was originally very abrupt and precipitous, making an almost perpendicular descent of about sixty feet, from the beautiful table, or plateau, on which the village stood, to the water's margin below. From the door of this large building, which was used for the double purpose of a public hall and a place of worship, the bank was excavated in a regular grade to the water's edge, and a massive stairway, sixty feet in width, was constructed of blocks of hewn stone, taken from the adjacent quarries of white free-stone. At first glance, this would appear an entirely useless and superfluous superstructure, but when we come to reflect that the great object of its projectors was to discipline the minds and bodies of

the savages in the useful arts, we may after all, rather wonder at the wisdom and foresight of those who, under so many adverse circumstances, and so many inconveniences, designed and perfected so stupendous an undertaking, with no other aid than that of the red Delaware.

It was a day of great rejoicing in the tribe, if tradition speaks truly, when this giant stairway was completed. It was an experiment of the missionaries, which, if successful, filled them with confidence that the enterprise of reclaiming the savage would be successful. They had, in this work, required much at the hands of the nation, and all that had been required of them had been assiduously performed. They were now purposed to direct and supervise the erection of stone houses, with the confidence that they would be completed; and in anticipation, the benevolent missionaries beheld a permanent village springing, as if by magic, from beneath their hands, in the deep, unbroken wilderness. They had succeeded in teaching their people the art of quarrying and dressing stone, and the use of the square, level and plumb. And this of itself was a great triumph of civilization.

The Indian's native pride was exhibited in the self-complacency with which he reviewed his labor, pronouncing it "very good," it being the *chef d'œuvre* of his newly acquired handiwork—his native pride was flattered, and received a new impulse in the prospect of stone houses, as it had been at first, by the production of double roses, as the result of his labor, and which he grotesquely intertwined with the savage ornaments of glass beads and stained feathers, and triumphantly placed upon his dusky brow. But these had now become to him but children's baubles, and the culture of flowers and care of the garden was left to the women, while the men were seen only in the corn-fields and the stone-quarries.

It is interesting to note the gradual progress of the infant, as its tender mind de-

velopes and it gradually changes from infancy to childhood, and so on to manhood; but to watch a nation of fully developed minds ascending, step by step, from darkness and barbarism to the light of science and civilization, is magnificent—majestic. It embraces a moral conquest, an intellectual victory, the rays of whose glory sheds a dark shadow on the field of Waterloo, the ruins of fallen Ismail, and the honor of blood-stained Thermopylæ.

It is not strange, then, that the day of the completion of "*Die steine Treppe*," at the Moravian village, was one of unusual rejoicing. But alas! the poor natives were doomed never to realize their dreams of future grandeur. The same race which held up to their enraptured gaze the angel of light with one hand, presented to their horror-stricken vision, the fiend of darkness with the other. The same race which taught them concerning a bright and blessed future, hurried them into that future to test its realities. The last stone of the great stairway was the last that was laid in Gnaddenhuetten.

The frontier settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania, at the remote period of the establishment of the Moravian settlement at Gnaddenhuetten, were constantly exposed to the incursions of hostile tribes of savages, which infested the North-Western Territory. The hardy pioneers were obliged to live constantly on the *qui vive*. No man was ever seen without his powder horn and bullet pouch under his arm, his rifle by his side, and his glittering knife and tomahawk firmly girded on his thigh. Whether in the field or forest, these were his constant companions. The Sabbath brought together the settlers for divine service, where they might be seen in some log hut, thus armed and appointed, giving a silent ear to the message of mercy from some wandering missionary, or itinerant "supply," while a few sentinels, placed around the cabin, kept vigilant watch upon the surrounding forest. Their lives were a continual round of excitement and

adventure. There was a wild romance to the man of courage in this mode of life, and every one vied with his neighbor to excel in dangerous adventure and feats of peril. Their "Rules and Regulations" were characteristic.—A horn sounded at nightfall, or perhaps midnight, and "a lost child" burst from the lips of every man who heard that sound, each one winding sturdy blasts upon his horn, armed and panoplied, leaped into the forest in search of the lost one. In a minute the woods resounded with, and the hills re-echoed the voices of a hundred bugle horns, and in a few hours every hill was scaled, and every ravine secured. Three gun-shots announced the finding of the child, if alive and in safety, two if alive and suffering, and one if dead. And oh! how many fond hearts have stood still in breathless anguish, counting each moment a lingering age, between those first, second and third guns? How many fond hearts have ceased to beat during those awful moments of suspense? How often have they waited in vain for the second shot, torturing any sound into that of a report of a rifle? It was a fearful, solemn thing to hear that first gun-shot. The forests and ravines for miles around, resounding with horns, and flashing with torch-lights, would at once become as silent as the grave; soon the echoes and reverberations, along the hill-sides, of that one gun; a moment of this fearful, oppressive suspense ensues; another and another shot announces the safety of the lost one, when the hills and forests rattle with the quick discharge of rifles, and resound with the joyous shouts of the gratified settlers.

How little can the immigrant of the present day realize and appreciate the true character and intrepidity of those noble pioneers, whose enterprise has led the industry of the East to the glorious West, there to develop and unfold sources of wealth and greatness, that had lain dormant in the bosom of the wilderness ever since the first diurnal light blazed

across her flowing vales, teeming waters and fertile plains.

A settlement at West Middletown in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and one at West Liberty, in the adjoining county of Ohio, in the State of Virginia, in the year 1781 were the most advanced posts of the North-Western frontier.—These settlements had been the scenes of frequent skirmishes between the settlers and savages. The tribes of the Scioto and Miami valleys had made this frontier a favorite point of their marauding incursions. The war parties generally crossed the Ohio river at the Mingo bottoms, and taking advantage of a deep ravine above a high promontory that projects boldly into the river, and known as Girty's point, concealed themselves, if circumstances made concealment necessary, or ascended into the highlands of the interior, to the neighborhood of the settlements. The infamous Simon Girty frequently led these marauding parties to this high point, bearing his cognomen, from whence he sent out his parties, and where he remained till they returned laden with the sanguinary spoils, prisoners and scalps from the devastated settlements.

It was in December, 1781, that the little settlement of West Middleton was suddenly thrown into confusion and consternation by one of these fearful incursions.—The day was one of those warm, smoky, melancholy, yet balmy out-gushings of Autumn, known as the "Indian summer." When the expiring season, after many chill and fitful throes of dying agony, which had swept away her foliage, and laid her flowers in the dust, appears to revive and breathes one last balmy expiration, amid warm sunshine and southern zephyrs, awakening the benumbed cricket to a last, pensive chirrup, and the chilled grasshopper to a last melancholy note, the last day-song of their short existence.

It was the Sabbath; and the majority of the settlers met at one of the log cabins for public worship. One family of the

name of Wallace, being situated the farthest point from the place of worship, had with the exception of Mr. Wallace, remained at home; Mrs. Wallace being provided with a good rifle, and well skilled in its use, preferred remaining at home, even at the risk of defending herself and little ones against an unexpected attack of Indians, to walking three miles to hear the Gospel expounded. The afternoon service was interrupted by the sentinels directing the eyes of the congregation to a column of smoke, rising in the direction of Wallace's house. While gazing at this suspicious object, the distant and almost indistinct report of a rifle in that direction, started every man at the top of his speed towards Wallace's farm. Wallace was the first to arrive, and what a scene met his eyes! His cabin in smouldering ruins, his wife and three children laying lifeless in his door-yard, scalped, and blackened by the heat of his burning domicile. But the murderers had escaped. A party, taking the trail of the Indians, pursued, but after a week of fruitless pursuit, returned unsuccessful.

It was now determined to wage a war of extermination against the Indians; and to make it more effectual, a deputation was sent from Middletown to the settlement at West Liberty, in Virginia, with overtures for the two settlements to join in a winter campaign against the savages. These overtures were accepted, and the two settlements immediately adopted measures for the organization of this project. Each settlement furnished one hundred and fifty men, provided for a three months campaign, and late in February, 1782, the Pennsylvanians, under the command of Capt. James Williamson, and the Virginians, under Capt. Benjamin Biggs, made a rendezvous at Short Creek, near West Liberty. Their intention was to penetrate the wilderness as far west as the Sandusky plains, seize, if possible, the inhuman Girty, and burn him at the stake; then bear off northwardly to the great north-

western Lakes, of the location of which they had but an indefinite idea, and which were then only known as "the Lakes of Canada." Great zeal and patriotism characterized this little army, as it rapidly wound through the mountain passes to the Ohio river. Their intention was to gain Gnaddenhuetten, the Moravian village, about eighty or ninety miles distant, and accept the hospitality of the Delawares for a few days, for the purpose of rest and refreshment. But we must leave them to pursue their march, and return to the peaceful villages of the Delawares.

This simple people, upon being instructed in the Christian faith, had not only repudiated their native habits and system of government, but had adopted that beautiful system of patriarchal government under which the Hebrew fathers swayed their numerous tribes. Their savage patronymics were exchanged for those of Ancient Judea. Abraham, their patriarch, numbered four score and ten years. A day of thanksgiving and prayer, in December, was followed by a partial separation of the community for a time. Heckewelder and Schmick started for their native village in Pennsylvania, to remain till spring. Abraham, and other worthies, started for the Wyandot villages on the waters of Sandusky, for the purpose of purchasing such captives as might have fallen into the hands of the ruthless Wyandots, during the past season. A party of younger men had left on a trapping and hunting expedition. There remained, at the four villages, about three hundred men, women and children, when, in the month of March, 1782, Captains Biggs and Williamson arrived at Gnaddenhuetten with their respective commands. They claimed, and readily received, the generous hospitality of the Delawares, for themselves and their companions in arms.—They had not been long in the village when Wallace discovered one of the women clad in some of the garments of his late wife. This fact he immediately dis-

closed to Capt. Biggs, who immediately instituted an examination of the unsuspecting natives, who informed him that in December, a party of Wyandots traveling westward, had exchanged these articles of dress for corn. When asked why they afforded comfort, and rest, and aid to the enemies of the white man, they replied that they had long since buried the hatchet with all mankind; that they regarded the whole human family as their brothers; that they acknowledged the same obligations of fraternal alliance, to the Wyandot and to the Virginian; and that their white brethren of the East, and their red brethren of the West, were alike welcome to their thresholds and their hearths, without subjecting them to any responsibility for their conduct, when from under their roofs; that national obligations required them, as a neutral nation, to open their doors to both belligerent parties; this was all they had done; that they had put off the old man and put on the new; that they had ceased to struggle for worldly honors, and their only ambition directed their eyes to an unfading crown of glory in the future world.— They replied that they had reproached the Wyandot and the Ottawa with murder, and exhorted them to ways of peace; and that their father Abraham was at that moment, engaged in a mission of philanthropy to the heathen captors of the white man's children.

They were requested by the captains, to send runners to the neighboring villages, and convene all men, women and children of the Delawares, as the white man desired to hold a council with them. This was accordingly done, and by night fall, the entire whole of the unsuspecting natives were collected in the large building at the head of the great stairway. While the villagers were assembling at Guaddenhuetten, a fearful discussion was transpiring in the little frontier army, many of whom had lost friends and relations by the hands of the ruthless sava-

ges, and vowed vengeance against the whole race of Aborigines. Wallace's exasperation had become almost uncontrollable. It was proposed that this handful of unoffending Delawares should be subjected to indiscriminate slaughter. This step was warmly advocated by a great majority, and opposed by but two or three of the little army.

After a brief, but spirited discussion, in which frequent signs of insubordination were decidedly manifested, the question was put to vote, "Shall we put these Indians to the sword?" and by a large majority carried in the affirmative. The commandants then informed their victims of their fate, and that at the rising of the sun on the next morning, the work of butchery would commence. The Indians, by this time, had assembled in their usual place of meeting. A few straggling natives, who arrived after this fearful decision of the Captains, were warned by their brethren within, to fly and make their escape: but this they declined, and demanded admission of their captors, to join their brethren and share their fate. Thus these devoted victims unresistingly submitted. Prayers and songs of praise, ceased not to ascend during that long winter night, from that devoted little band of Christians.

During the Reign of Terror, in France, after the decapitation of Louis XVI., men, women and children were indiscriminately slaughtered, but humanity can offer, at least, the coloring of an apology for the perpetrators of those atrocious murders. The French revolution resulted in the overthrow of despotism, and the establishment of equality among the people; this turned up to the surface of society a horde of infamous domestic savages, which had long lain foaming in the hot beds of vice, infamy and crime, in the very bosom of her wealthiest cities, and most accomplished and refined societies; one of the legitimate results of despotic rule. These, however, were no less sav-

ages than the North American Indians. These being let loose upon society with the information that the new institutions elevated the lowest of them to an equality with the highest of their former rulers, and they, being incapable of appreciating that equality, very naturally mistook the words "universal license," for those of "universal liberty." These hordes very naturally regarded all whom fortune and education had placed in better social positions than themselves, as their natural enemies. Towards them their hatred was unalterable; they found that they were the enemies of revolution, of France, and the universal happiness of Mankind, and, as such, felt it a duty, instead of reforming these obstacles, as they regarded them, to the successful establishment of freedom in France, knew no better method of getting rid of them, than by indiscriminate slaughter. A new party had leaped into power to save the government; this new party was armed with power without discriminating judgment. The result was death to all who were not of them. A mania seized the party, which murdered from impulse and without reflection; which knew no law, and had not been schooled under the dictates of humanity. The sentence of the Revolutionary tribunal was pronounced against its victim, and in fifteen minutes the guillotine was reeking with his blood, while his head was buffeted for a foot-ball by the *sees culottes* across the Boulevards or Place de Revolution. In these instances, the unfortunate victims were not allowed the privilege of prayers and songs of praise, to touch the hearts of their murderers; and so distrustful were they, (the murderers,) of their own firmness in carrying out these fearful atrocities, that Louis Capet's voice was drowned by the rattling of drums, when he attempted to address the mob from the scaffold. A mania had seized these French hordes. They were insane. They knew no other way to get rid of their fancied enemies, and they hastily made the sacri-

fices that they dared not trust, even themselves, to execute with deliberation. Not so with Biggs and Williamson. They reposed quietly during the night, or, at least, were only aroused from their slumbers as the hymns and prayers of their victims, mingled with the wailing of women and children, burst in a louder volume upon the frosty night wind. They had time to relent—time to retract their awful fiat. They had not been nurtured in hot beds of vice and crime, as had been the *censille* of Paris, but on the other hand, had been taught and reared under the mild and genial influence of the golden rule. Pity and humanity should have claimed permanent seats within their bosoms. All they charged these unfortunate Delawares with, was the hospitality they had extended to their enemies, which they admitted was their right, under the law of nations. But they argued, that by razing this village, they would destroy the half-way house between the Wyandot villages on the Sandusky frontier, and the frontier settlements, and thus destroy one of the resting places of their enemies. And to effect this object, they shrunk not from the fearful sacrifice they were about to make on the rising of the morrow's sun.

That sun did arise, and with it sunk for ever, the sun of the devoted Delaware. That sun did arise; beautiful, bright and glorious, and as his first beams stole into that devoted slaughter-house, the inmates were notified to prepare for death. They seated themselves in rows, along the many benches that filled the large hall. Their murderers approached, knife in hand, and in fifteen minutes the sanguinary deed was accomplished. No shriek was heard, no agonising groan, no word was spoken, all was as silent as the grave save the measured tread of the soldiers, the hissing gush—the gurgle of the spouting life blood.

Great God! what palliation can pleading humanity offer for this cold-blooded atrocity? We may pity and plead for the

barbarian whose religion prompts him to dance in extacy around his burning victim at the stake; his intellect scarcely penetrates beyond the smoke of his own wigwam; he is, in a measure, excusable, for he knows no better; not so with those civilized murderers.

Although this horrid butchery was conducted with silence, as soon as its perpetrators emerged from the building, a loud shout of triumph burst from their lips; a mania seized them; they cast their blood-shot eyes on every side in vain for more victims; they returned to the house, and washed their hands in the warm blood of innocents, and with their knives and tomahawks wounded the inanimate and still bleeding corpses. The torch was then applied to every house of the four villages; their corn cribs shared the same fate; war was then made upon horses, cattle and swine; and the deadly rifle soon left the beautiful villages without a thing of life, save the inhuman authors of their devastation.

And thus fell, at one dread stroke, the last of the once numerous and warlike nation of the Delawares, and with them sunk the lofty hopes of the pious and benevolent philanthropist. Thus, at once, was lost all that had been gained towards tutoring and reclaiming the wild man of the wilderness. Thus was forfeited that confidence which had been inspired in the bosom of the savage towards the white man, which was the result of years of toil and self-denial, fatigue and suffering, hunger and danger, of the good, the noble, the devoted Missionary. The tribes of the West turned in deep disgust from this deed, so much at war with the professions of civilization and christianity.

In two weeks the frontier army had returned to the settlements, but they were dejected and melancholy; universal denunciation hailed them when they were seen; disgrace followed in their footsteps; the scorpion constantly gnawed at their vitals; habits of intemperance followed; in-

sanity, and violent deaths seemed to mark them as objects of the just retribution of high heaven. Those who voted against the motion to put the Delawares to death, took no share in the murders nor in the anathemas of the settlers.

Six weeks after the spoiler had left his bloody foot-prints on the thresholds of the Moravian villages, the good Patriarch, Father Abraham, returned from his mission to the Wyandots. He led in his hand a white lad of twelve years old, by the name of Isaac Walker, whom at an exorbitant price he had purchased from Girty, with a view of restoring him to his parents in Virginia. But he found his village in ashes, his fields laid waste, and the blood of his children dried in clots on his giant stair way. The poor old man stood and gazed in silence over this scene of desolation. The party that had accompanied, remained in the forest behind him, to chase the elk and moose. He stood alone of all his people in the midst of this ruin. No one was present but the fair haired boy he led by the hand. He turned to that boy and thus addressed him:

"Boy, I took you from the firm Wyandot, to restore you to the bosom of your parents; but go, plunge again into the wilderness, it is better to be a red man than a pale face. The God of the pale face is false; he will not protect his children.—The pale face lies. He teaches the red man to spare the blood of his victim, but drinks it himself into his belly. Go, boy, fly from the footsteps of the pale face, and worship the Manitou of the red man. The pale face is false."

This boy returned with Abraham to Sandusky where he grew up a Wyandott chief, and where his posterity remained till within a few years, when the Wyandotts were removed by Congress to a place west of the Mississippi.

Fifty-five years after the hand of civilization had applied the torch to the huts, and the knife to the throats of the Chris-

tianized Delawares, I stood, for the first time, upon the ruins of Gnaddenhuetten. A few broken and ragged Lombardy Poplars reaching above the undergrowth of wild wood trees, point out at a distance the almost obliterated site of the village. The grounds remain unprotected and uncultivated. The garden may still be dimly traced by a few winding paths and avenues, and an occasional scrubby velvet rose bush, or thorny sweet-briar, overgrown by stentorian apple trees, which intertwine their gnarled and knotted limbs. These furnished a melancholy sight, and a bitter, scathing reminiscence. The heart that had once expanded with pleasure at the obtainment of the germin of these flowers and fruit trees, had long since ceased to throb. The eye that had once watched their opening buds, and the full development of their charms with delight, was closed forever; the hand that had carefully pruned and trained them, had long since mingled with the dust; and the lovely flower was allowed to run to ruin through neglect. The free stone blocks of the great stair way had long since been torn away by the settlers to furnish thresholds and hearth stones for their cottages.—What a commentary upon our social organizations! Little did the poor Delaware think when elevating these blocks from the quarry, that stained with his own heart's blood, shed by the hands of those he regarded as brethren, they were to descend to a christian posterity for such uses. How could the christian parent sit down to teach his offspring that divine lesson, "on earth peace and good will among men," when there was blood upon his threshold, and his very hearthstone bore a sanguinary record in contradiction to the beautiful precept?

What were the splendid ruins of Pompeii, Palmyra and of Rome compared with these? What were the Colosseum, the shrine of Ilis, or the temple of Bacchus, compared with this simple village ruins? The magnificence and splendor of those

ancient piles speak of luxury, voluptuousness, vice and crime. Indulgences, licentiousness and libertinism, are legibly written in these heaped up ruins. Idolatry, with her seven heads and ten horns, stands in bold relief in the foreground, and is even yet presiding over the scenes of her former magnificence and grandeur. The country, where these are found, dug her own grave, and plunged herself into it.—She was her own murderer, her own licentiousness led her into the abyss of ruin. This was natural, no other result could follow such a course, and we are not taken by surprise when we trace the result to its cause. While we are continually dazzled by their splendor, and struck with admiration at their stupendousness, we are ever and anon disgusted with some bickering remembrance of ambition, folly, vice and crime. In gazing over the classic ruins of the old world, there are but few objects worthy of note that are not associated with some revolting passage of history, which causes the gazer to turn in disgust from the splendid ruins. Not so with the ruins of the village of the Northwestern wilderness. Here are no traces of luxury, vice, or indulgence, ambition or crime, save the one—the last—the great red mark associated with the bloody footsteps of the civilized spoiler. All else is so chaste and innocent, that there is no voice arising from its ruins, no hand writing upon its remains, that does not speak of peace, virtue and piety. Ambition has left no rude foot-prints of his iron-shod heel,—crime no door lintels sprinkled with the blood of innocents, save in the last sad trace. Husbandry has left his half-plowed furrow as he was driven from it—industry her early planted vine and fig tree, and taste her fragrant but undeveloped rose bud. This ruined spot was once the sacred shrine of the vast wilderness; here first ceased the sound of savage revelry that was wont to burn from every vale. On this spot the spoiling hand of barbarism was first arrested—



here first was permitted to expire the blazing incense on the shrine of the heathen, and was first kindled the fire on the christian altar. From this sacred spot ascended the first prayer from the wilderness to the throne of the Most High, while ministering angels around that throne, ceased from their poems, leaned on their golden harps, and in glad surprise turned their ears to this spot, to catch the words of that first broken prayer, as it ascended from the lips of the savages. To this spot was re-echoed the low breathed "Amen" of that prayer from the lips of angels at the golden portals of heaven.

A better result might have been expected from so well begun and highly blessed an enterprise. That village of red men should still be standing, an honor to humanity—a monument to civilization—a moral and intellectual beacon-light to the benighted heathen of North America.—But, alas! the history of its ruin—the destruction of its sanctuary—the razing of its shrine—the overthrowing of its altar, it is too late to recall. For the honor of civilization would that its remembrance could be erased from the mind of man for ever.

The history of the most barbarous ages of the old world presents no parallel.—The only event in the annals of Roman cruelty that in the least resembles this, in point of diabolical heartlessness, is that of the massacre of the Christians, by Nero, the tyrant, in the Imperial Gardens; but they fell by the hand of Pagans—these by the hand of Christians.

#### THE DEATH-BED OF AN AGED MINISTER.

BY C. F. BUSH.

Servant of God, "well done!" The angel bands  
That wait around thy couch, of eager wing  
To bear thy spirit up on high, have seen,  
And know the glories that thou shalt soon behold.

Oh how they watch solicitously now,  
While still the spirit struggles in its bonds  
And seeks release!—nor shall it seek in vain.

Away it bursts—on heavenly hills it stands.  
Exultant in the wondrous loveliness  
That's seen around, above, beneath—that spreads  
In vast and mellowing landscape-folds, as far  
As spirit-eye can reach. Its ear now bends  
Attent to living harmonies, that melt  
In wooing softness all around—its soul  
Is quickly tuned, and joins, in breathing notes,  
The melody of heaven. A home is reached,  
"Of boundless, tideless, waveless, shoreless  
bliss."

And now forever rising, upward borne  
By angel strength, it rushes toward the throne  
That's girt with light.

Thus may our days be closed—  
Our latter end like his be peace, our hope  
Like his, in bliss be lost—our joy, our song  
Forever swell harmonious in heaven!

For the Miscellany.

#### THOUGHT.

BY MRS. C. H. PARLIMAN.

"Millions never think a noble thought:  
But, with brute hate of brightness, bay a mind  
Which drives the darkness out of them, like  
hounds.

\* \* \* \* \*  
What charm is in this world-scene to such  
minds?

What can they do in heaven?"—FERUS.

In countries infested with wild beasts, it is necessary for the safety of those who would encamp for the night without shelter, to build a bright fire, the known fear and hate of the blood-thirsty monarchs of the wilderness. While within the radiant circle they are completely safe. But the savage growls and baffled rage of these howling monsters, issuing from the dismal blackness which envelopes their hideous forms, is enough to strike terror to the heart of him who knows and feels not the strength and power of the glowing talisman which surrounds him.

So with the traveler in the vast field of intellectual greatness. He who, "by searching, would find out wisdom," must encircle himself with the bright halo of mind; and while within its magic influ-

ence, fear of the baying troop prowling in the thick darkness of ignorance, need neither disturb or annoy him. He who would seek to cultivate, refine and elevate the immortal soul, breathed by Deity into his perishing, earth-clad frame, must expect to battle with discouragements apparently more formidable than any array of armed men; while those to whom he would gladly bear the torch-light of knowledge, will earnestly assail him with sneers of scorn and taunting ridicule. Does he seek to add to, or brush the dust of error from the small portion of mind entrusted to their care? He has but "roused the lion in his den," for they hate wisdom, and bay at it as does a dog the moon.

"Millions never think a noble thought." What is thought to them? They "eat, drink, and are merry." What else were wanting to fill their cup of joy to the brim? A thousand such minds could never grasp the shadow of a noble thought. As well might they attempt, with puny arm, to brush the starry circlet from the diadem of night. Such minds are the rippling surface of the waters, each tiny wave effacing all impression of the last; and thus are they borne on in the rapid current of time, until they plunge into the great ocean of eternity, with capacities of enjoyment so small that but an iota of Heaven will contain them for aye. They cannot comprehend the beauty and grandeur which everywhere surrounds them. Go with them, and stand upon the frowning brow of some lofty mountain-top; from thence, point out the madly-rushing river—foaming cataract—the beautiful and sublime, the majestic, awe-inspiring scenery, the poetry of nature; then point upward to that star-gemmed curtain which shuts from our view the heaven beyond, and tell them that those myriads of shining worlds are but a mere point in that brilliant zodiac which girds the throne of God—expatiate upon that vast system of systems moving in perfect harmony upon the great scroll of heavenly music, dropped at cre-

ation's dawn from the hand of Deity, until lost in the immensity of the overpowering theme—then turn to meet the sympathising looks of your companions, and the vacant stare and bewildered gaze will tell you how far *their* minds have followed your vast and glowing conceptions.—The earth is, to them, an extended plain, mottled here and there with lake and forest, field and river, teeming with the means to meet the demands of nature, to fill their purses with gold, and deck their perishing bodies with the gilded trappings of fashion.

Nor are they content to enjoy their own littleness. Should any seek to overleap the narrow boundaries which hem in their own contracted souls, the whole artillery which little minds can wield is leveled upon him. O, how we pity the poor culprit! Many an one have we seen, writhing in all the agony of wounded feeling and cold neglect—of bitter scorn and taunting ridicule of those who *should* have been the first to cheer and encourage him on his arduous career. We have watched him, as step by step he has climbed the rugged ascent, until he has reached the pinnacle he has sought, and fame has crowned his brow with fadeless laurels, and his friendship has become a source of honor—*then* who so eager to extend the hand, and meet him with smiles, as those who, erewhile, so zealously sought to chain him down in the midnight darkness of ignorance?

The great mass of mankind choose ignorance rather than intelligence; and were there not some possessing the noble spirit of a Wilkenreid, the brilliant lights which now ever beam upon the majestic temple of our much boasted Liberty, would be extinguished—the beautiful gems which now diadem her fair brow would be dissolved in tears, and the black clouds of heathen barbarism hover over our beloved country.

Mind, when not properly directed and cultivated, becomes the fruitful source of

misery and crime—or, earth-like, is encrusted with the layers of avarice, selfishness and pride, with no desires, no thoughts save those bounded by the narrow limits of time. But Death, with "sickle keen," will sever the feeble herd and bear the captives heaven-ward. Yet, "what can they do in Heaven?" The phantom which life-long they have sought, has vanished. The glittering toys and shining baubles, which dazzled their earthly vision, have fled. Infinite perfection, intelligence the most exalted, the intelligence of God, is before them; and if they have failed to perceive or to appreciate the grosser beauties of earth, what can they do in that heaven whose transcendent glories dazzle even the angels who surround the throne, and with golden harps sound the grand *Te Deum*, which is echoed on by countless orbs, as they move obedient to the voice which spake them into being.

*Hanover, July, 1851.*

For the Miscellany.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS...ACTS, XVII: 34.

BY REV. T. CARTER.

FIRST ATHENIAN.

Thou knowest not the Infinite; for lo,  
These images of earth can teach no truth.

SECOND ATHENIAN.

And wherefore not? Our sires did worship them.

FIRST ATHENIAN.

Nay, my brother; but yester morn I heard  
Words of such burning eloquence, they're wro't  
Into the very sinews of my heart,  
Engraven there as by a pen of flame:  
And they have written on my very soul,  
There is no God but one, t' adore and love;  
Those words have taught me we were made for  
Heaven,

But that a mighty change had taken place,  
And we had fallen, so low, so far, that none  
But the Eternal God of whom they spake,  
Could raise us to our pristine state again.  
And strange and wondrous as it seemed, those  
words

Portrayed the Son of that almighty God  
As crucified...Himself a sacrifice,

By which man might regain his first estate;  
And that all Heaven sang out with one glad  
shout

The gift thus offered to our fallen race.

They paused.—They stood upon the hill of Mars,  
Where crowds were gathered round, intent upon  
The earnest, burning words of one who spoke  
Of Heaven, of peace, of pardon, and of God.

It was the preacher to the Gentile race;  
And the Athenian crowd, with eager gaze,  
Listened to the eternal words of truth,  
While those two brothers, mingling with the  
thrang,  
Pressed closer toward th' apostle as he spoke,  
And each one breathlessly drank in his words—  
Their lips apart—their eyes in steadfast gaze—  
Large tear-drops rolling down their manly  
cheeks.

The apostle ceased; and as the Greeks dispersed,  
Those brothers, arm in arm, stood by his side,  
And there, with simple faith and earnest heart,  
Fearless of mockery and bitter words,  
They claimed with joy th' atonement made by  
Christ,

And clave unto the apostle Paul; and though  
Proud Athens was the city of their birth—  
The pride of Greece, and Greece the pride of  
earth—

And though their name was one of rank, and one  
A judge of far-famed Areopagus,  
Yet there they clave unto the few despised,  
And there, with humble hearts, believed in Christ.

*Detroit, July, 1851.*

## CHARACTER.

BY REV. H. W. BEDDNER.

Character exists in ourselves.—it is a man's inward likeness; while the reputation is the opinion of others concerning us—it is the shadow we cast. Character is the good, sound, interest-paying stock—reputation is the fancy-stock, the inflated foot-ball of the market. Sometimes reputation has little real connection with character. If a speaker is fluent, he is immediately reputed a Demosthenes. If a minister preaches pleasant sermons, he is reputed a Whitfield. If a merchant is worth \$500,000, he is reputed to be worth a million. The assessor, however brings

him to a confession, and a subscription paper about as well.

Influence is the allegiance which men confess to goodness and strength. Would a man be influential—let him seek it within himself. Many men are taught to be vocal or silent, only upon exact calculation, in order to “save their influence”—counsel as sensible as to tell a man to save his shadow. Be heroic, and you will have influence; be no martyr to yourself, to that mis-named prudence which is continually dodging between lies and verities, and weighs moral conduct as it weighs pork and flour.

All men will be found in one of three classes of character: Either, first, where one faculty is so fully developed that it gives direction to the whole; or, second, where some group of faculties sway the man; or, third, where the character is multiplex, or manifold.

The first include all who have some one simple ruling faculty. All other faculties revolve about this, as satellites. It will be the gauge by which all things are measured. It will sometimes be veneration, and then the man is, of necessity, a worshipper; and his worship is not a duty, but a passion evolved. Sometimes it is love of approbation: approbateness is the helm that steers this man. Among worshippers he is a devotee; with radicals he is a reformer; with conservatives stability is his hobby; among the foolish he is a jester; his religion is variable, and changes with the latitude, like the navigator's press—apparently as variable as the wind, yet sure as the laws of nature to the one grand passion. If it be pride, then there is nothing so influential as himself. The miser is not a fabulous creature, but a real, living being. If ever there was a monomaniac, he is one, and should be treated as such. There are men—the stuff of which misers are made—whose life hangs upon gain. Such men are religious, as it is economical. They have been cut out in marble at one-third the minimum of

the starving sculptor. Such men will chaffer with death, and threaten not to go in at heaven's gate, unless at half price.

The faculties that are used most, are those that govern. Sensibility should not be the judge of character. If we are too firm against another, the matter may present itself to our mind as if it were obstinacy in him. There are many faculties which continually act, which, however, are not the master passions. So also there is no necessity that all beside the master-passion should be silent. A good band gives a sound like one tune.

The second class include all who are swayed by any particular group of faculties.

For the Miscellany.

### MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY THE LATE REV. E. D. KENNICOTT, A. M.

I've been where pleasure unbedim'd  
Hath filled my heart with joy—  
Where fancy weaves her fairy dreams  
Unmingled with alloy:  
Where sorrow's bosom heaves no sigh,  
Nor angry passions foam—  
Yet find no pleasure half as sweet  
As in my cottage home.

I've been where wealth her flowing robes  
Of gold, hath spread around—  
Where sumpt'ous fare and sparkling wine  
In plenteousness abound:  
Where Peace, and Love, and Happiness,  
Like sister spirits roam—  
Yet find no place so dear to me  
As my own cottage home,

I've been where England's glory spread  
Her lion-banner wide,  
And with her bleaching canvass hid  
The foam of ocean-tide—  
Where from her rocky, wave-girt base,  
Her sky-ward towers arise—  
Yet, yet my cottage home appears  
Most lovely in my eyes.

I've been where France, all crowned with joy,  
Laughs through each vine-clad field—  
Where olive-groves and myrtle bowers  
Their rich profusion yield;  
Where Ceylon's rich perfumes arise,  
And spicy breezes sigh—

Yet, with my cottage home, I find  
No palace that will vie.

I've been where Appenines ascend,  
And where the frowning Alps  
Above the rushing tempest-blast  
Up-rear their snowy scalps—  
Where high Himmaleh's icy peak  
Stands tow'ring, and alone,  
Yet find no place in all the world  
So lovely as my own.

I love my cottage home ! I love  
The flowers that round it grow—  
The ruffled sun-flower, blushing rose.  
The hollyhock of snow—  
The graceful lily, blooming pink,  
The marigold so gay,  
The honeysuckle, jessamine—  
What sweeter flowers than they?

Oh ! dearly, dearly do I love  
My grove-environed home.  
And on my heart its smiles shall beam  
Where'er I chance to roam ;  
Its woodbin'd roof—its white-washed wall—  
Its skill-wrought carpet floor—  
Oh ! never, never will I leave  
My lovely cottage more !

For the Miscellany.

#### THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY E. D. NEWBURY.

A soldier lay dying on the cold, dewy ground,  
While the blood slowly oozed from each deep,  
gory wound,  
And his limbs became stiff, yet he heeded no  
pain,  
For sad were the thoughts that rush'd through  
his brain

He thought of his childhood, and infancy's days,  
Of their sorrowful hours and light, sportive plays,  
Of his mother's sweet smile and her warm, lov-  
ing kiss,  
The cure of his woes and the crown of his bliss.

He remembered his lovely but far-distant home,  
Where in boyhood he often delighted to roam—  
He thought of that brother with whom he had  
played  
By the murmuring brook and the foaming cas-  
cade.

Of a sister he thought—one so loving and meek—  
And he thought of the tears that had coursed  
down her cheek ;  
As they bade to each other that final good-bye,  
And he left her, to fight for his country, and die.

Of another he thought—'twas his lately-made  
bride,  
Of his boyhood the joy, of his manhood the pride,  
And he thought of her grief and the tears she  
would shed  
When she heard that her own loving William  
was dead.

"O ! thou loved one," he cried, "might I once  
more embrace,  
And once again gaze in thy heavenly face,  
And feel thy warm kiss on my icy-cold brow,  
I could leave thee with joy, though we part  
even now !"

Then raising his head he gazed wildly around  
O'er the heaps of the fallen that covered the  
ground—  
For the moon's clouded light flitting o'er that  
dark plain,  
Dimly lit the dread features of wounded and  
slain.

But death drew a veil o'er his terrified sight—  
More obscure grew the forms, more misty the  
light,  
Till in the dim distance he fancied he 'spied  
The form of his Mary, his own loving bride.

"O haste, my dear Mary ; O, haste to draw near,  
While my eyes may yet see and my ears may  
yet hear"—

And a smile sweetly shone on his features so  
pale,  
As he fancied he heard her sweet voice on the  
gale.

"My beloved one, bend o'er me," he whispering  
said.

"Oh, forget not your William when this body is  
dead ;  
And now let me hold thy loved form to my  
heart,  
And feel thy warm kiss on my cheek, ere we  
part !"

And he clasped his cold arms with delight to his  
breast,  
As though that loved form to his bosom he  
pressed ;  
And a sweet smile of joy was impressed on his  
face  
As his soul took its flight to its long resting  
place.

## LEIGH HUNT.

BY GILFILLAN.

The present state of poetry is a subject on which a great deal of nonsense has been written, and on which a greater deal of nonsense is every day spoken.—“We have no poets now-a-days,” is the chatter at many a tea-table—a chatter which a glance at a few of the present names “flaming on the forehead” of our literary sky, is enough to confute. Beside such veterans as Wordsworth, Wilson, Croly, Montgomery, and our present subject Leigh Hunt, who are now rather honorary than active members of the corporation of Apollo, there are numerous aspirants of the laurel, of whom high hopes may be entertained. There is especially a little cluster of *earnest* poets whom we are at all times delighted to honor, and some of whom we may now briefly characterize, as an introduction not inappropriate to a notice of one who long ago, and in days darker than these, set them a good example, and who then stood almost singular in adding the spirit of a martyr, to the accomplishments of the muses’ son.

We may name, then, Longfellow, Emerson, Bailey, Tennyson, and the Brownings, as the *Di Majorem Gentem* of this modern class.

We name the first American poet, Longfellow. We know nothing whatever of his theoretical creed, but we are not blind to the marks of sincerity and of high-minded aspirations which pervade his poetry. He feels what Foster uniformly forgets or denies, the worth of man. He looks at the ruins of the human soul in a certain rich moonlight which softens many an asperity, fills up many a chasm, symmetrizes many a disproportion, and sheds a soft golden film, a gossamer of the night, over the whole. His eye, too, is appointed to see innumerable fine and fairy hands repairing the desolation, as well as

beautifying its decay. “It is a little thing to be a man.” Yes, comparatively it is; but whence springs the smallness? Surely from the greatness of the height whence we have fallen, and to which we are invited to aspire. Life and man, like the Jura in the presence of Mont Blanc, dwindle before a greater, which greater in this case is the grandeur of man’s ideal of himself and of God. It is little to be, it is far less to doubt of man. Spring but this one leak, and what a black flood of skepticism rushes in—death is regarded with the avidity of a suicide, and it is well if the Foster does not darken into the Swift.

Hear Longfellow:—

“Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our being’s destined way;  
But to live that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.”

And again:

“Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’  
Was not spoken of the soul.”

Such manly lines, rising clear, loud, and bold, like the notes of Chanticleer, dissipate a thousand dismal dreams and terrors of the night. They are not the day, but they are its promise. What we miss in Longfellow, is a decided acknowledgment of the realization which such sentiments as his find in Christianity.—His verses are torn from their proper Christian context. Now, a few fresh leaves snapped from the bough may tell that spring has come, but we prefer the full tidings of the round tree itself.

In Emerson we find, amid more power, originality, and perhaps equal sincerity, a more palpably vital defect. What the “hope set before” him in his melancholy gospel is we cannot tell. In his “Threnody” he laments most sweetly and plaintively the loss of a favorite son, and hints at some obscure and mystic source of consolation, described in the words, that his

child is "Lost in God, in Godhead found!" Alas! can he allow his child, with his glorious personality, to slide away into a vague, vast ocean even as his own dreams among the "black-berry vines" did leave his soul, with no trace behind? Can he part with a son as with a thought? Can he believe that the soul which as it looked through the "blue summer" of his child's eyes, seemed to "span the mystic gulf 'tween God and man," is henceforth an unconscious nonentity, somewhere in the eternal spaces, but with no spring of return to him, and no prospect of encounter with him, save in the cold commerce of the waves of the Pantheistic deep? Or if he has, apart from this dreary dream, a principle of hope and comfort, is there no word in the ample tongue of Milton and Coleridge that can *express* this hope? and if there be, why does he delay to inform us what we are to substitute for the simple declaration, "Them that sleep in Jesus shall the Lord bring with him?" Indeed all over Emerson's poems, and over those of many of his followers, there hangs a deep gloom. His fun, when he attempts to be humorous, is dull and feeble. It is the drone of the "humble bee," which is quite as melancholy as it is mirthful. He is never so eloquent as when expressing the feelings of one who, from the pursuits of ambition, and the company of men, has sought a sad solace in Nature, which yet without a God can only glare and glitter about his eye and imagination, but not touch his heart. His personal purity, which is that of a guarded dewdrop—has saved him from many pains and penalties; but we do think that it is the subtlety which so strangely mingles with the simplicity of his nature, like the eye of the basilisk looking out from the silvery plumage of the dove, which has veiled from many the fact that *he is not a happy man*.

No wonder although according to a CERTAIN rumor, Emerson does not fully sympathize with Bailey of "Festus."—

How can he? How can a man who manages his misery so artfully that the deep scar looks like a badge of honor upon his bosom—who can regulate, turn, and wind his madness like a watch—sympathize with one who, with the power and precipitation of a thunder-shower, expresses his whole soul to the world in tumultuous verse? How stiff and measured the extravagances (*madness propense*) of Emerson look beside Bailey's unpremeditated hallelujahs! In Emerson you hear a man crying "down" to the idea of a personal deity, which is ever rising in his truly poetical heart; to Bailey the universe is but a reflector for the face of a Savior and a God. In Emerson you find a nature, originally poetic and even devout, chilled and strangled by the frosts of an imperfect philosophy (as though an eagle on his way to the sun were killed by the cold of our upper atmosphere); in "Festus" faith is the philosophy, hope is the science, and love the logic of the strain. In Emerson's verse, truth lurks like a guilty thing in single lines, which are rather pinfolds than panoramas; Bailey's broad nature luxuriates in long interlinked, and magnificent passages, which rise and rise till no wing short of that of imagination can reach and rest upon their summit.

Leaving comparisons, we may simply say that in the two qualities of impulse and earnestness, we have seldom read a work to be compared with "Festus." We care nothing for its theory—admit its many and monstrous faults—are not careful to answer the charge of imitation in its plan—but the vigor of individual thought, the amplitude of general view, and wealth of imagery—the rough strength of language, and, above all, the deep, sparkling, "blood-power of spirit," so religiously and so fervidly sincere, have compelled like a captive, our at first unwilling admiration. It now resounds in our ears like the Pan-pipe of a belated Titan from his lonely rock, at once bewailing the past, and cal-

ling, in no measured strains, for the advent of the future.

Of Browning, Mrs. Browning, and Tennyson, we need hardly speak, so well are they known and so thoroughly appreciated by the lovers of poetry in Britain.—Tennyson, of the three, is the most purely poetical, and perhaps the least prophetic in spirit or purpose. He may be compared to Ariel, in the "Tempest." Ariel ~~can~~ pluck up cedars by the roots, but prefers swinging in the blossom that hangs from the bough. He can back and bridle the fiery steed of the lightning, but prefers sucking in time and tune with the sucking bee. He can "flame amazement" over a crowded ship, but would rather fly on the bat's back in the still evenings of summer. From tasks at once mighty and delicate, requiring both infinite power and infinite tact, he springs gladly to the more congenial pursuits of an eternity of busy and merry idleness. So Tennyson, with powers which, as Carlyle once said, "might move the world," condescends sometimes to play tricks, to sing snatch-  
es, to waver in beautiful gyrations, like the down of the thistle, instead of going straight to his mark, like an arrow or a thunderbolt.

In both the Brownings, but especially in the lady, we find a more powerful and condensed purpose, united to imagination of almost equal brilliance. There is in her no dallying with her theme—no drawing back from her pictures, as a painter does, to try the effect—no "staying her thunder in mid-volley." She is in evident and deep earnest. Each theme sits before her, as a ghost might be supposed to do before a limner—at once shuddering and admiring; and you fancy her, at the close, falling back exhausted and trembling, after her faculties had been tasked to their utmost in that unearthly sitting. Seldom has woman had a higher or more masculine message to deliver. Yet sorrow hovers over the sublimity of her strains, "like the soft shadow of an an-

gel's wing," and the knowledge she has gained, and the power of moving us she exerts, have been bought at their weight, not in gold, but in fire.

It is pleasant, in some moods, to pass from these poets, with their passionate, or fierce, or heroic attitudes, to the blended ease and earnestness of Leigh Hunt.—He stands among them like an oak amid the surrounding pines, or birches, or sensitive plants, less tremulous, dark, drooping, or defiant, to every breath of heaven, but greener, ampler, calmer, albeit ready always to resist strong aggression, as well as to shade unassuming merit. If they aspire to the rank of prophets, he is a patriarch, seated and uttering gentle yet profound responses at his tent-door.

The highest compliment ever paid to Hunt is, perhaps, that of Byron, who, after a furious and vulgar diatribe against him, owns him to be a "good man."—This may seem poor praise, but a cold shower-bath from Hecla were less astonishing than the acknowledgment of any human virtue from the mouth of a man who had set himself elaborately to erase each vestige of goodness from his own character, and had well nigh succeeded—who had nearly completed an exchange between his heart and the "nether millstone"—and whose praises of all but his personal friends came forth rare and reluctant, as do the audible groans of his proud spirit. Hunt's goodness and talent he always admitted—and with regard to the charge of vulgarity, which now, at this distance of time, is the vulgar person of the two? Hunt's vulgarity is that of circumstances and education—Byron's was ingrained in his nature; and neither the Highlands, with their grandeur, nor Holland House, with its varied and brilliant converse, nor Italy, with the *recherche* society of its better classes, were able to erase the original stamp of the degraded and blackguard lord, which had been transmitted from generations downwards, till it was fortunate in his



countenance to meet and contend with the blaze of genius and the pale impress of coming death.

In our notion, Thomas Macaulay is an infinitely more vulgar person than Leigh Hunt, or even Lord Byron—if vulgarity mean the want of all those qualities which go to constitute a gentleman. Our readers, in illustration of this, may take the following anecdote, which we know to be correct. A writer who had some year or two ago, rather severely, although with a friendly feeling, criticised Macaulay in one of our leading periodicals, chanced to read Croaker's assault upon his "History of England," in the "Quarterly." Struck with its unfairness and with the *animus* which pervaded it, he wrote Mr. Macaulay a note, couched in the most respectful terms, not retracting his former statements, but expressing a manly sympathy with him under an unjust attack.—He was not a little surprised to receive an extremely harsh and contemptuous reply, in which the Edinburgh ex-member told his correspondent that he cared neither for his blame nor his praise. Had the writer been a clamorous petitioner for his self or his praise—had he approached him in an unfriendly guise, and with unfriendly language, or had he been base enough to have flattered the man whom he had criticised, he could have accounted for such treatment; as it was, he was forced to regard it as a breach of the laws of common courtesy, as a specimen of the wretched airs of aristocracy which upstarts often assume—as the action of a cockcomb, not a gentleman—and we understand told the historian so in language he is not likely soon to forget or to forgive. Leigh Hunt is incapable, both from geniality and gentlemanly feeling, of such conduct as this. He always dips his pen in a reservoir compounded of warm blood and of the milk of human kindness. This element, indeed, bathes his whole being and person. It swims in his restless eye—it throbs in his hot hand—it, and not

age's winter, seems to have whitened his locks—it gushes out in the jets and sparkles of his conversation, which is yet evidently only the relic of what it was in earlier times—and it is the mild or mirthful inspiration of his various writings.

Had Hunt been a less sincere and simple-minded person than he has been, he might, we think, have been quite as popular a writer as Thomas Moore. He has the *champagne* qualities of that writer, without, indeed, so many or such brilliant bubbles of wit and fancy upon the top—and has a world more of body, solidity and truth. It is his assuming the fairy shape, that has made some (ourselves at one time included,) to underrate his powers. But why did he assume it? Why did he, like the devils in Milton, shrink his stature to gain admission to the halls of Pandemonium? Why did he not rather, in dignified humility, wait without as he was, till the great main door was opened, and till in full size and panoply he entered in, and sat down, a giant among giants, a god amid gods? In such figured language we convey our notion at once of Hunt's strength and weakness. He has been, partly owing to circumstances, and partly to himself, little other than a glorious trifter. He has smiled, or lounged, or teased, or translated away faculties which, with proper concentration and a perpetual view toward one single object, had been incalculably beneficial to the general progress of literature and of man.

Moore again, seems made for trifling.—It is his element. The window-pane being his world, may we not call him the fly? His love is skin-deep; his anger, too, is a mere itch on the surface; his patriotism is easy, beginning and ending at the piano; his friendship all oozes out in a memoir of his departed friend; his hatred is exhausted in a single satire; and even his melody, while suiting the ivory keys of Lady Blessington's harpsichord, shrinks from the full diapason of the organ or the terrible unity of the fife; he has no

powers which earnestness would much care to challenge as her own.

Hunt, on the contrary, has put martial faculties upon perpetual parade—they have walked to and fro to beautiful music, but they have rarely mounted the breach, or even seen the enemy. This has not sprung either from the want of power or of courage, but from a kind of amiable ease of temperament, and, perhaps, also from a defect of constitutional stamina.—A soul of fire has been yoked to a nervous and feeble constitution.

We can hardly charge the author of forty volumes with having written little, but perhaps there is not one among all those volumes to which you can point as entirely worthy, and fully reflective of the powers which are visible in all. Throughout them all you have a beautiful diffusion—over many of them hangs a certain weary languor—in some you are saluted with an explosion of wit, like the crackers of a birth-night—and the others are full of a pensive poetry, tremulous with sentiment, and starred with the strangest and most expressive *epithets*. Heart, geniality, humanity and genius, pervade the whole.

Altogether, we cannot but look upon Hunt's present position as an enviable and fortunate one. He is in the evening of his days, but at evening-time it is light with him; he has outlived many a struggle; he has survived a storm in which many larger ships were wrecked; he has not now a single enemy; his name is a household word throughout the world; his fame is dear to every lover of poetry and of liberty; the government of his country has appreciated and rewarded his services. Whatever of the fierce or bitter, circumstances had infused into his mind, has now been extracted. Above all, milder and juster views of Christianity, its claims and character, seem entering his mind. We will not, therefore, close by wishing him happiness—it is his, we trust, already—but by wishing him long life to

enjoy the meek and bright sunset of his chequered and troublesome day.

### HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

While reading Hartley Coleridge's life, we have been often grieved, but never for a moment have been tempted to anger.—

There is so much *bonhomie*, so much unaffected oddity, he is such a queer being, such a *character*, in short, that you laugh more than you cry, and wonder more than you laugh. The judge would be a severe one who could keep his gravity while trying him. One mischief, too, which often attends faulty men of genius, is wanting in him. He has not turned his "diseases into commodities"—paraded his vices as if they were virtues, nor sought to circulate their virus. He is, as the old divines were wont to say, "a *sensible* sinner," and lies so prostrate that none will have the heart to trample on him. His vices, too, were so peculiarly interwoven with his idiosyncrasy, which was to the last degree peculiar, that they can find no imitators. When vice seems ludicrous and contemptible, few follow it; it is only when covered with the gauzy veil of sentimentalism, or when deliberately used as a foil to set off brilliant powers, that it exerts an attraction dangerously compounded of its native charm, and the splendors which shine beside it. Men who are disposed to copy the sins of a gifted, popular, and noble poet like Byron, and who, gazing at his sun-like beams, absorb his spots into their darkened and swimming eyes, can only look with mockery, pity, and avoidance, upon the slips of an odd little man, driving amid the hedgerows and ditches of the lake country, even although his accomplishments were great, his genius undoubted, and his name Coleridge.

His nature was, indeed, intensely singular. One might fancy him extracted from his father's side, while he slept and

dreamed. He was like an embodied dream of that mighty wizard. He had not the breadth, the length or the height of S. T. Coleridge's mind, but he had much of his subtlety, his learning, his occasional sweetness, and his tremulous tenderness. He was never, and yet always a child. The precocity he displayed was amazing—and precocious, and nothing more, he continued to the end. His life was a perpetual promise to be—a rich unexpanded bud—while his father's was a perpetual promise to do—a flower without adequate fruit. It was no wonder, that when his father first saw his child, his far-stretching eye was clouded with sorrow as he thought, If I—a whole, such as has seldom been created, have had difficulty in standing alone, how can this part of myself! If a frail tendency, running across my being, has damaged me, what is to become of one whose name is Frailty!

Some such thought was apparently in his prophetic mind, when he wrote the sonnet commencing with

"Charles, my slow heart was only sad," &c.

Nor did the future history of the child belie the augury of this poetic sigh of a fond, yet fearing parent, over the extracted, embodied frailty and fineness of his own being.

Indeed, a circle of evil auguries surrounded the childhood of little Hartley. The calm, quiet eye of Wordsworth surveyed the sports of the child, and finding them those of no common infant, he wrote the poem to "H. C., six years old," where he says—

"Thou art a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,  
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth."

His power of youthful fancy and language was wonderful. Not even Scott's story-telling faculty was equal to his. He delighted in recounting to his brother and companions, not a series of tales, but one

"continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, enchaining the attention of his auditors for a space of years." "This enormous romance, far exceeding in length the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion." While constructing this he was little more than twelve years of age.

A *curiosity*, Hartley Coleridge commenced life by being—and a curiosity, somewhat battered and soiled, he continued to the end. His peculiarity lay in such a combination of wonderful powers and wonderful weaknesses, of the mind of a man, the heart of a child, and the body of a dwarf, of purposes proud and high, and habits mean and low—as has seldom been witnessed. The wild disorganization produced by such a medley of contradictory qualities, no discipline, no fortunate juncture of circumstances, nothing, perhaps, but death or miracle could have reconciled. He was *not deranged*—but he was *disarranged* in the most extraordinary degree.

And such dark disarrangements are sometimes more hopeless than madness itself. There is nothing for them but that they be taken down, and cast into the new mould of the grave.

This original tendency and formation are thus described by his brother. "He had a certain infirmity of will—the specific evil of his life. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain—he was beyond measure, impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during

which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect, a congenital imperfection."

"Of such materials wretched men are made."

And so it fared with poor Hartley Coleridge. Up, indeed, to the time (1814) when he left school, he seems to have been as happy as most schoolboys are—nay, happier than most, in constant intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth, carrying on his English studies in his library at Allanbank, in the vale of Grasmere, and having become acquainted with John Wilson, then residing at his beautiful seat; Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, who became from that time, and continued to the last, one of his kindest friends. Through Mr. Southey's active intervention he was sent to Merton College, Oxford. His curriculum there was at first distinguished. If inferior in scholarship to many, he yielded to none in general knowledge, in genius, and, above all, in conversation. Ultimately he gained a fellowship in Oriel, with high distinction. But his powers of table-talk became snares to him, and at the close of his probationary year, he "was judged to have forfeited his fellowship mainly on the ground of intemperance." Great efforts were made by his father and others to reverse the sentence, but in vain. His ruin was now only a question of time. He repaired to London, but the precarious life of a man of letters was fitted to nurse instead of checking his morbid tendencies and unhappy habits. He next returned to the Lake country, commenced a school in conjunction with another gentleman, and even talked of entering into holy orders. But nothing would prosper with him. His school dwindled away, and he was reduced to make a scrambling livelihood by contributing to periodicals; domesticated the while at

Grasmere, in the house of a farmer's widow. Various attempts were made, ever and anon, to make him useful—by taking him to Leeds to edit a biographical work; assisting a friend in teaching a school at Ledbergh, &c., but all in vain. To Grasmere he as uniformly found his way back, to resume his erratic existence. In 1845, his mother's death brought him an annuity, which placed him on a footing of complete independence. During all this time he was employed fitfully in literary effort, wrote poems, contributed papers to "Blackwood's Magazines," and delivered occasional addresses to literary societies. He was gentle, amiable, frank, and notwithstanding his oddities and errors, was a great favorite with all classes in Cumberland. He was, as a churchman and politician, liberal, almost radical, in his opinions. He was a daily reader of his Bible. To the last, he struggled sore to unloose the accursed bands of indolence and sensualism which bound him; but to little purpose.

At length, in the beginning of 1849; he departed this life, after giving various evidences of a penitent spirit. He lies now in a spot, beside which, in little more than one year, the dust of one—*alike*, but oh, how different—Wordsworth was to be consigned. He was in his fifty second year. "His coffin, at the funeral was light as that of a child." "It was," says his brother, "a winter's day when he was carried to his last earthly home, cold, but fine, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory."

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PATRIOTIC LUNATICS.—The Fourth of July was celebrated in a highly interesting and novel manner in the Insane Asylum, at Utica, N. Y. Several speeches were made, odes sung, and orations delivered; demonstrating that the cause of liberty

has firmer supporters, and the Union of the States more reliable and reasonable friends, in the Ianatic Asylum, than are oft-times found out of it.

From the London Examiner.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION  
AT WARSAW.

NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Nicholas.*—God fights for us visibly.—You look grave, Nesselrode! is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

*Nesselrode.*—Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

*Nicholas.*—Surely he fought for Israel, when he was invoked by prayer.

*Nesselrode.*—Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was not Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion, is violence; the Deity in His omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting; and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds.

*Nicholas.*—The chariots of God are numbered by thousands in the volumes of the Psalmist.

*Nesselrode.*—No psalmist, or engineer, or commissary, or arithmetician, could enumerate the beasts that are harnessed to them; or the fiends that urge them on.

*Nicholas.*—Nesselrode! you grow more and more serious.

*Nesselrode.*—Age, sire, even without wisdom, makes men serious whether they are inclined or not. I could hardly have been so long conversant in the affairs of mankind (all which in all quarters your majesty superintends and directs) without much cause for seriousness.

*Nicholas.*—I feel the consciousness of Supreme Power, but I also feel the necessity of subordinate help.

*Nesselrode.*—Your majesty is the first monarch, since the earlier Cæsars of Imperial Rome, who could control, directly or indirectly, every country in our hemisphere, and thereby in both.

*Nicholas.*—There are some who do not see this.

*Nesselrode.*—There were some, and they indeed the most acute and politic of mankind, who could not see the power of the Macedonian king until he showed his full height upon the towers of Cheronæa.—There are some at this moment in England who disregard the admonitions of the most wary and experienced general of modern times, and listen in preference to babblers holding forth on economy and peace from slippery sacks of cotton and wool.

*Nicholas.*—Hush! hush! these are our men; what should we do without them? A single one of them in the parliament or town-hall is worth to me a regiment of cuirassiers. These are the true bullets with conical heads which carry far and sure. Hush! hush!

*Nesselrode.*—They do not hear us: they do not hear Wellington: they would not hear Nelson were he living.

*Nicholas.*—No other man that ever lived having the same power in his hands, would have endured with the same equanimity as Wellington, the indignities he suffered in Portugal; superseded in the hour of victory by two generals, one upon another, like marsh frogs; people of no experience, no ability. He might have become king of Portugal by compromise, and have added Galicia and Biscay.

*Nesselrode.*—The English, out of Parliament, are delicate and fastidious. He would have thought it dishonorable to profit by the indignation of his army in the field, and of his countrymen at home. Certainty that Bonaparte would attempt to violate any engagement with him might never enter into the computation; for Bonaparte could less easily drive him again out of Portugal than he could drive the

usurper out of Spain. We ourselves should have assisted him actively; so would the Americans; for every naval power would be prompt at diminishing the preponderance of the English. Practicability was here with Wellington; but, endowed with a keener and a longer foresight than any of his contemporaries, he held in prospective the glory that awaited him, and felt conscious that to be the greatest man in England is somewhat more than to be the greatest in Portugal. He is universally called *the duke*; to the extinction or absorption of that dignity over all the surface of the earth: in Portugal he could only be called king of Portugal.

*Nicholas.*—Faith! that is little: it was not overmuch even before the last accession. I admire his judgment and moderation. The English are abstinent: they rein in their horses where the French make them fret and curvet. It displeases me to think it possible that a subject should ever become a sovran. We were angry with the Duke of Sudermania for raising a Frenchman to that dignity in Sweden, although we were willing that Gustavus, for offences and affronts to our family, should be chastized, and even expelled. Here was a bad precedent. Fortunately the boldest soldiers dismount from their chargers at some distance from the throne. What withholds them?

*Nesselrode.*—Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.

*Nicholas.*—An excellent word indeed!—It shows the superiority of modern languages over ancient; christian ideas over pagan; living similitudes of God over bronze and marble. What an escape had England from her folly, perversity and injustice! Her admirals had the same wrongs to avenge: her fleets would have anchored in Ferrol and Coruna; thousands of volunteers from every part of both islands would have assembled round the

same standard; and both Indies would have bowed before the conqueror. Who knows but that Spain herself might have turned to the same quarter, from the idiocy of Ferdinand, the immorality of Joseph, and the perfidy of Napoleon?

*Nesselrode.*—England seems to invite and incite, not only her colonies, but her commanders, to insurrection. Nelson was treated even more ignominiously than Wellington. A man, equal in abilities and in energy to either, met with every affront from the East India Company.—After two such victories in succession as the Duke himself declared before the Lords that he had never known or read of, he was removed from the command of his army, and a general by whose rashness it was decimated was raised to the peerage. If Wellington could with safety have seized the supreme power in Portugal, Napier could with greater have accomplished it in India. The distance from home was farther; the army more confident; the allies more numerous, more unanimous. One avenger of their wrongs would have found a million avengers of his. Afghanistan, Cabul, and Scinde, would have united their acclamations on the Ganges: songs of triumph, succeeded by songs of peace, would have been chanted at Delhi, and have re-echoed at Samarcand.

*Nicholas.*—I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce; and I hope to share it with the Americans; not I indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must, within the lifetime of some now born, predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day, their population must ex-

ceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

*Nesselrode*.—Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

*Nicholas*.—Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first.

*Nesselrode*.—The blessed Saint's escape from capital punishment, after this violence, is among the greatest of miracles. Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Had he committed so great a crime against a person so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome, but would have carried his cross up to Calvary three days after the offence. The laws of no country would tolerate it.

*Nicholas*.—How did he ever get to Rome at all? He must have been conveyed by an angel, or have slipped on a sudden into a railroad train, purposely and for the nonce provided. There is a controversy at the present hour about his delegated authority, and it appears to be next to certain that he never was in the capital of the west. It is my interest to find it decided in the negative. Successors to the emperors of the east, who sanctioned and appointed the earliest popes, as the bishops of Rome are denominated. I may again at my own good time claim the privilege and prerogative. The cardinals and their subordinates are extending their claws in all directions: we must throw these crabs upon their backs again.

*Nesselrode*.—Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more

of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

*Nicholas*.—Horrible! unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

*Nesselrode*.—One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

*Nicholas*.—Framed? varnished? under glass? on panel? on canvass? What like?

*Nesselrode*.—The Virgin Mary, whatever made of.

*Nicholas*.—She must be ours, then. She missed her road: she never would have taken her place among stocks and stones and blind worshippers. Easterly winds must have blown her toward a pestilential city, where at every street-corner is very significantly inscribed its true name at full length, *Immondezzaio*. But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity when I express a doubt if every picture of the Blessed Virgin is sentient: most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her... unless it is the one that rolls the eyes: in that case I must claim her: she is too precious by half for papist or tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's church. Theologians may be consulted in regard to St. Peter, and may discover a manuscript at Novgorod, stating his martyrdom there, and proving his will and signature.

*Nesselrode*.—Theologians may find perhaps, in the *Revelations*, some Beast foreshadowing your Majesty.

*Nicholas*.—How? sir! how?

*Nesselrode*.—Emperors and kings, we are taught, are designated as great beasts in the Holy Scriptures.... (*Aside*).... and elsewhere.

## SECOND CONVERSATION.

*Nicholas*—We have disposed of our brother, his Prussian Majesty, who appeared to be impressed with the apprehension that a portion of his dominions was in jeopardy.

*Nesselrode*—Possibly the scales of Europe are yet to be adjusted.

*Nicholas*—When the winds blow high they must waver. Against the danger of contingencies, and in readiness to place my finger on the edge of one or other, it is my intention to spend in future a good part of my time at Warsaw, that city being so nearly central in my dominions.—Good *Nesselrode*! there should have been a poet near you to celebrate the arching of your eyebrows. They suddenly dropt down again under the horizontal line of your Emperor's. Nobody ever stared in my presence; but I really do think you were upon the verge of it, when I said *dominions* instead of *dependencies*. Well, well; dependencies are dominions; and of all dominions they require the least trouble.

*Nesselrode*—Your Majesty has found no difficulty with any excepting the Circassians.

*Nicholas*—The Circassians are the Normans of Asia; equally brave, more generous, more chivalrous. I am no admirer of military trinkets; but I have been surprised at the beauty of their chain-armor, the temper of their swords, the richness of hilt, and the gracefulness of baldric.

*Nesselrode*—It is a pity they are not Christians and subjects of your Majesty.

*Nicholas*—If they would become my subjects, I would let them, as I have let other Mahometans, become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

*Nesselrode*—It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men who are holding peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

*Nicholas*—One of them, I remember,

tried to persuade the people of England that if the bankers of London would negotiate no loan with me, I could carry on no war.

*Nesselrode*—Wonderful! how ignorant are monied men of money matters. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of obtaining the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the additional expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it. For never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow up their ammunition-wagons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

*Nicholas*—To obtain this information, my yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half a dozen English bishops. Every *table-d'hôte* on the continent, you tell me, has one daily guest sent by me. Ladies in the higher circles have taken my presents and compliments, part in diamonds and part in smiles. An emperor's smiles are as valuable to them as theirs are to a cornet of dragoons. Spare nothing in the boudoir and you spare much in the field.

*Nesselrode*—Such appears to have been the invariable policy of the Empress Catherine, now with God.

*Nicholas*—My father of glorious memory was less observant of it. He had prejudices and dislikes; he expected to find everybody a gentleman, even kings and ministers. If they were so, how could he have hoped to sway them? and how to



turn them from the straight road into his ?

*Nesselrode*—Your Majesty is far above the influence of antipathies ; but I have often heard your Majesty express your hatred, and sometimes your contempt of Bonaparte.

*Nicholas*—I hated him for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. When one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature ; in society some of them acquire it ; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage ; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee buckle ; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too ; caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him : he calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet for his own safety, he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman. He was fond of displaying the pick-lock keys whereby he found entrance into our cabinets, and of twitching the ears of his accomplices.

*Nesselrode*—Certainly he was less an emperor than as a soldier.

*Nicholas*—Great generals may commit grievous and disastrous mistakes, but never utterly ruinous. Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Prince Eugene, Marlborough,

William, Wellington, kept their winnings and never hazarded the last crown-piece. Bonaparte, when he had swept the tables, cried *double or quits*.

*Nesselrode*—The wheel of fortune is apt to make men giddy, the higher it rises and the quicker it turns ; sometimes it drops them on a barren rock, and sometimes on a treadmill. The nephew is more prudent than the uncle.

*Nicholas*—You were extremely wise, my dear Nesselrode, in suggesting our idea to the French President, and in persuading him to acknowledge in the face of the world that he had been justly imprisoned by Louis Phillipe for attempting to subvert the existing powers. Frenchmen are taught by this declaration what they may expect from a similar crime against his own pretensions. We will show our impartiality by an equal countenance and favor toward all parties. In different directions all are working out the design of God, and producing unity of empire "on earth as it is in heaven." Until this consummation there can never be universal or indeed any lasting peace.

*Nesselrode*—This lying far remote, I await your majesty's commands for what is now before us. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to express your satisfaction at the manner in which I executed them in regard to the President of the French Republic.

*Nicholas*—Republic, indeed ! I have ordered it to be a crime in France to utter this odious name. President, forsooth !—we have directed him, hitherto ; let him now keep his way. Our object was to stifle the spirit of freedom : we tossed the handkerchief to him, and he found the chloroform. Everything is going on in Europe exactly as I desire ; we must throw nothing in the way to shake the machine off the rail. It is running at full speed where no whistle can stop it. Every prince is exasperating his subjects, and exhausting his treasury in order to keep them under due control. What nation on

the continent, mine excepted, can maintain for two years longer his present war establishment? And without this engine of coercion, what prince can be the master of his people? England is tranquil at home; can she continue so when a foreigner would place a tiara over her crown, telling her who shall teach and what shall be taught? Principally, that where masses are not said for departed souls, better it would be that there were no souls at all, since they certainly must be damned. The school which doubts it is denounced as godless.

*Nesselrode*—England, sire, is indeed tranquil at home; but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them by the secretary now in office. At the Cape of Good Hope, innumerable nations, war-like and well armed, have risen up simultaneously against her; and to say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your Majesty well knows what atrocities her commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Isles. England looks on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

*Nicholas*—*Nesselrode*! You seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a fire at which our dinner is to be dressed: we shall soon sit down to it; Greece must not call me away until I rise from the desert: I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest moon. Our reapers have already the sickles in their hands.

*Nesselrode*—England may grumble.

*Nicholas*—So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she formerly was to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the Abbey, may in part disrobe

at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons, and fan-tails, and croppers, intermingled with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versicolor necks to the same corn!

For the Miscellany.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL,

BY MRS. H. STARR.

A child with cheek of lovelier hue  
Than ever painter's pencil drew,  
Upon a soft and mossy bed,  
Reclined its bright and sunny head;  
Unconscious all of things around,  
Its eyes were closed, its senses bound.  
A zephyr wild was there at play,  
And o'er the child that sleeping lay,  
It shook the scented blossoms bright,  
Until it seemed some child of light  
Had stolen forth from Heaven's bright bowers,  
And slumbered there 'mid earthly flowers.  
This lovely scene, I viewed it long;  
When on the air was poured a song:  
The notes were pure—too pure for earth—  
Music of Heaven, a hollier birth;  
And as they struck my listening ear,  
I knew an angel form was near.

"Sleep on, sweet child!

Sleep on upon thy bed of moss,  
While zephyrs still thy light curls toss,  
Sleep on!

Sleep on, for I with lyre in hand,  
Have left the white-winged shining band,  
To guide thy steps to that bright land  
Where no clouds lower.

Sleep on, fair one!

Sleep on, and I thy rest will guard,  
And hidden dangers from thee ward.  
Sleep on, for thou in coming years  
Wilt learn enough of earth-born fears,  
And pour thy share of bitter tears

Beneath the sun.

Sleep on, bright gem!

Sleep on, for now thou knowest not,  
The joys or sorrows of thy lot;  
And when, ere long, the sunny wreath  
Shall crown thy brow, or cup of grief  
Thy lip shall press without relief,  
The tide I'll stem."

The murmuring sound grew soft and low,  
The light-winged zephyr ceased to blow.  
Around I cast my wondering eyes,

Then raised them upward to the skies,  
 And on a cloud of rosy light,  
 Espied a form divinely bright;  
 One fair hand grasped a curious lyre,  
 Which shone more bright than living fire;  
 The other rested on the cloud,  
 That partly did his form enshroud,  
 While folded were his pinions bright,  
 And round his form shone heavenly light,  
 His dewy eyes, so clear and mild,  
 Were bent to earth on that sweet child,  
 And from his lyre a golden ray,  
 Her face illumed, as low she lay;  
 And ah! no more I wondered now,  
 She wore on earth a cherub's brow.

Long years flew past. I looked again:  
 The gentle flowers bloomed still as then,  
 And still the wild bird poured her song.  
 And light-winged zephyrs danced along;  
 The pale green moss still flourished fair—  
 But ah! no sleeping child was there.  
 Just as I passed the mossy bed,  
 A noble mansion reared its head,  
 And in a room where wealth and art,  
 strove well to please both head and heart,  
 A maiden form, surpassing fair,  
 Was twining pearls amid her hair.  
 I knew that face, though deep-souled thought,  
 For resting place that brow had sought;  
 And those bright curls were darker shade,  
 Than when soft-zephyrs with them played,  
 As 'mid the lovely flowers she lay,  
 In slumbers sweet that sunny day.  
 Those beaming eyes, I read them well;  
 A single glance sufficed to tell,  
 They spoke a soul still free from care;  
 A spirit buoyant as the air;  
 A heart that ne'er had tasted grief  
 Too deep for earth to give relief.  
 And as she twined those snowy pearls  
 Amid her glossy auburn curls,  
 Even as the glow of conscious pride,  
 Lit her warm cheek, lo, by her side  
 Her guardian angel took his stand,  
 The golden lyre still in his hand,  
 The trembling strings he lightly swept,  
 And all entranced, the maiden wept,  
 Though while the notes re-echoed long,  
 She knew not then the heavenly song,  
 But breathless listened to the sound,  
 That softly murmured all around.

"Flee, beautiful one!  
 Flee from the gilded shining bait,  
 That for thy soul doth lie in wait;  
 Oh! flee from Pleasures syren song;  
 Already thou hast listened long;

Her silken bands are waxing strong—  
 Then quickly flee!

Flee beautiful one!  
 Flee, flee from those who whisper fair;  
 E'en now they plot thy soul to snare;  
 Flee, beautiful one, to the Savior's breast,  
 As flits the dove to her downy nest!  
 Yes, flee, before thy earthly trust  
 Is smitten low into the dust,  
 And thy fond heart beneath it crushed—  
 Oh! quickly flee.

Yes, flee to the better home on high,  
 Where ne'er is heard the smothered sigh,  
 And foul deceit no more comes nigh—  
 Oh! quickly flee!"

Upon her knee the maiden sank  
 As these sweet sounds her spirit drank;  
 One hand, fair as a moon-beam, pressed  
 Upon her wildly heaving breast,  
 The other meekly raised to heaven—  
 She humbly prayed to be forgiven.  
 Her earnest tones, more earnest grew,  
 When shining ones around her flew,  
 And sweetly ran their message o'er;  
 "Daughter of earth, go on no more;  
 Our Father calls thee to the skies—  
 Daughter of earth, awake, arise!"  
 The maiden raised her low-bowed head;  
 The glow of pride had long since fled;  
 Her soft eyes beamed with holy joy,  
 Which earth could never more destroy.  
 Her hope was anchored; firm her soul,  
 Her eye fixed on the heavenly goal.

The months rolled by; again I sought  
 The scene where this blest change was wrought.  
 The lovely maiden still was there,  
 But oh! how like the lily fair!  
 For by her side pale Death had passed,  
 And o'er her form his mantle cast.

"Weep not for me!  
 Mother, weep not," she faintly said.  
 'The parting hour I do not dread,  
 'Tis my release.  
 This earth, though beautiful and bright,  
 Has faded from my raptured sight,  
 And round me glows a holier light—  
 Your tears then cease.

Weep not for me!  
 Immortal light has pierced the tomb;  
 No more it wears a chilling gloom,  
 But 'tis a rest  
 In which the casket frail to lay,  
 While angels bear the gem away  
 To shine in one eternal day,  
 On Jesus' breast.

Weep not for me,  
 For o'er me waves a cherub's wings,  
 And most divinely now he sings—  
 'Sister, come home'  
 I'll follow thee, thou Spirit bright,  
 To thy blest home of life and light,  
 Where faith is changed to glorious light—  
 I come, I come."

A light, surpassing light of day,  
 Fell round that pale and suffering clay,  
 When lo, the Angel quickly spread  
 His pinions white, and softly said,  
 "Rise, sister, rise, thine hour is come,  
 I wait to guide thy spirit home."  
 One glimpse I caught of that bright lyre,  
 One strain I heard, as rising higher,  
 He bore away that lovely gem  
 To deck the Savior's diadem,  
 And sing anew in bliss above,  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

#### PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DUTCH POET.

The name of Wilhelm Bilderdyk is scarcely known beyond the boundaries of his own country; and yet those who are conversant with the Dutch language place him in a very high rank as a poet. The publication of his first poem, *Ellicus*, formed quite an era in the history of Dutch literature. It was speedily followed by a faithful and spirited translation of the *Ædipus* of Sophocles, and versions of other Greek writers. Besides his imaginative pursuits, he engaged with ardor in the study of geology, and almost rivaled Cuvier in his acquaintance with natural history. War and invasion, however, interrupted the labors of Bilderdyk. He quitted Holland, traveled through Germany, passed over to England, and finally spent some time among the Scottish highlands, where he employed himself in translating Ossian's poems into Dutch verse. He then went to the principality of Brunswick, and there composed a very extraordinary work, *The Melodies of Wise Men*, a poem whose mild, lofty sublimity, unearthly interest, and grasp of gloomy

thought, entitle it to rank with the *Inferno* of Dante.

Bilderdyk at length was able to return to his country. Louis Napoleon, who then reigned at the Hague, chose him as his instructor in the Dutch language, and named him president of the second class in the Institute of Amsterdam. About this time he married a beautiful and clever girl, named Wilhelmina; and for several years they enjoyed together as perfect happiness as this world can give—she occupied in domestic and maternal duties, and he adding to his fame and fortune by the publication of several works. But at length death visited their dwelling, and removed within a brief space three lovely children. Their loss was commemorated in two poems—*Winter Flowers*, and *The Farewell*. Not long afterwards, public misfortune came to aggravate his private sorrows. Louis Napoleon left Holland, and Bilderdyk took refuge at Groningen, where he stayed for some time, and then, rejecting a liberal offer of employment made him by William of Orange, he set out for France, accompanied by his wife.

When they entered the diligence, they found it occupied but by one person, a young female of mild and engaging appearance. No sooner did the heavy machine begin to move than she began to scream, and testified the most absurd degree of terror. Public carriages then were certainly far inferior, both in safety and accommodation, to those of modern times; yet the probable amount of danger to be apprehended did not by any means justify the excessive apprehension manifested by the fair traveler. On arriving at Brussels, the lady was so much overcome that she announced her intention of stopping some days in that city to recruit her strength before venturing again to encounter the perils of a diligence; and taking leave of Bilderdyk and his wife, she gratefully thanked the latter for the kind attention she had shown her during the journey. The two Hollanders proceeded

on their way to Paris, laughing heartily from time to time at the foolish cowardice of a woman who saw a precipice in every rut, and a certain overturn in every jolt of the wheels.

Arrived at their journey's end, the travelers took up their abode in an humble dwelling in the Rue Richelieu, and commenced with the utmost delight visiting all the wonderful things in Paris. Bilderdyk soon found himself completely in his element. He breakfasted with Ouvier at the Jardin des Plantes, passed his afternoon at the Bibliotheque Richelieu, dined in the Faubourg St. Germain with Dr. Alibert, and finished the evening at the play or the opera. One day he and his wife were given excellent places for witnessing the ascent in a balloon of a young woman, Mme. Blanchard, whose reckless courage enabled her to undertake aerial voyages, despite the sad fate which befell Pilastré de Rosiers, her own husband, and several other aeronauts. Our Hollanders amused themselves for some time with watching the process of inflating the balloon, and following with their eyes the course of the tiny messenger-balloons sent up to ascertain the direction of the upper currents of wind. At length all is ready—the band strikes up a lively air, and Mme. Blanchard, dressed in white and crowned with roses, appears, holding a small gay flag in her hand. With the most graceful composure she placed herself in the boat, the cords were loosed, and the courageous adventuress, borne rapidly upwards in her perilous vehicle, soon appeared like a dark spot in the sky.

When he returned to his lodging, Bilderdyk composed a poem in honor of the brave woman who adventured her life so boldly, rivaling the free birds of heaven in their flight, and beholding the stars face to face. Next morning he hastened to get his production printed, and without considering that Mme. Blanchard most likely did not understand Dutch, he repaired to her lodgings with a copy of the poem in

his hand, intending to ask permission to present it to her. He was courteously invited to enter the drawing-room, and there, to his great amazement, he found himself *tete-a-tete* with the silly, frightened lady, whose nervous tremors in the Brussels diligence had afforded so much amusement to him and his wife. Surprised and disconcerted, he was beginning to apologize, when the lady interrupted him.

"Monsieur," she said, "you are not mistaken. I am Mme. Blanchard. You see how possible it is for the same person to be cowardly in a coach and courageous in a balloon."

A good deal of conversation ensued, the poem was timidly offered, and graciously accepted; and the fair aeronaut accepted an invitation to dine that day with Bilderdyk and his wife.

In the course of the evening, Mme. Blanchard related to them some curious circumstances in her life. Her mother kept a humble way-side inn near La Rochelle, while her father worked in the fields. One day a balloon descended near their door, and out of it was taken a man severely but not dangerously bruised.—Her parents received him with the utmost hospitality, and supplied him with all the comforts they could give. He had no money wherewith to repay them, but as he was about to depart, he remarked that the mistress of the house was very near her confinement, and he said:

"Listen, and mark my words. Fortune cannot always desert me. In sixteen years, if alive, I will return hither. If the child who will soon be born to you should be a boy, I will then adopt him; if a girl, I will marry her!"

The worthy peasants laughed heartily at this strange method of paying a bill; and although they allowed their guest to depart, they certainly built very little on his promise. The aeronaut, however kept his word, and at the end of sixteen years re-appeared at the inn, then inhabited by

only a fair young girl, very lately left an orphan. She willingly accepted Jean Pierre Blanchard as a husband, and for a short time they lived happily together; but during an ascent which he made in Holland, he was seized with apoplexy, and fell to the ground from a height of sixty feet. The unhappy aeronaut was not killed on the spot, but lingered some time in frightful torture, carefully and fondly attended by his wife, whom at length he left a young and penniless widow.

Mario Madeleine Blanchard, despite her natural timidity, resolved to adopt her husband's perilous profession. Pride and necessity combined do wonders; and not only did she succeed in maintaining perfect composure while in the air, but she also displayed wonderful presence of mind during the time of danger. On one occasion she ascended in her balloon from Nantes, intending to come down at about four leagues from that town, in what she believed to be a large meadow. While rapidly descending, the cordage of the balloon became entangled in the branches of a tree, and she found herself suspended over a vast green marsh, whose treacherous mud would infallibly engulf her. Drawn to the spot by her cries, several peasants came to her assistance, and with considerable difficulty and danger succeeded in placing her on terra firma.

On the day following the one on which she dined with M. and Mme. Bilderdyk, Mme. Blanchard left Paris, promising her two friends, as she bade them farewell, that she would soon return. Time passed on, however, and they heard nothing of her. They were preparing to return to Holland, when some of Bilderdyk's countrymen residing in Paris resolved to give him a banquet on the eve of his departure.

The entertainment took place at a celebrated restaurant, situated at the angle formed by the Rue Cauchat and the Rue

de Provence. While enjoying themselves at table, the guests suddenly perceived the windows darkened by the passing of some large black object. With one accord they rose and ran out: a woman lay on the pavement, pale, crushed and dead. Bilderdyk gave a cry—it was Mme. Blanchard! In what a guise to meet her again! Encouraged by the constant impunity of her perilous ascensions, the unhappy aeronaut, (the word I believe has no feminine,) finding a formidable rival in Mlle. Garnerin, resolved to surpass her in daring by augmenting the risk of her aerial voyages. For this purpose she lighted up her balloon car with colored lamps, and carried with her a supply of fire-works.—on the sixth of July, 1819, she rose from amid a vast concourse of spectators. The balloon caught in one of the trees of the Champs-Elysees, but without regarding the augury Mme. Blanchard threw out ballast, and as she rose rapidly in the air she spilled a quantity of lighting spirits of wine, and then sent off rockets and Roman candles.

Suddenly, with horror, the mass of up-turned eyes beheld the balloon take fire. One piercing shriek from above mingled with the affrighted cries of the crowd below, and then some object was seen to detach itself from the fiery globe. As it came near the earth it was recognized as the body of the ill-fated Mme. Blanchard.

Weeping and trembling, Bilderdyk aided in raising the disfigured corpse, and wrapped it up in the net-work of the balloon, which the hands still grasped firmly. The shock, acting on his excitable temperament, threw him into a dangerous illness, from which, however, he recovered, and returned to his native country. There he published an admirable treatise, "The Theory of Vegetable Organization," and a poem entitled "The Destruction of the Primeval World." A French critic has placed this latter work in the same rank with "Paradise Lost," and says, "Old

Milton has nothing finer, more energetic, or more vast, in his immortal work." An English critic, however, would probably scarcely concur in this judgment.

Bilderdyk died in the town of Haarlem, on the 18th December, 1831.

## BARDS OF THE BIBLE.

### MOSES.

Herder has not failed to notice the air of solitude which breathes about the poetry, as it did about the character of Moses. He was the loneliest of men; lonely in his flight from Egypt, lonely while herding his flock in the wilderness, lonely on the summit, and lonely when descending the sides of the hill—lonely in his death, and lonely in his burial. Even while mingling with the multitudes of Israel, he remained secluded and alone.

### DAVID.

David's genius reflects, of course, partially the phases of his general character. It is a high, bold energy, combining the fire of the warrior and finer enthusiasm of the lyric poet. This is its general tone, but it undergoes numerous modifications. At one time it rises into a swell of grandeur in which the strings of his harp shiver as if a storm were the harper. Again it sinks into a deep, solitary plaint, like the cry of a bittern in a lonely pool. At a third time, it is a gush of joy—a mere smile of devout gladness, transferred to his strain. Again, it is a quick earnest cry for deliverance from present danger.

### SOLOMON.

David was essentially a lyrical, Solomon is a combination of the didactic and descriptive poet... His fire, compared with David's is calm and glowing—a guarded furnace, not a flame tossed by the wind; his flights are fewer, but they are as lofty and more sustained. The father has written hymns which storm the feelings, melt the heart, rouse the devo-

tion of multitudes; the son has painted still richer pictures, which touch the imaginations of the solitary and the thoughtful. The one, though a great, can hardly be called a wise poet; the other was the poet-sage of Israel—his imagination and intellect were equal, and they interpenetrated.

### ISAIAH.

Not merely does his mind overleap ages, and take up centuries as a "little thing," but his eye overleaps them too, and seems literally to see the word Cyrus inscribed on his banner—the river Euphrates turned aside—the cross, and him who bore it.—We have little doubt that many of his visions became objective, and actually painted themselves to the prophet's eye.

### CHRIST.

The full solution of the dread mystery of man and the world can be expected only from Christ. For why? He alone understands it. He has passed up every step of the ladder from the child to the God—from the manger to the throne. He has felt the pulse of all being.... Herod became grave in his presence, Pilate washed his hands from the shadow of his blood, Peter wept at his look, and Judas died at his recollection. Angels ministered to him or sung his praise; the grave was ashamed of hiding his dust; earth threw his ransomed body up to heaven; and Heaven sent forth all its guards and opened all its gates to receive him into its bosom.

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?—*Irving*.

## GLIMPSES OF NATURE.

BY JEREMIAH SCOTT, M. D.

## THE PLANTS OF HINDOSTAN.

India, being traversed, not only by immense chains of high and rocky mountains, but also by hills and deserts of sand, marshes and savannas, the productions are various as the different degrees of fertility in the soil itself. But on the whole, the vegetable kingdom is here singularly rich in treasures, whether we are seeking beauty, utility, or only attractive subjects of study.

One of the most interesting of these is the *jatamansi*, which is generally supposed to be the spikenard of the ancients, with a costly ointment of which Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, when He paid His last visit to Lazarus and his sisters, immediately before the crucifixion. This plant, when fresh, is slightly aromatic, the odor being greatly increased by the simple process of drying. It is abundant on the hills of Butan, on the heights of Nepal, and is found also on the plains. In its first impulse of growth it sends up several hairy spikes, which have a strong resemblance to the tail of an ermine; but in color they are like young wheat ears. This spike is perennial, and constitutes in itself the drug known in commerce.—From its summit shoots forth an herbaceous stem, from six to twelve inches long, with smooth, entire leaves, the lower pair hearted and on footstalks, the stem leaves lanceolate and sessile; the stem being crowned with a corymb of white flowers. This plant was called *nard* by the ancients; and Dr. Anderson, of Madras, has given us this curious philological remark, that in the Tamul dictionary, most words commencing with *nar*, express some idea of perfume or fragrance.

This drug is carried across the desert to Aleppo, where it is used in substances mixed with perfume, sometimes in the

form of essence, put upon little phials like otter of roses; at others it is worn in small bags.

Caoutchouc, or India rubber, is the inspissated juice of the elastic gum vine, and also of several species of ficus. Belonging to the same genus as the former is the poison nut, *nux vomica*, the kernel of which contains the deadliest of all vegetable poisons. By one of those wonderful provisions of nature, that keep nutritive, healthful, and noxious principles perfectly distinct in different cells and divisions of the same plant, the pulp of the fruit is perfectly harmless, being much sought and eaten by birds. Another species of the same genus is the cleansing nut, the ripe seeds of which are dried and sold in every market, to purify muddy water.—The Hindoos never drink clear well water, if they can get pond or river water, which is always more or less impure. The vessel for containing the water is usually an unglazed earthen one, and around the sides of this, one of the nuts is rubbed, hard and quickly, for two or three minutes. The water is then left to settle, and in a short time all the impurities sink to the bottom, leaving the water clear; and, as is believed, perfectly wholesome. This is a very singular property, yet through what particular principle, or combination of principles it acts, it is difficult to conjecture.

To the fig tribe, also; belongs that glory of Indian trees, the sacred *BAHIAN*. It is, indeed, a forest of itself. There is one on the banks of Nerbuddah, ancient beyond computation—a venerable patriarch of unknown centuries, yet adorned with all the freshness and grace of a perennial youth. Come for a moment beneath its shadow. How grand and solemn it is!—a vast dome of verdure sustained by innumerable pillars! These stems alone, occupy an area whose circumference is more than two thousand feet, while the projecting branches, which have



not yet dropped their offshoots into the earth, occupy a much larger space. If you should count them, you would find at least three hundred and fifty of the large trunks, while the smaller ones exceed three thousand. And when we think that each of them is continually putting forth new branches, and sending out new colonies, what limits can be set to its increase? This tree, when it was much smaller than it is now, has sheltered seven thousand men, affording them commodious resting places. We see it now as described by the poet,

"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillared shade,  
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

Equally gigantic as a grass is the bamboo, whose culms, or jointed stems, are frequently found one hundred and fifty feet high, with a diameter of more than a foot at the base. Think of it! A grass taller than our best trees! This plant grows with extreme rapidity, and literally extends itself into forests. Its luxuriant dark green foliage, which spreads out into a tuft or tassel at the summit, waves in the spicy air, as the tall and slender stems sway to and fro with a kind of religious solemnity.

There are few plants more extensively useful than this. The cane is used for a great variety of purposes. The palanquin, which is a kind of a chair or chaise, used in the East as a vehicle of conveyance for people of quality, is manufactured from the bamboo. The palanquin is usually borne by eight men, who relieve each other at intervals; and is often furnished with luxuriant cushions and fine curtains, in very costly style. No article in the world could be so well adapted to this purpose as the bamboo, combining, as it does, in a pre-eminent degree, the properties of lightness, strength, firmness and durability.

The small stems are used for the handles of umbrellas, and for walking-canes. Houses are built of the larger stems, some of which are said to last even a hundred years. Boats are also built of it, and floors, boxes, bedsteads, cups, baskets, and mats are manufactured of it; and when split, it forms bow-strings, and a great variety of other utensils. It is the common fence for gardens and fields, and the tubes are frequently used for water-pipes. The young and tender shoots are cut and eaten as asparagus; but as they get older they become coated both within and without with silex, or pure sand. Paper is prepared from the bamboo by bruising and maceration in water, when it becomes a stiff paste.

Nothing can exceed the delicacy and gracefulness of these extensive forests, which are so prominent a feature of the Indian landscape, though but little is yet known of their actual wealth. The foliage of every species is given off in feathery clusters, spreading their exquisite plumage on the soft air; while the long and pendant leaves of the palms are sent abroad, gay and verdant streamers. There are said to be no less than four hundred and fifty-six different species of Indian wood. Of these a large portion are adapted to useful purposes by the natives. India being traversed by the colossal range of the Himalaya mountains, combines the products of almost every zone and clime. These mountains, as is well known, embrace the loftiest summits on our globe. The gradations of vegetable life which they present to the traveler are, in themselves, an interesting study. The easy and pleasant slopes that stretch their vast chain along the north-eastern boundary of Hindostan, present a favorably disposed surface for catching the warm breezes that steal up from the immense plains of that country, while, at the same time, they are sheltered from the cold winds of Siberia by the great terraces that are piled up against the north. Hence

the tropical and temperate regions extend to a much higher altitude than is often found in other Alpine regions. At their base we find the most conspicuous productions of the tropics, the palm, pomegranate, orange, mango, banana, and bamboo. The pine-apple, sugar-cane and rice, are cultivated in the valleys at a height of four thousand feet; but above the elevation of six thousand feet, only wheat, millet, barley, and the other northern grains will succeed. At an elevation of about four thousand feet, it snows every winter; but on the slopes fronting Hindostan, the pine, chestnut, oak, walnut, and other trees of the temperate zones are found at a great elevation. These, under favorable circumstances, when not arrested by the avalanche, by the sterility of the soil, or the rupture of declivities, extend themselves, gradually, however, passing into pine forests, to the height of thirteen thousand feet; and this is the limit of cultivation, no villages being found above that point; and even there the harvest yields but a meagre return for the labor bestowed. The vine, in favorable situations, affords delicious grapes at an elevation of from eight thousand to twelve thousand feet. At the height of fourteen thousand feet are found some clumps of fir, birch, rhododendron, gooseberry and whortleberry bushes; but they are, emphatically, "few and far between." By another advance, we reach the small woody or herbaceous flowering plants which are peculiar to the arctic regions; and beyond these the mosses and lichens exhibit the last traces of vegetable life, in the confines of the region of eternal snow. Here the last expiring efforts of vegetation are similar to those of the summits of the Caucasus, the Andes, the Pyrenees, and the Alps; and also the productions of the arctic and antarctic regions.

Indigo, which is the product of an Asiatic plant, the *indigofera tinctoria*, is cultivated to a large extent in Hindo-

stan. This vegetable, in its appearance, bears a strong resemblance to the common plant of our woods, which is known as wild indigo. It has the same winged leaf and butterfly-shaped flower. Labor and land being very cheap in India, it can be produced to better profit and advantage there than in most other places; and in this genial clime the work can also be done without shelter, consequently the expense of houses is avoided.

The first step in its cultivation is to prepare the ground. This should be mellow, rich, perfectly free from weeds, and quite dry. The seeds are sown in narrow drills about one foot asunder. The rainy season affords the only proper time for sowing, otherwise, if deposited in a dry soil, the crop will be lost. If kept free from weeds, it will be fit for cutting in three months; and this must be done before it flowers, otherwise the virtues of the leaf will be exhausted in the product of the flower. The cuttings may be repeated in favorable seasons every six weeks, during the time of rain; nor must they be attempted at any other time, for if cut during a dry season the plants will not spring again, and the ground stock is completely lost.

This is the most precarious of the Indian crops; for the plants being extremely delicate and tender, they are liable to be greatly injured, and are often wholly destroyed by the hail storms to which the climate is subject, while the hardier plants scarcely suffer any injury.

The cuttings may generally be continued for the space of two years.

As soon as the indigo is cut, it is macerated in water, contained in a deep vat, until it parts with its coloring matter.—The liquor is then drawn off into another vat, where it undergoes a peculiar process of heating, by which the fecula or deposit of the coloring matter becomes separated from the water. This fecula is then decanted into a third vat, where, having remained for some time, it is strained thro'

flannel bags, and placed in shallow wooden boxes set in the shade, when the process of evaporation begins. When it acquires a considerable degree of solidity, yet is not wholly dry, it is cut in pieces about an inch square. When fully dry, it is packed in boxes or put in bags, and is then ready for the market.

A little sketch of the history of this indispensable article of commerce may not be inappropriate here. There is undoubted evidence of the fact, that the indigo plant was cultivated in India, and the preparation of the drug was practiced at a very remote period of antiquity. Pliny, though he was led into error in regard to the preparation of the drug, yet undoubtedly was acquainted with it, under the name of Indicum, which he tells us was brought from India, and when diluted with water, produced an admirable mixture of blue and purple colors. He also mentions tests by which the genuine article could be discriminated. It is true that the identity of the drug described by Pliny, with the modern indigo, has been questioned by some writers; yet, it would appear from all the evidence in the case, on quite inadequate grounds. But it is absolutely certain that indigo was imported into Europe by the overland route through Alexandria, previously to the discovery of the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope. In the early stages of its use, a little of it was generally mixed with woad to improve its color. The proportion of indigo was increased by degrees, until at length the woad was entirely rejected. Owing to this circumstance, the growers of woad excited a stringent opposition to the use of indigo. An imperial edict was published in Germany, prohibiting the use of devil's dye, as it was termed by the opposition; while by the same authority, great care was taken to prevent the clandestine importation of the prohibited drug. The magistrates of Nuremberg went still further, and compelled the dyers of that city to

forswear the use of indigo on their sacred oath. In 1598, at the solicitation of the woad growers of Languedoc, the use of indigo was prohibited in that province; and it was not until 1737 that the dyers of France were left to a free choice of substances to be used in their business.

The cotton-plant and sugar-cane are also indigenous to the East Indies; but as we are more especially interested in them as articles of our own growth, manufacture and commerce, they will fall into their place among the descriptions of the vegetation of our Southern States.

#### ELEGANT EXTRACT...THE MOTHER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I saw her large blue eyes swell with maternal tenderness, as she gazed in all the plenitude of a mother's love, upon the painful countenance of her silent, imploring child. I saw her bursting bosom heave with agonizing fear, as she gently pressed its little, out-stretched hand between her own, and bathed it in tears. . . I saw her unwearied care anticipate her infant's wants, untold by words, but eloquently told by an infantile look, and intuitively comprehended by a mother's love; and when the little sufferer slumbered, I saw a mother's care command a mother's grief, and half respiration, check the rising sobbings of her soul, lest a full sigh should wake her sleeping babe. It was then that busy memory gave to present pain a heightened anguish, and shrouded in gloomy bodements the endearing prattling of her child, its smiles of timid triumph, as its tottering feet bore it from chair to chair, its suppliant hands seeking maternal safety. These and a thousand other endearments rushed on her mind, and like a transient light in some dark solitude, made misery still more poignant.

The remembrance of hours spent in the society of her child, gradually devel-

aping its bodily and mental powers, imparted saddened pleasure to maternal nursing; when suddenly a feeble green dissolved its vision, for the vital taper of her child was sinking into its socket. . . Her stifled sighs now burst into convulsive sobbings in her bosom, while her laboring soul gave the pure spirit of her child to God. I sincerely participated in her afflictions, and was silent in this scene of woe, as I was unwilling to interrupt the sacred tribute of her grief, or unclasp that firm embrace, which pressed a lifeless infant to a mother's bosom, for soon it would be cradled in its coffin, and dashed in the lone mansion of the grave, over which the winds of winter would howl its lullaby.

I thought, as I witnessed her conflicting feelings, how kindly Providence had implanted in a mother's bosom, that persevering love which enables her to bear, with unrepining fortitude, the various cares connected with our childhood, and that these men are monsters who repay with cold indifference the affectionate solicitude that guarded their years of helpless infancy. I felt a glow within my bosom, a filial offering to the memory of my mother, with a sigh lest my thoughtless boyhood may have given her pain, unconscious of the sacred debt of gratitude due to the feelings of a parent.

### THE CHURCH.

BY REV. J. S. O. ABBOTT.

There are several packet ships plying between New York and Liverpool. If I am about to cross the Atlantic, I select that ship which appears to me to be most commodious and safe. Other persons, with the same object in view, select a different ship. Perhaps they think it better adapted to encounter storms, or they wish to go in company with a friend who has already secured his passage. We all embark on the voyage, in our different ships.

God prospers us all. He sends his wind to waft us across the ocean, and one after another we arrive at our destined port. One ship has furnished rather the best accommodations and most pleasant society. Another has proved the better sailor. A third has rode through every storm, without shipping a sea. But all are good ships. All arrive in safety; and the little inconveniences of the voyage are soon forgotten.

Thus do several individuals who have become the disciples of Jesus Christ, set out on their voyage to Heaven. Their tastes, their friendships, their means of information respecting the different organizations into which the Christian Church is divided, are different. One has had his attention called to the subject of religion while listening to the appeals of an Episcopal clergyman; and consequently his earliest and his warmest religious associations cluster around the Episcopal church. Another is surrounded with Baptist friends, who have plead with him and prayed for him till, by the blessing of God, he has been led to the believer's hope. And in their Christian sympathies he finds support and encouragement, such as he can find no where else. Another would have gone down to the grave, strong in his sins, were it not that the earnest accents of a Methodist preacher startled his slumbering conscience. He was led to the class-meeting, and, while listening to fervent prayer, the Holy Spirit renewed his heart. Such a man will surely embark in the Methodist ship, to meet the storms and adverse winds of life. Another has been reared in the bosom of a Congregational family. He has, from early life, listened to the prayers of parents whose stable and cheerful piety has ever been soothing his passions and appealing to his conscience. He has been led by them, by the hand, to the church, and has listened year after year to the calm instructions of their revered pastor. And when, by the grace of God, he becomes a child of Jesus, he

thinks there is no ship in the world like the good old Congregationalist. Another, who has few early pre-posessions to influence his choice—who has no youthful religious associations entwining around his heart, embarks on board any ship that happens to be most convenient. After sailing a few days, a storm arises and fogs and adverse winds are encountered. He thinks it the fault of the ship, and begins to murmur. As soon as he sees another sail looming in the distance, he will take no rest till he is put on board, bag and baggage. But before many days pass away, some new inconveniences induce him to try another ship that heaves in sight. And it has generally been observed that such a man never leaves a ship without throwing back a few volleys of peevishness and petulance as he goes down her side.

In this way, perhaps, he changes several times before the voyage of life terminates. But at last he arrives safely in the harbor, and probably expresses his regret, to his early companions, that he did not continue the voyage with them. Such an one should not be severely censured. His instability of mind is, perhaps, as much his misfortune as his fault.

We all have our preferences. I have mine. The ship I have embarked in I like exceedingly. I like the hull and the rigging—the passengers and the crew. But when I see another ship, with full sail and favoring breeze, careering over the same sea and bound to the same port, I for one feel like giving her three cheers, and bidding her God speed. If a piratic craft looms in sight, I feel no disposition to stop and fight her, but to crowd on every stitch of canvas, and press on our way.

But to leave this figure. Become a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ; openly profess your attachment to him, and consecrate your life to his service, and it is comparatively of little consequence with what denomination of Christians you may unite. I say of little consequence—I do not say of

none. If the heart be right with God, we shall conscientiously strive in all things to conform to his will. And when this conscientious conformity results in different ecclesiastical organizations, holding the same essential truths, and aiming at the same general object, the frown of God is not to be anticipated. Indeed, as far as we can judge, God approves of all such organizations, for he sends his special Spirit to guide and prosper all.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### AMERICAN VANITY.

We are not at all surprised at what in this country is most foolishly called the conceit and vanity of the Americans... What people in the world have so fine, so magnificent a country? Besides that, they have some reason to be proud of themselves. We have given the chief features of their eastern and inland territory; if the reader has any imagination for ideas of this kind, let him picture to himself what will be the aspect of things when the tide of population has crossed the long range of the Rocky Mountains, and occupying the valleys of the western coast, has built other Bostons and New Yorks in the harbors of Oregon and California. This tide of population is now advancing along a line of more than a thousand miles, at the rate of eighteen miles a year; and each year, as the population behind becomes larger, the number of new settlers is increased, and the rate of advance is accelerated. This vast crowd of ever-ouward-pressing settlers is not formed of the same materials as the inhabitants of an European province; that is, there are not at its head a few intelligent but delicately-brought-up men of capital, while all the rest are ignorant laborers; but every one of these pioneers of civilization can handle the axe and the rifle, and can "calculate."

If ever these magnificent dreams of the American people are realized... and all

that is wanted for their realization is that things should go on as they have been going on for the last two centuries. .there will be seated upon that vast continent a population greater than that of all Europe, all speaking the same language, all active-minded intelligent and well off. They will stand, as it were, the centre of the world, between the two great oceans, with Europe on one hand, and Asia on the other. With such a future before him, we must pardon the Yankee if we find a little dash of self-complacency in his composition; and bear with the surprise and annoyance which he expresses at finding we know so little of himself and of his country. Our humble opinion is, that we ought to know better. Great as is the influence which America has already had upon Europe, we conceive that this is a mere intimation of the influence which it is destined to have upon the world.

#### JERUSALEM, PALESTINE AND SYRIA IN 1851.

BY DR. J. V. O. SMITH.

Jerusalem is tolerably clean—from its location on a steep hill side, and not because the inhabitants are disposed to keep it in a good condition. Filth appertains to Arabs wherever they are. Deep cisterns abound, cut into the solid rock, in which rain water is carefully collected, which is used for all domestic purposes. Water carriers bring some in skins, on donkeys from the pool of Siloam, but only a few are able or desirous of a supply from without the wall. A fine stream is conducted to the city from Bethlehem, winding its way through the mountains, which is exclusively devoted to the purposes of the celebrated mosque of Omar, on the very spot once occupied by the temple of Solomon.

Wood for fuel is always dear—being sold by weight, and is principally roots of Olive trees, brought from a distance on camels. If trees were planted as sugges-

ted, fuel would be abundant and reasonable. No house has a fire place or a chimney. A little charcoal in a copper dish, placed in the middle of the apartment, is the extent of an attempt at a social fire. At Bishop Gobat's and one other house, stoves were noticed. At Dr. Spaulding's missionary room at Damascus, a regular Boston stove diffused comfort, and could nowhere else be found in town.

Old as Palestine is, as the residence of civilized man, there is not one decent road, five miles long, in the whole territory. Paths are struck out where there are the fewest stones or the least mud, over one man's field, or through any premises the rider wishes to go. If Herod the Great, whose passion for building magnificent cities, was equal to Abbas Pasha's in Egypt, for creating palaces, had made five miles of good road from Jerusalem towards Jaffa, he would have conferred a blessing on his abused and degraded country. I have roamed over the stupendous ruins which mark the ambition of that energetic but wicked wretch, with feelings that were never called into activity, in stepping from one fallen column to another. With all his determined ambition to leave enduring monuments in granite, that could withstand the assault of the elements, or the destructive agencies of conquerors—in after ages—the besom of destruction has swept them away, and Cæsarea, the magnificent capital of Judea, has not one human being within its boundaries. The only living thing in sight, where there were the finest specimens of architecture—palaces beyond palaces, and marble, and an exhibition of wealth and refinement, while he was in the meridian of his glory—was one solitary horse, feeding among the crushed fragments of sculptured stone, as I passed over the lonely site of a once grand and beautiful residence of a splendid court.

From the days of the Jebusites, whose capital was the present rock on which Jerusalem stands, every successive people

who have had possession of Palestine, have fixed their habitations on the very pinnacles of the mountains. Every town and village, therefore, is up somewhere.—No one resides in the valleys. From some hill top, the spectator has an admirable view of many different places that appear quite near; but to reach any of them he must descend a mile or so, and cross a horrible ravine or a yawning gorge, and subsequently wind up and onward, like the gyrations of a cork screw, for ten or twenty hours, to get at the top of the proposed settlement. Miles are unheard of in Palestine. Everybody speaks of hours who design a movement. It is seven hours to one place for example; two to somewhere else; and forty to another.—The making a jaunt through the Holy Land of Syria, is an expensive affair, indeed. There must be pack mules for carrying beds, food, and all that may be required daily. Three persons necessarily have two—then there must be a cook, a muleteer, and a dragoman, who does all the talking and answers all the questions, for the Arabic language is difficult to acquire, and without an interpreter it is impossible to know where you are, or what you see. Finally, each traveler is mounted on a horse, who is followed by a groom, and he too, must have a mule to carry the provender. All this makes a kind of a caravan, a long string of animals, slowly winding up and down the horrible trails of the land, single file, at the rate of from two to three miles only an hour.

In the course of the day, many places of interest mentioned in the Old Testament, are distinctly seen, which are not approached. When I stood at Bethel, Rama was in full sight, and the mosque over the tomb of Samuel the prophet.—Beth Hora the upper, and Gibeon also, where Joshua took a position when he said, "Sun stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou moon upon the valley of Ajalon," and other localities of immense interest to

the biblical scholar and sacred geographer. At night it is necessary to seek a stopping place in a village for security. Beyond a town or hamlet, there is not a single habitation.

All lodge in the same apartment, on the ground, on your own beds, surrounded by armies of insects eager for your blood. Poor things, if it were not for strangers, fleas would soon be extinct, for they seem to despise the Arabs, who sleep soundly in spite of their nippers. Horses, cows, camels, goats, dogs and the family, are not unfrequently all congregated in one room. The night before reaching Damascus we suffered exceedingly on account of the multitude of lodgers in the room—for the landlord had in addition to the beasts and creeping things of Noah's ark, three wives and their restless children.

The reason of taking hill tops for towns has reference, in the first place to security. They can discover the approach of visitors, and if they don't like them, keep them at bay with the great balls always on hand—great stones, which but once in motion, would sweep through all opposition. Secondly, when the winter rains set in, the gorges are filled with angry torrents, that gorge out the hill-sides so, that not a resting place for a house could be found.

An air of desolation everywhere reigns outside the town, and every person you meet is armed to the teeth with pistols, blunderbusses, long guns, swords, daggers, spears, down to a little club.

Although an advocate for peace, and almost non-resistant in sentiment, I have long been lugging a stout horse-pistol all over the country, not knowing what might happen. Had an attack been made upon our train, I am quite sure I should have run instead of giving a shot, for I have a moral antipathy to powder.

The majority of the inhabitants are idle—time is of no account. A very few do all the drudgery, and the rest smoke.—The richer the individual, the better

the quality of the tobacco, and the longer the flexible stem of his nargelch. They smoke at births, at marriages, and at deaths there is more smoking than ever. One everlasting cloud of smoke, the product of more pipes than there are virtues in the possessions of the twelve tribes, is continually rising to the zenith, through the length and breadth of the Land of Promise.—*Transcript.*

For the Miscellany.

## ANCIENT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH.

The following account is taken from a MS. written anno 1678:

There were very few free schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were generally taught Latin in the monasteries, and young women in nunneries, where they learned needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apothecaries being very rare at that time,) writing, drawing, &c. &c.

The nuns of St. Mary, Kingston, in Wilts, were often seen coming forth into the Nymph Hay, with their racks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy, all of whom were not nuns but young girls sent there for education.

Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, such as copy-holders and the like, had no chimney, but flues, like louver-holes.

In the halls and parlors of great houses, were written texts of Scripture on the painted cloths. The lawyers say, that before the time of Henry the Eighth one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander, &c., once in a year, *quod nata*.

In gentlemen's houses, at Christmas, the first dish served up at table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College, in Oxford, this custom has been retained in late years; the bearer of it brought it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, *Caput apri deferat*, &c.

The first dish that was brought to the table on Easter-day, was a red herring riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn-salad.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, which is still kept up in many parts of England, was founded on this, viz: to shew their abhorrence of Judaism, at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

The use of "your humble servant," came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time, was "God help you!" "God be with you!" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

Till this time, the court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James' court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the King's apartment without receiving some affront.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the table-cloth was on the board all day long, and ready for what was in the house to be put thereon, for strangers, travelers, friars and pilgrims.

Noblemen and gentlemen of fair estates, had their heralds, who wore their coats of arms at Christmas and at other solemn times, and cried *Largesse* thrice. A neat built chapel, and the spacious hall, were all the rooms of note; the rest were smaller.

At Tomarton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, was a dungeon thirteen or fourteen feet deep; about four feet high were iron rings fastened to the wall, which were probably to tie offending villains to, as lords of manors had this power over their villains (or soccage tenants,) and had all of them, no doubt, such places for their punishment.



In days of yore, lords and gentlemen lived in the country, like petty kings; had *jura regalia* belonging to their seigniories; had their castles and boroughs; had gallows' in their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute; never went to London but in parliament time, or once a year to do their homage to the king. They always ate in Gothic halls, at the high table, or orielle, (which was a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stood a table,) with the folks at the side-tables. The meat was served up by watch-words. Jacks are but of late invention. The poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the drippings for their pains.

The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying, "round about our coal fire."

Every baron and gentleman of estate, kept great horses for men-at-arms; some had their armories sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men.

The halls of the Justices of the Peace were dreadful to behold: the screen was garnished with corselets and helmets, gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, batterdastors and bucklers.

Every gentlemanlike man kept a sparrow-hawk, and the priest a hobby; it was a divertisement for young gentlewomen to manne sparrow-hawks and merlines.

Before the Reformation there were no poor-rates; the charitable doles given at religious houses, and church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, &c., for dressing provisions. Here housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there, too, and had dancing, bowling, &c. There were few or no alms-houses before the time of Henry the Eighth. That at Oxford, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor man's box, and the like at great inns.

Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. Copy-holders and poor people had none.

Noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were of the beadles and yeomen of the guards, i. e. gathered in the middle. The benchers in the Inns of Court yet retain that fashion in their gowns.

When a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that point of the horizon where the sun arose, for the east, which makes that variation; so that few stand true, except those built between the equinoxes. This has been frequently proved, the line pointing to that part of the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church was dedicated.

In Scotland, especially among the highlanders, the women make a curtesy to the new moon; and our English women have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride of a gate or stile the first evening a new moon appears, and say, "A fine moon, God bless her."

The Normans brought with them into England civility and building, which latter, though it was gothic, was yet magnificent.

Upon great occasions of bustling in those days, lords sounded their trumpets, and summoned those that held under them.

Old Sir Walter Long, of Draycott, kept a trumpeter, and rode with thirty servants or retainers. Hence the Sheriff's trumpets at this day.

No younger brothers were to betake themselves to trades, but were churchmen or retainers to great men.

From the time of Erasmus until about 1650, the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starched as their bands, and square beards and gravity was taken for wisdom. The doctors, in those days, were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit, even in their sermons. The gentry

and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmasters, and their schoolmasters as masters of the house of correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of his parents, as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years of age were to stand like mutes and fools, bareheaded, before their parents, and the daughters, (grown women,) were to stand at the cupboard side, during the whole time of their proud mother's visit, unless (as the fashion was,) leave was desired, that a cushion was to be given them to kneel upon, brought by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The young fellows had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle; they were to stand mannerly, thus:—the foretop ordered as before, with one hand placed at the bow-string, and the other behind. The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, having handles at least half a yard long; with these the daughters were oftentimes corrected. Sir Edward Coke rode the circuit with such a fan. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan. But fathers and mothers slashed their daughters in the time of their bosom discipline, when they were perfect women. At Oxford the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, whipped his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take leave of him to go to the Inns of Court.

#### CHARITY.

If you lot be ever to solicit charities for the needy, you will have much more pleasure than chagrin; you will find that you have enriched yourself, first of all, in the knowledge of human nature—that you have become versatile in suiting your approach to all the varying dispositions of men. Sometimes you will feel that no

living thing is so mean as man; then, in the next hour, you will thank God for the great soul of goodness vouchsafed to some men. And finally, you will think better of Christians of every name, when you find that kindness does not belong to your sect alone, but is found richly in all. And you will have better luck than we have, if you do not find men, the members of no church, who would be patterns of delicate and wise liberality, to multitudes who are in the church.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

For the Miscellany.

#### SATURDAY EVENING IN THE CITY OF THE STRAITS.

BY MRS. KLEOTA M. SKELDON.

'Tis Saturday evening. The weary week of toil is closing—the quietude of Sabbath rest already begins to steal over the mind, and the busy din of household preparation is almost over.

Even here, beneath my very window, is the opening act of the last scene in the weekly drama of domestic life.

I am looking out upon the ever-changing panorama of the principal city market.

What a perfect kaleidoscope is formed by the many tints and hues of costume; and how one seems to read in dress, in gesture and in the very step, something of the character and circumstances of each.

Here the high and low, the rich and poor, the vicious and the good, all meet and mingle; yet each pursues his own purpose unnoticed and unmolested. How characteristic this, of city life—amid the thronging crowd in solitude. Yet He, who hath created all, knows well, and marks each varying shade of thought, each half-formed purpose, and every want and woe of all these throbbing hearts; and not one jot or tittle of each life's history shall sink into oblivion.

This is a glorious evening. The sun is sinking to his rest, and the fleecy drapery of Heaven is changed from snowy white to roseate hue, all fringed with molten gold.

Nature is ever beautiful—in the quietude of country life, where all around is the Creator's handiwork—in the bustling village, where art and nature strive for mastery—and here in the crowded city, where one must look up, look heavenward, to mark the unmarred tracery of that Master-hand ; while all around are lessons in the book of human life, bearing to the mind ideas of the vastness of that complex machinery which He controls who is Omnipotent.

The twilight deepens—the roseate hued and golden-fringed drapery about the day-king's couch, has given place to the purple type of royalty; and as the beams of day slowly depart, the fleecy curtains of the West roll back into a leaden cloud.

Lights are glancing to and fro in the market-place—now a long row of glittering lamps reveals the ever-changing, still-increasing multitude.

Here comes the humble laborer with the hard-earned product of his toil—and here too, is the stricken child of poverty.

The weary-hearted are here—the mourner, and they whose living sorrows are like vultures preying on the very soul.

The novelty of this scene draws hither also the light hearted and the gay. But the happy mother is at home with her babes. The man of leisure, the merchant prince, and the well-to-do citizen have come and gone.

The spacious vault of heaven seems of a deeper azure, and the eye wanders thro' its depths to catch the faintest gleam from those brilliant diamonds that compose night's peerless coronet.

No ray yet greets the vision. Oh, should He who made them all, shut out night's beauty, and the glorious day from this our sinful earth, what fearful gloom, what terrible despair, would settle down, and still the throbbings of all Nature's pulse.

Yet how unmindful is yon busy throng, and how ungrateful are all human hearts for these our daily gifts—our long-continued blessings.

A soft, sweet, silvery radiance is spreading over heaven—the coming of the Queen of Night, and the gemming of the vast expanse with countless jewels, assure the watching, waiting soul, of the unfailing goodness of Creation's Lord.

The merry bells ring out the hour of nine—the market crowd disperses—the lights move to and fro, then one by one they flicker and expire.

The last faint light is gone—the last lingering footstep's echo is lost in distance, and the busy market-place is quite deserted.

The lone watcher in yon lofty tower tolls forth at intervals one solemn note, which far and near bespeaks, not death, but safety through night's silent hours.

Pale Luna's carrolls onward 'mid a sea of silvery light, and peace and beauty spread their wings over the smiling earth.

Now, kneeling at the Mercy seat, 'tis fitting that the soul should breathe the glad thanks for mercies past, and seek meet preparation for the day of rest.

#### THE BLUE ROSE.

The following extract from a late Paris letter, will be read with great interest by florists and amateur gardeners :

"The horticulturists, botanists, and floral amateurs generally are just now in a high state of excitement. The great rose-garden at Luxembourg, where all the known varieties of that beautiful flower are collected, is about to have an increase in its family. The triumph of modern horticulture is about to see the day, or at least so hope and pray all those interested. This triumph is nothing more nor less than the *blue rose* ! The plant upon which the florists have staked their mortal happiness, has leaved and budded, and upon the just opening petals of the bud, a clear though dark blue is plainly to be seen. This will be the fourth positive color obtained by artificial crossing. The yellow, or tea rose, the black or purple rose, and the striped rose are all inventions—creations—of skillful gardening."

## MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. M. SPENCER.

Oh! where is the mother that watched o'er my childhood,  
Near the bright silver stream, and the green spreading wildwood?  
Where with smiles and caresses she hushed with emotion,  
And calmed every wave of life's troubled ocean.

When the bright stars of night their vigils were keeping,  
And others were lost, in forgetfulness sleeping,  
Then the words which she spoke of affection and love,  
Were like whispers from angels so soft from above.

I see the loved cottage, and the flowers by the fountain,  
The hawthorn and wild rose that grew on the mountain,  
And the spot where I wandered in the shade of the dell,  
But where is my mother? Oh say—can you tell?

And oft I remember when I ran in the race,  
To catch the gay butterfly swift on the chase,  
Or sat myself down by the clear purling stream,  
To laugh at the glance of its silvery beam.

But past, and forever, are youth's sunny hours;  
Farewell to my home and the fragrance of flowers,  
I have left them—in spring they blossom still there—  
But where is my mother—my mother, oh where?

She has gone to her home of peace and of rest,  
Where the ransomed shall meet in the land of the blest;  
She wears a bright crown of glory above,  
And drinks from the fountains of light and of love.

She has put on her vestments, immortality's light,  
And she walks o'er the streets of Jerusalem bright;  
She has met all the saints and the prophets of old,  
With the song of redemption, and the harp of pure gold.

Farewell my dear mother, thou art gone to thy rest;  
Peace, peace to thy ashes, sleep on with the blest!  
I would plant a sweet myrtle, whose fragrance should wave,  
In the breath of the wind, with the grass o'er thy grave.

And the voice of its music should call me at even,  
Sweet as the lute of the seraphim echoes in heaven;  
And how I have loved thee, affection should tell,  
As I mingled my tears with the dew-drops that fell.

Thy virtues still live, thy meekness of mind  
Shall be cherished forever, in mem'ry enshrined;  
Farewell my dear mother, thou art gone to thy rest—  
Peace, peace to thy ashes—sleep on with the blest.

## Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1851.

### THE WEST.

The West has never yet understood her relative importance and value. She is unconscious of her own strength and power. She does not seem to know that she is susceptible of mighty energies and mighty results. She is like Sampson, asleep, and needs to be aroused with the startling cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, mighty one." And should she arise and shake herself and discover her strength, she might astonish others, as she most likely would herself, by an exhibition of her power. We will not speak of her vast resources in natural productions of forest, field and flood; or of the inexhaustible richness of her minerals. In all these she is pre-eminently great. Nor will we speak of the vast weight of influence she would exert in the political world—of her overpowering influence in the Presidential contests that are to be.—All these influences must be felt by others whether the West ever becomes conscious of her importance or not. But we shall confine ourselves to one particular form in which her power should, and ultimately will, be felt. And that is in her literature. I am well aware that the West is hardly supposed to be in possession of intellectual strength or moral and intellectual greatness. I do not think that she is herself in any wise conscious of the position she ought to occupy in the great literary world. She does not appreciate her own resources: she has not weighed and estimated the talent there is already in her midst. She has been, and is, at the present time, too much under the influence of an overweening fondness for any thing Eastern. She thinks, still, that wise men *must come from the East*, to read before her the gold and frankin-

cense and myrrh of their literary productions; and that to these she can alone look for any thing truly worthy or noble. And she is not discriminating: she does not separate the precious from the vile; and even now she is being infected—the plague spot is already seen on her fair countenance, produced by the moral Upas of the Eastern press.

Almost any publication, from the East, will find a ready sale and earnest readers; while many of her own gifted sons, if they get a hearing at all, must go to the East and utter their cry from some favored spot; and thus obtain a vantage ground from whence they may secure the attention of those who, otherwise, would be deaf to them, though they should charm never so wisely. Hence, when a book of real merit is written, the utility of which is apparent to all, the knowing ones will advise the author to go to the East, and publish under the influence of some of the mammoth publishing houses.

Now, the question comes up, why is this necessary? Simply, because the West has never felt the necessity of forming an opinion of her own or of showing self-respect, and a disposition to bring out her own talent and sustain her own literature. She has concluded without investigation, that she must rely on the East for the present, if not in the future, for it.

Now, there can be no objection to her availing herself of all the facilities within her reach to elevate herself, that she may occupy her true position. But that she neglect her own literature instead of fostering and sustaining it, is the only reasonable ground of complaint. The West, undoubtedly, has every variety of talent in her midst, and might have her Magazines as popular and as interesting as the International or Harper's, or any other, if the same means were employed, which is employed, to bring out those Magazines. The money of the East and the West is poured out in constant streams for these productions, while many, that

might grow to their stature, if fostered, are ekeing out a sickly existence. The West now sustains with all her influence. Eastern periodicals, while her *own* are sustained by but a part of her own population, without the assistance of the East. For who in the East pays for Western published literature? Enterprising publishers will purchase it, in the manuscript, for the West supplies them with means to do this. While Western periodicals have to be supported by the gratuitous contributions of some of her real nobility, who love her and are proud of her character and influence.

These see with pain the fair, the noble west, bowing down to those who are no gods, and forgetting her birth-right and her glorious destiny.

But how few feel the importance of making an effort to change this state of things. We rejoice in the creation of light; and whether that light appears in the east or in the west, we shall ever hail it joy. But we feel an honest pride when we see the west, the land of our adoption and love, standing up in the might, God has given her, and casting abroad that strong radiance which it is her glory to shed. There are lights, in the east, whose province it is to move a nation's heart; in these, too, we delight. All lovers of their country love to do these honor. We are no sectionalists, and this is the very reason we write as we do. The west is capable of diffusing as beautiful and steady a light as the east; and while we make no war on the east—nay, rather while we bid her God-speed in her noble labors in science and literature—we would have the west equally active in enlightening and beautifying the whole land.

We will not seek to array one portion of the country against another, even in a literary contest, unless we could first bind each party to receive from the other, on equal terms, whatever might be for their mutual benefit. We would have free trade and a free interchange of that which

might tend to elevate the whole. But we want the people of our own broad, glorious fields, and our own sweet villages, to be aware of what they can be, and what they ought to be. And we are conscious that the time is at hand, when there will be a change in our literary affairs, and that the west will manifest a spirit worthy of herself, and show that she is not behind the very chief luminaries of the east.

She must, in order to this change; think for herself; and instead of referring constantly to the opinions of the east, as it is indefinitely expressed, she must form a judgment of her own, of what is pure, and good, and beautiful. When she shall do this, she will *write* for herself. Thought must have expression: and none has a right to let another, east or west, think for him. It is high treason against mind, as well as against the God of universal mind, to refuse to think, and to think deeply and earnestly.

It is, perhaps, true that the west heretofore has had too many new scenes to distract her attention, and been too busily engaged, to suffer her to deliberate. But the time for deep and continued thought has come; and we owe it to ourselves—we owe it to our children and the world, to enter the arena, and contend in the spirit of the wise and noble of former days, not for a supremacy, but for an equality—which now we have not, because we would not, hitherto, have it.

The mind, as well as the arm, needs exercise to give it strength and force. This alone will make it strong. Our minds have been taxed far too lightly—we want a burden rolled upon us to test our ability and develop our strength. Nay, there must be a continual draft upon our minds; all their energies must be taxed, and largely too, if we would understand our capabilities, and know the power of this wonderful agent.

Care certainly should be taken not to over-task; but it should be taxed to the extent of its power. He that does all he

can, to-day, will be able to-morrow to increase his mental toil, and will doubtless be astonished at the ease with which the task of yesterday is now accomplished.—The load that yesterday seemed ready to crush him, is but pastime to-day. It becomes more and more easy upon every succeeding effort, to surmount difficulties, and to succeed in efforts of mental discipline and intellectual acquirements.

It is really distressing to witness the apathy of many in view of the misimprovement of time, and their inattention to the great work of elevating our species. Minds of the first order, having all the elements of greatness, are suffered to remain unimproved and well-nigh blank.—That there are so few Websters, and Wrights, and Calhouns, is not because there are but few who could possibly rival these men of might, but because few will engage in, and pursue that course of mental training, requisite to the development of their minds.

But it may be said, *all* cannot be great men. There is undoubtedly a diversity of talent and genius. But every sound mind—every man endowed with common sense, is capable of surprising attainments, and may, with a proper attention to reading and thought, be prepared for the highest position in society. And we live in expectation of witnessing a rivalry in intellectual labors between each part of this great and glorious land. We want to see no rivalry but this, when each seeks to excel in brightness and glory, while each rejoices in the elevation of the other.

It is our hope and our faith that our own good land will be redeemed from darkness, mental and moral, and appear in future in the glory of thought, and in the brightness of a pure and an elevated intelligence. Much has already been done—much is being done; but still we need a new impulse and an increased and determined action on the part of each and all, and it will be seen that there is a rapid and constantly increasing advancement

toward that perfection which should ever be the star of our hope. And we say to all our readers, do not alone pray devoutly for the consummation of these glorious hopes, but let your own labors, as well as your money, be devoted to the accomplishment of such a glorious result. Q

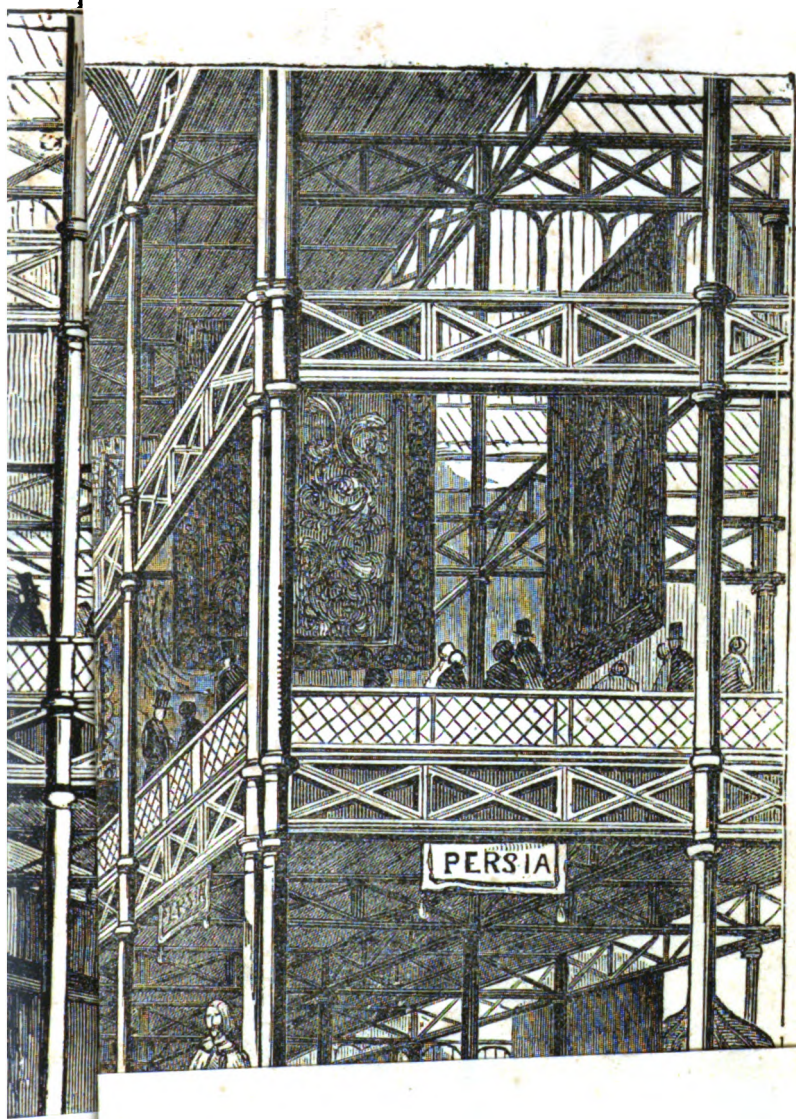
☞ The postage on the *Miscellany*, under five hundred miles, will be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cts a number, if paid quarterly in advance; it will be double that amount if not paid in advance. Over five hundred, and under fifteen hundred miles, rates are doubled. Pay in advance and save your money.

THE PENINSULAR FOUNTAIN AND NORTH-WESTERN DOLLAR WEEKLY.—This paper is edited by H. O. Knight, Esq., assisted by a strong array of titled gentlemen of undoubted talent. The Ladies' and Youths' departments are under the charge of Mrs. E. M. Sheldon, the only untitled one, among the noble host who labor for the public good through this desirable paper. We ought to say, perhaps, after giving expression to the above remark, that the lady no doubt as richly deserves a title as any of the band of worthies with whom she is associated.

The Fountain is a valuable acquisition to the cause of Temperance. We hope it may find its way to the table of every family in the North-West.

☞ We send the *Miscellany* this month to several persons who will feel an interest in circulating it, or we have not judged correctly of its character or theirs. If these gentlemen cannot personally bring their friends to an acquaintance with it, they will do us a great favor by requesting some honest but efficient person to do so, and lay us under an obligation to them, by sending a list of subscribers, with the money for the same. They can retain one-fourth for their trouble, and remit the remainder by mail at the risk of the

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# MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY WM. T. YOUNG.

### *The Volunteers of 1812—Indian Warfare—The Massacre at River Raisin—The Defense of Fort Stephenson.*

The surrender of Detroit, after the first momentary shock of its announcement, aroused the spirit and patriotism of the entire country, particularly among the Western people, who felt especially aggrieved by the disaster. A feeling, amounting to enthusiasm, pervaded the whole community. The country was electrified. The call to arms was hailed with rapture by the pioneer population of the West. Men capable of bearing arms vied with one another who should be first to enroll themselves. Men of all ranks and stations in life, filled the rolls of volunteers. By the twenty-fifth of August, nine days after the surrender, four thousand men, armed and equipped, voluntarily assembled at Urbana, in Ohio. Governor Meigs, of that State, was honorably and conspicuously active in encouraging the patriotism manifested by his fellow citizens. Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Pennsylvania, poured forth their best citizens by thousands. The City and County of Baltimore proposed alone to raise an entire regiment. On the spur of the moment, eighteen hundred Kentuckians marched from Newport.—The gallant Col. R. M. Johnson, then member of Congress from Kentucky, proposed to raise five hundred mounted men, and

march forthwith to Detroit, trusting to the liberality of Congress for future indemnification. Kentucky was represented on different portions of the Western frontier by at least six thousand of her brave volunteers. Virginia sent out fifteen hundred men, for whom the ladies of Richmond made knapsacks and tents.—The same hearty patriotism, manifesting itself by deeds, existed in every section of the country—even the opponents of the war were affected by it, and many of them became strenuous advocates of what they had previously opposed.

As characteristic of the feeling which animated the West, the following Card, which appeared in the newspapers of that day, is here inserted:

*"A Card"*—Col. Symmes, of the senior division of the Ohio Militia, presents his respectful compliments to Major-General Brock, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces, *white and red*, in Upper Canada. Col. Symmes observing that by the 4th article of Capitulation of Fort Detroit, to Major-General Brock, all public arms moving towards Detroit, are to be delivered up, but as no place of deposit is pointed out by the capitulation, *forty thousand stand of arms*, coming within the description, are at the service of Major-

General Brock, if his Excellency will condescend to come and take them."

The required number of men were soon in the field. Brigadier-General William H. Harrison, of the United States Army, was commissioned as Major-General by the Governor of Kentucky, and assumed command of the army, numbering about ten thousand men.

In the wars which have taken place on this continent, between rival nations, the Indian tribes have been engaged. The British and French employed them in their quarrels; and in the Revolutionary War, and in the war of 1812 the Indians fought on the side of the British. History abounds with heart-rending accounts of Indian outrage, perpetrated during the Revolution, and the recollection of the bloody massacres of the last war, is yet vivid in the remembrance of our citizens. No language can convey an adequate idea of the horrors and barbarities of Indian warfare. The Indian, from earliest infancy, is initiated into the cruelties and tortures of exterminating hostilities. War to the knife—the knife to the handle, is the first teaching he receives from the lips and example of his father and brothers. His ambition is to use the scalping knife and tomahawk with skill and success.—The scalp is more precious than the prisoner. In the conflict he neither asks nor gives quarter. He or his enemy must lie dead on the field. Exceptions there are, it is true, to this general practice, but it is a most bloody and cruel mercy that stays the death-blow. The conquered victim had better, by far, fall dead beneath the arm of his antagonist, than follow as a prisoner to the wigwam. In the latter case he is reserved for far more dreadful sufferings at the stake, oftentimes to be prepared to suit the cannibal tastes of his victor.

With atrocious disregard of the dictates of humanity, the British government did not hesitate to enroll the murderous savages in close alliance with their regular

soldiers. They did this with the full knowledge of the difficulty of restraining them, when once the fight begun, within the recognized limits of civilized warfare. In all these instances, too, the bloody instinct of the savage was referred to by their Christian employers, to intimidate and force their enemies to surrender.

To show the extent of this ferocious trait in the Indian character, the high estimation which they put upon the emblems of their prowess, and the care and the ingenuity with which they preserved and identified them, and at the same time furnish proof that the zeal of the savage, in collecting the horrible evidence of his attachment, to his allies, was not unwelcome or repugnant to the latter, we annex the following:

Extracted from the American Remembrancer, (an impartial and authentic collection of facts, published during the Revolutionary war,) for the year 1782, vol. 14, p. 185.

Boston, March 12.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Gerrish, of the New England militia, dated Albany, March 7th.

"The peltry taken in the expedition will, you see, amount to a good deal of money. The possession of this booty, at first gave us great pleasure, but we were struck with horror to find among the packages, eight large ones containing scalps of our unfortunate country folks, taken in the three last years by the Seneca Indians, from the inhabitants of the frontiers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and sent by them as a present to Col. Haldimand, Governor of Canada, to be transmitted to England. They were accompanied by the following curious letter to that gentleman.

Tioga, January 3d, 1782.

May it please Your Excellency,

At the request of the Seneca Chiefs, I herewith send to your Excellency, under the care of James Boyd, eight packages of scalps, cured, dried, hooped and paint-

ed, with all the Indian triumphal marks, of which the following is invoice and explanation.

No. 1. Containing 43 scalps of Congress soldiers, killed in different skirmishes; these are stretched on black hoops 4 inches in diameter; the inside of the skin painted red, with a small black spot to note their being killed with bullets. Also 62 of farmers killed in their homes; the hoops painted red, the skin painted brown, and marked with a hoe, a dark circle all around, to denote their being surprised in the night, and a black hatchet in the middle, signifying their being killed with that weapon.

No. 2. Containing 98 of farmers killed in their houses; hoops red, figure of a hoe to mark their profession, great white circle and sun, to show they were surprised in the day time, a little red foot to show that they stood upon their defence, and died fighting for their lives and families.

No. 3. Containing 97 of farmers; hoops green, to show they were killed in the fields. a large white circle with a little round mark on it for the sun, to show it was in the day time, black bullet mark on some, and hatchet on others.

No. 4. Containing 102 of farmers, mixed of several of the marks above, only 18 marked with a little yellow flame, to denote their being of prisoners burned alive after being scalped, their nails being pulled out by the roots, and other torments; one of these latter supposed to be of an American clergyman, his band being fixed to the hoop of his scalp. Most of the farmers, appear by the hair, to have been young or middle-aged men, there being but 67 very grey heads among them all; which made the service more essential.

No. 5. Containing 88 scalps of women, hair braided in the Indian fashion to show they were mothers, hoops blue, skin yellow ground with little red tadpoles, to represent, by way of triumph, the tears or grief occasioned to their relations, a black scalping knife or hatchet at the bottom;

to mark their being killed by those instruments. 17 others, very gray, black hoops, plain brown color, no marks but the short club or casse-tete, to show that they were knocked down dead, or had their brains beat out.

No. 6. Containing 193 boy's scalps of various ages, small green hoops, whitish ground on the skin, with red tears in the middle, and black marks, knife, hatchet or club as their death happened.

No. 7. Containing 211 girls scalps, big and little, small yellow hoops, white ground, tears, hatchet, club, scalping-knife. &c.

No. 8. This package is a mixture of all the varieties above mentioned, to the number of 122, with a box of birch bark, containing 29 little infant's scalps of various sizes, small white hoops, white ground, no tears, and only a little black knife in the middle, to show they were ripped out of their mother's bellies."

The foregoing is but one illustration of the indulgence of this barbarous mode of hostility.

A much respected and estimable citizen of Detroit, who was residing there at the time of the Revolutionary war, relates that it was the custom of the Indian-war parties, when they approached the town, to give the war and death whoops, so that the inhabitants who were acquainted with their customs, could tell the number of scalps they had taken, and the number of prisoners they had brought, before they appeared in sight. On one occasion a large war party returned from an expedition to Kentucky. The accustomed signals of success were heard. The squaws and young Indians went out to meet them, ranging themselves on the side of the road, with sticks and clubs to whip the prisoners as they moved along. This was witnessed by the gentleman above referred to. Among the prisoners were two young girls, not fifteen years of age, who escaped from their tormentors, and ran to him and an officer for protection. They

succeeded in rescuing the children from the whip until they reached the Council House, where the right of the Indians to beat them, ceased.

This act of kindness was performed by those gentlemen at the risk of their lives, and in violation of the rights of the Indians. For it, they were brought before the commanding officer of the post, and threatened with imprisonment at Montreal or Quebec, if they again interrupted the Indians in the enjoyment of their privileges.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, the American government used every possible means to induce the Indians to remain neutral and quiet, but the passion for war, and the strong inducements offered to them by the British Government, were too powerful to be resisted. They were seduced by promises and costly presents, to join hands against the United States, and led by talented and influential chiefs, they rendered many and valuable services to their christian allies.

The Indian of the Revolution, and the Indian of the war of 1812, were the same in spirit and ferocity. The same insatiable thirst for blood, the same demon delight in death and carnage, animated both.

In January, 1813, the American army met with a sad reverse at the River Raisin, in Michigan. This conflict is marked with incidents of horror and barbarity, which stamp it as one entire scene of bloody butchery on the part of the enemy, which finds no parallel in the history of war, where either of the contending parties made pretensions to civilization.—This battle is known as the "Massacre at the River Raisin."

Colonels Lewis and Allen, were ordered by Gen. Winchester, who was with the left wing of the army at Fort Defiance, to proceed with detachments to Frenchtown, a settlement on the River Raisin, where the enemy were in force, annoying the inhabitants. The detachments arrived at Frenchtown in the afternoon of the 18th

of January, 1813. The enemy had made preparations to receive them, and opened a fire upon them when they approached to within a quarter of a mile of the town. The river divided the two forces. Col. Lewis crossed with his command on the ice, and drove the enemy from the houses and pickets, where they were posted, into the woods. There they made a stand, until they were again dispersed and forced to retreat, under a continual charge from their pursuers. At dark, the detachment was drawn off and encamped on the spot from whence they had dislodged the enemy. The vanquished consisted of a combined force of one hundred British soldiers and four hundred Indians, under command of Major Reynolds. Success was complete. The report of this achievement at Gen. Winchester's head quarters, created an excitement there among the troops, which could only be satisfied by their marching forthwith to join Colonel Lewis. General Winchester yielded to the desire of his officers and men. He joined Lewis on the 20th of January, with two hundred and fifty men, and took command. On the morning of the 22nd, at daybreak, the American camp was attacked by the British and Indians. The number of the assailants was somewhere about fifteen hundred. The American force only eight hundred. The attack was made by a heavy fire of musketry and field pieces. It was made so suddenly and unexpectedly, that there was no time for forming the troops advantageously; to this difficulty, was added the unfavorable nature of the ground. The assault was sustained with great firmness and bravery for some time, when the right division of the forces, which was terribly exposed in an open field to a heavy fire, was ordered to retreat, with the object of occupying ground less exposed. This movement was discovered by the enemy, and the entire Indian force, with a portion of the militia, directed their efforts to break them and throw them into disorder. By

their superiority in numbers, they succeeded in preventing this part of our forces from again forming in order for battle. Indeed, few of this division escaped; they were surrounded by Indians and gallantly fought until their numbers were so reduced, that they were forced to surrender.—A Major, Captain, and about twenty-five soldiers only escaped. While attempting to re-form this division into line, Gen. Winchester and Colonel Lewis were surrounded and taken prisoners. The troops who remained at the breast-work, defended themselves with desperation against fearful odds. It became evident to General Winchester and his officers, that a continuance of the contest against the superior numbers of the enemy, was but an unjustifiable sacrifice of the brave men, whose ranks were continually growing thinner. It was resolved to surrender the few that remained, as prisoners of war, on condition that their lives should be spared, and their private property protected. The truth was, that no alternative remained but surrender or general massacre. The ammunition was nearly exhausted, the enemy were concentrating their forces with a view to burn the town, and it was declared that no attempts would be made by the British officers to restrain the ferocity of the savages, who surrounded the place in great numbers. Under these circumstances Gen. Winchester surrendered.

In this conflict many feats of noble daring were performed, by officers and men. The enemy had taken possession of a barn, within rifle shot of the American camp; here they were perfectly sheltered, while they fired into our pickets. It became important to dislodge them from their safe position. A single soldier undertook the task, and with almost a certainty of sacrificing himself, rushed from the pickets, with a lighted torch, to the barn, and set it on fire. The barn was consumed. The heroic volunteer had the good fortune to return in safety to the camp, amid a show-

er of balls from the enemies' muskets.

Every promise made by the British commander was violated. The Indians gratified their bloody propensity without restraint. Some of the prisoners after the surrender, were tomahawked; some were shot, others were tortured and burned alive by the savages. The houses of our people were pillaged and destroyed. The prisoners who were not killed, were treated in the most inhuman manner by the Indians, in the presence of British officers, and no remonstrance or effort was made to restrain them. In violation of oft-repeated assurances from Col. Proctor, that the prisoners, particularly the wounded, should be provided for as their necessities required and be conveyed in sleighs from the Raisin to Malden, they were placed in charge of the ruthless and exasperated savages. They were made to travel on foot through deep snow; and those who were unable from their wounds to keep pace with the swift footed tormentors, were tomahawked and scalped, and left by the roadside unburied. Among the wounded was Capt. Nathaniel Hart, of Kentucky; a near relative of Henry Clay. This officer was captured after being wounded in the knee.—He was not able to move, and at the request of an officer was mounted on horseback. While thus situated and actually under the protection of a British officer, an Indian near by fired at him, and hit him in the head. He did not, however, fall from his seat, until another Indian struck him on the head with a club, and beat him to the ground; he was then scalped, stripped of his clothing, and left on the ground until under cover of night, two days afterwards, his body was taken into the woods, by three of the inhabitants, and covered with brush wood to protect it from mutilation by the hogs. The men did not dare to bury the corpse for fear of the Indians. The rights of sepulture for the dead of our army were forbidden by the inhuman Proctor, and their bodies remained exposed for the horrid feasting of dogs

and hogs. Bodies which had been stealthily buried were exhumed by the red fiends. When the Kentucky volunteers, in the latter part of the same year, marched over the scene of massacre to join Gen. Harrison in pursuit of Proctor, they were greeted with the view of the bleached remains of their relatives and friends, still whitening on the ground. They gathered them together and buried them with the honors of war.

Many of the prisoners who escaped the tomahawk of the savage were subsequently purchased of their Indian captors by the citizens of Detroit, and liberated. Gen. Winchester and his officers were taken to Quebec.

On the day succeeding the battle the Indians continued their atrocities. In one instance they set fire to a house in which were forty-eight prisoners. Some of these unfortunate men attempting to escape were shot down as they appeared at the door;—others were driven back and killed in the house, and were consumed with it.

A citizen while going to his house alone and unarmed, was fired at and wounded. He was able to reach home: his father-in-law opened the door to let him in; he just got within the house when he fell dead upon the floor. The Indians who shot him followed immediately, and reaching the house demanded admission. The door was opened by the old man, who was instantly shot down by the Indians.

Dr. Gustavus M. Bower, surgeon's Mate in the 5th regiment Kentucky volunteers, who was in the house of Jean Baptiste Jereau with the wounded prisoners, states that on the morning after the battle, about daylight, six or eight Indians came to the house. They sauntered about without molesting any one, until their number was increased to two hundred—when they commenced plundering the inhabitants and killing the wounded. Dr. Bower was seized by an Indian, divested of a part of his clothing, and taken and placed upon a horse a short distance off, with orders

from his captor to remain there. From this spot he watched the actions of the Indians. He saw Captain Hickman knocked down, with several others, at the door. Supposing from this that a general massacre was to take place, he attempted to reach a house about one hundred yards distant, to give the persons confined there warning of their danger. Approaching the house, he saw that it was surrounded by Indians, and was thus precluded from effecting his purpose. His presence was at this moment discovered by an Indian chief, named McCarty, who came up to him and delivered his horse and blanket to him, and told him to go back to the house he had left. The Indian who first captured Bower now came up and raised his tomahawk to kill him, but was prevented by McCarty. Dr. Bower then obeyed McCarty's orders, and when he reached the house, saw the Indians leading away some prisoners, whom he afterwards saw lying in the road, horribly mangled and naked. Bower and several others were then collected around a cariole which was filled with plunder. One of the men named Blythe, endeavored to persuade his captor to take him to Malden—for which he offered him fifty dollars. While making this agreement, another Indian stepped up behind Blythe and tomahawked, scalped and stripped him. Bower's attention was then attracted to the burning houses, which he knew contained prisoners who were unable to get away. The houses being nearly consumed, the Indians marched off with Bower and a few others. At Sandy Creek they stopped and prepared food. They were eating, when an Indian proposed to Searl, one of the prisoners, to exchange his moccasins for Searl's shoes, which he did. They then exchanged hats, and the Indian struck Searl upon the shoulder with his tomahawk; cutting into his body. Searl caught hold of the weapon and attempted to resist; but seeing that his fate was inevitable, he closed his eyes and quietly awaited the fatal

blow, which clave his skull in two. Soon after, three others shared the same fate.—Bower was soon after taken to Detroit and ransomed by the citizens of that place. Many other instances might be given of the sufferings of the prisoners taken at the River Raisin; but sufficient have been narrated to show the unparalleled barbarity of Indian warriors, when conquerors, and to afford the means of estimating the great difficulties and trying circumstances attendant upon the exercise of power and authority over them in time of peace.

At the massacre of Frenchtown, perished many of the noblest sons of Kentucky. Scarce a family of note, in that patriotic State, but bewailed the loss of a beloved relative. At Frankfort, the Governor and many of the citizens were at the theatre when the sad news of Winchester's defeat reached there. The whole audience at once, by one impulse, retired to learn the details of the calamity. Presently fathers were seen going about half distracted, and mothers, wives and sisters, were weeping in the retirement of their homes. The voice of lamentation was heard in nearly every dwelling. But like Hull's surrender, this second disaster contributed to increase the ardor of the people for revenge. While they mourned for the dead, they resolved to revenge their sacrifice.

When Gen. Harrison was informed that Winchester had advanced towards Frenchtown, he immediately prepared to join him with a re-inforcement. Having proceeded about six miles, and ascertained that Winchester's defeat was complete, he resolved to return. A detachment of one hundred and seventy men was sent forward to Frenchtown, with directions to proceed as far as possible to assist those who were fortunate enough to escape—these were very few—the great depth of snow prevented their getting far in advance of their pursuers. They were overtaken and captured.

Immediately after the affair at Frenchtown, Gen. Harrison marched his army to

the Rapids of the Miami, where he constructed Fort Meigs. Here, in May, 1813, he was besieged by two thousand British and Indians, under Proctor and Tecumseh. The bombardment by land and water continued several days. The enemy first appeared on the 25th of April, and on the 9th of May, were repulsed, routed, and forced to abandon the siege. Having ascertained that they had left the vicinity, Gen. Harrison left Fort Meigs under charge of Gen. Greene Olay, and marched to Lower Sandusky.

Remaining there a short time, he proceeded to Franklinton, where the soldiers were to assemble to prosecute the campaign, and retake the territory lost by Gen. Hull. Major Croghan, a young officer of the regular army, was left with one hundred and sixty men at Lower Sandusky, in garrison at Fort Stephenson. Here he was attacked by a large force under Proctor, and with but a single cannon, repulsed them completely. An account of this siege, though familiar to the reader, is worthy of repetition, if it were only to commemorate the invincible courage of the young commander and his youthful companions.

On Sunday evening, August 1st, 1813, 500 British regulars, and from seven to eight hundred Indians, under the immediate command of Proctor, appeared before Fort Stephenson. He made such disposition of his troops as effectually to cut off the retreat of the garrison if they should attempt one. He then sent Col. Elliott and Major Chambers to demand the surrender of the Fort, with the stereotyped assertion that "he was anxious to spare the effusion of blood, which would be out of his power to effect if he should be compelled to take the fort by storm."

Croghan's reply was, that he was determined to defend the place to the last extremity, and that no force, however large, should induce him to surrender.—This reply being communicated to Proctor, he commenced a brisk fire upon the for



from his gun-boats in the river, and a howitzer on shore. The fire was kept up through the night with but little effect.— At an early hour the next morning, three 6 pounders, which in the night had been placed on shore within 250 yards of the pickets opened their fire, but with no great effect. From the manœuvres of Proctor, Croghan judged that he would attempt taking it by storming it at its north-west angle. With the best means in his power he strengthened the point of anticipated assault. He had divined the intentions of Proctor. Finding that his guns were ineffectual, Proctor formed his men into two columns. Lieut. Col. Short led the principal one, of one hundred and fifty men, and advanced to within twenty paces of the lines. The garrison opened a destructive fire upon them, which threw them into confusion. They were quickly rallied by their leader, and again advancing leaped into the ditch; just then the single six pounder of the fort was brought into requisition. A fire of grape was poured from it which killed or wounded nearly every man who had entered the ditch. The fall of the advance threw the balance of the column into such disorder and fear, that their officers were unable to rally them. They retired and sought safety in the adjoining woods. During the assault a fire was kept up against the fort, from five 6 pounders and a howitzer. The only loss sustained by the garrison was, one man killed, one wounded. The loss of the enemy was at least 150. In the ditch were found killed, Lieut. Col. Short, one Lieutenant and fifty soldiers. Early on the morning of the 3d, the enemy sailed down the river, leaving behind them a boat containing clothing and military stores and several stands of arms.

The defence of this fort was a desperate undertaking. The adventurous bravery and daring resolution of the young commander, achieved what the wisdom of more experienced officers would have decided to be impossible. It was truly a for-

lorn hope for that brave band of youths, in their ill protected fort, to expect even to survive the determined attack of their enemies. The pickets were eighteen feet high; the bayonets of the soldiers were nailed upon the side of the upper end, pointing downwards. The charge of the enemy evinced a disposition to conquer the post at all hazards. In the course of twenty-four hours, they discharged five hundred shots, one hundred of which fell within the fort, happily doing no injury.

Among the incidents of this brilliant defence, showing the confidence of the enemy in obtaining an easy victory, was the insolence of the Indian allies previous to the charge. When Elliott went to demand the surrender of the fort, he was received outside the pickets by Ensign Shipp.— While conversing, one of Elliott's Indians came up, and taking hold of Shipp attempted to take off his coat. Shipp drove him off with his sword. The Indian was certain there would be a capitulation, and pleased with Shipp's coat, intended to secure it for himself, in advance. The enemy intended to punish with outrageous barbarity, the refusal of Col. Croghan to surrender. The threat made by Elliott, that if they were compelled to take the fort, there would be a general massacre, would have been realized, had the event of the day been favorable to the besiegers. Col. Short, who led the attack, was not less bloody minded than Proctor and his agents. As he advanced to storm the fort he shouted to his men "to give the Americans no quarters."

Scarcely had he given utterance to the savage order, when he was laid prostrate by a shot from the fort. The man who would refuse quarters, found himself a suppliant for the kindness which he had resolved to deny to others. The men who were ordered to give "no quarters" were relieved and treated with the utmost kindness by the soldiers in the garrison; and while the fire was kept up against them, they supplied the suffering and wounded

enemy with water from their own cauteens.

This victory, for such it may truly be termed, was hailed with joy and gratification. It was the turning point of the war in this section, and was the precursor of decisive and important success, which followed closely upon it, resulting in driving the enemy from his strong holds, and planting the American standard, both upon regained and conquered territory.

### JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

The feelings with which Josephine took up her residence at Malmaison, amidst the scenes so dear to her, may be conceived; but true to the wishes of the emperor, and to the dictates of her own elevated mind, she bore up under her trying situation with exemplary dignity; but grief had done its part, and no one could look into her face, or meet the sweet melancholy smile with which she welcomed them, without being moved. Happy days, which she had enjoyed amidst these scenes with many of those who waited on her, were sadly contrasted with her forlorn feelings; and though she strove to speak cheerfully, and never complained, the tears which she tried to check or to conceal would sometimes force their way. The chief indulgence which she allowed her feelings was during those hours of the day when she shut herself up alone in Napoleon's Cabinet: that chamber where so many moments of confidential intercourse had passed, and which she continued to hold so sacred, that scarcely any one but herself ever entered it. She would not suffer any thing to be moved since Napoleon had occupied it. She would herself wipe away the dust, fearing that other hands might disturb what he had touched. The volume, which he had been reading when last there, lay on the table, open at the page at which he had last looked. The map was there, with all his tracings of some meditated route; the pen which had given permanence to some passing thought lay beside it; articles of

dress were on some of the chairs—everything looked as if he were about to enter.

Everything under the changed circumstances which brought Josephine back to Malmaison, her influence over Napoleon which had been always powerful, was not diminished. No estrangement took place between them. His visits to her were frequent, though her increased sadness was always observed on those days when he made them. They corresponded to the last moment of her life. The letters which she received from him were her greatest solace. It is thus she alludes to them in writing to him: "Continue to retain a kind recollection of your friend; give her the consolation of occasionally hearing from you, that you still preserve that attachment for her which alone constitutes the happiness of her existence."

The nuptials of Napoleon and Maria Louise took place a very short time after the divorce was ratified. Whatever the bitter feelings of Josephine might have been, they were not mingled with one ungenerous or unjust sentiment. No ill-feeling toward the new empress was excited in her bosom by the rapturous greetings with which she was welcomed on her arrival. "Every one thought," said she, "to endeavor to render France dear to an empress who has left her native country to take up her abode among strangers."

But however elevated above all the meaner passions, the affections of Josephine had received a wound from which they could not recover, and she found it essential for anything like peace of mind, to remove from scenes of former happiness. She retired to a noble mansion in Navarre, the gift of Napoleon; and as he had made a most munificent settlement on her, she was able to follow the bent of her benevolent mind, and to pass her time in doing good. So far from feeling any mortification on the birth of his son, she unfeignedly participated in the gratification which the emperor felt, and she ever took the most lively interest in the child. She

was deeply affected when his birth was announced to her, and retired to her chamber to weep unseen; but no murmur mingled with those natural tears.

It is rare to meet an example of one like Josephine, who has escaped the faults which experience tells us beset the extremes of Destiny. In all the power and luxury of the highest elevation, no cold selfishness ever chilled the current of her generous feelings; for in the midst of prosperity her highest gratification was to serve her fellow creatures, and in adverse circumstances, unsuited at the world, such was still her sweet solace. She was, indeed, so wonderfully sustained throughout all the changes and chances of her eventful life, that it needs no assurance to convince us that she must have sought for support beyond this transitory scene.

She employed the peasantry about Navarre in making roads and other useful works. Ever prompt in giving help to those in want, she chanced to meet one of the sisters of charity one day, seeking assistance for the wounded who lay in a neighboring hospital. Josephine gave large relief, promised to put all in train to have her supplied with linen for the sick, and that she would help to prepare lint for the wounded. The petitioner pronounced a blessing on her, and went on her way, but turned back to ask the name of her benefactress; the answer was affecting: "*I am poor Josephine.*"

There can be no doubt but that Napoleon's thoughts often turned with tenderness to the days that he had passed with Josephine. Proof was given of an unchanging attachment to her, in the favors which he lavished on those connected with her by relationship or affection. Among her friends was Mrs. Damer, so celebrated for her success in sculpture. She had become acquainted with her while she was passing some time in Paris. Charmed by Josephine's varied attractions, she delighted in her society, and they became fast friends; when parting, they promised nev-

er to forget each other. The first intimation which Mrs. Damer had of Josephine's second marriage was one day when a French gentleman waited on her: he was the bearer of a most magnificent piece of porcelain and a letter, with which he had been charged for her by the wife of the First Consul. Great was her astonishment when she opened the letter to find that it was indeed from the wife of the First Consul; no longer Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, but her dear friend Josephine, who urged her with all the warmth of friendship, to pay her an immediate visit to Paris. "I do long," she added, "to present my husband to you."

Such a tempting invitation was gladly accepted, and she was received with joy by Napoleon and Josephine. In after years, she constantly recalled to mind the pleasures of that visit, with mingled feelings of melancholy and delight. The domestic scene left a lasting impression. Napoleon, always so fascinating in conversation, made himself delightfully agreeable to her; he loved to talk with her of her art; and his originality, enthusiasm, and taste gave an interest to every thing he said.—

He had a great admiration for Fox, and expressed a wish to have his bust. When Mrs. Damer next visited Paris, she brought Mr. Fox's bust, but Josephine's place was occupied by another. The emperor saw her, and met her with all the cordiality and kindness which the recollection of former happy days, and her attachment to Josephine, were sure to inspire. At parting, he gave her a splendid snuff-box, with his likeness set in diamonds. The box is now in the British Museum.

It was in her retirement at Navarre that Josephine wept bitterly over the fallen fortunes of Napoleon. The Russian expedition caused her such deep inquietude that her health and spirits visibly declined; she saw in it a disastrous fate for Napoleon, and trembled too for the safety of Eugene, a son so dearly and so deservedly beloved, and who was, if possible, render-

ed still more precious, as the especial favorite of Napoleon, and as having been the means of introducing him to her. Josephine now scarcely joined her ladies, but would remain for the length of the day alone in her chamber, by the large traveling-desk which contained Napoleon's letters.

Among these there was one that she was observed to read over and over again, and then to place in her bosom; it was the last that she had received; it was written from Brienne. A passage in it runs thus: "On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: 'I have sought death in numberless engagements—I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon. Nevertheless, I could wish to see Josephine once more—' He again adds, "Adieu, my dear Josephine; never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget you."

It would be needless to dwell on the rapid events which led to Napoleon's abdication, but it would be impossible; even in this imperfect sketch, not to be struck by the strange coincidences of Josephine's life—twice married—twice escaped from a violent death—twice crowned—both husband's sought for a divorce—one husband executed—the other banished! One of Napoleon's first cares, in making his conditions when he abdicated, was an ample provision for Josephine; £40,000 per annum was settled on her.

It was after Napoleon's departure from the shores of France, that the Emperor Alexander, touched with admiration of Josephine's character, and with pity for her misfortunes, prevailed on her to return to Malmaison to see him there. The associations so linked with the spot that she

had loved to beautify must, indeed, have been overpowering. It was there that Napoleon's passionate attachment to her was formed. How many recollections must have been awakened by the pleasure grounds adorned with the costly shrubs and plants which they had so often admired together; how many tears had afterward fallen among them when the hours of separation came. The Emperor Alexander used every effort to console her, and promised his protection to her children, but sorrow had done its part, and the memories of other times had their effect. Josephine fell sick; malignant sore throat was the form which disease took, during the fatal illness of but a few days. Alexander was unremittent in his attentions; he again soothed the dying mother by the renewal of his promise of care for her children, a promise most faithfully kept.

It was in the year 1814 that Napoleon left France for Elba, and also that Josephine died. The bells to which they had loved to listen together tolled her funeral knell. Her remains rest in the parish church of Ruel, near Malmaison. They were followed to the place of interment by a great number of illustrious persons who were desirous of paying this parting token of respect to one so much loved and honored. Upward of eight thousand of the neighboring peasantry joined the funeral procession to pay their tribute of affection and veneration to her, who was justly called, "*the mother of the poor and distressed.*" The tomb erected by her children marks the spot where she takes her "long last sleep." It bears the simple inscription—

EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, too, paid a parting visit to the residence which he had preferred to every other. After his unsuccessful attempt to resume the sovereignty of France he spent six days at Malmaison to muse over departed power and happiness, and then left the shores of France forever!

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
THE STORM AT SEA.

BY C. P. BUSH.

The sky was clear, the stars shone brilliantly.  
The moon, in silver robes arrayed, was drawn  
In princely pomp, o'er heaven's ethereal plains.  
The sea was hushed, and silent lay its waves,  
Like weary travellers retired to take  
Repose. His soundless depths, late tempest-tossed,  
Were still. All nature seemed a calm—but yet  
'Twas not the deadened calm that oft precedes  
The burst of storm. The gently rustling breeze  
That stirred an answering smile on Ocean's cheek,  
As Heaven beamed forth in loveliness, a proof  
Most sweetly urged upon the scene, that life  
Still moved in Nature's veins.

But soon the Storm came on.

The sky in blackness clad, obscured the moon,  
That late so lovely shone; the stars that late,  
In holy sympathy looked down,  
Had fled behind the clouds as if to bear  
No part in such a scene; the giant sea,  
That late so calmly lulled them on his breast,  
In which pure Heaven so clearly stood reflect,  
To which the soul ran out in wildest love,  
Now in his mountain majesty awoke.  
Electric fires now flashed with terror 'thwart  
The heavens, as peal on peal quick rushed, so dread,  
That deep, terrific quaking seized the soul,  
Since heaven and sea commingling storms, their bark  
Had oft out-rode, and snatched the trembling, pale,  
The watery-grave-expectant crew, from death.  
And spared the tears of well-nigh widowed wife,  
Whose only star of hope had nearly set  
Among the distant seas; and spared the sighs,  
Which else had soothed some aged parent's heart,  
Whose darling boy had left his home in youth,  
To seek acquaintance with the noisy deep,  
Since thus, a noble bark, the gallant STAR,\*  
Had proved their hope, some sign of life still showed,  
But fate, to blast that hope, had firm decreed,  
Their bed of death must be the Ocean's base,  
Their pearl-wrought winding sheet the coral pare,  
Their funeral dirge, the overwhelming mournful rush  
Of over gathering seas. Their vessel rested—  
Their hope expired—the yawning deep, in haste,  
A frightful chasm made—a shrill last shriek  
Arose, and all was still.

Oneida Institute, September, 1835.

\* The name of the vessel.

## MIRAGE OF THE PLAIN OF HUNGARY.

The feeling of solitude which a vast plain impresses on the imagination, is to me more solemn than that produced by the boundless ocean, or the trackless forest; nor is this sentiment ever so strongly felt as during the short moments of twilight which follow the setting of the sun. It is just as the bright orb has disappeared below the level of the horizon; while yet some red tints, like glow-worm traces, mark the pathway he has followed; just when the busy hum of insects is hushed by a charm, and stillness fills the air; when the cold chills of night creep over the earth; when comparative darkness has suddenly followed the bright glare of day; it is then the stranger feels how alone he is, and how awful such loneliness is where the eye sees no boundary, and the ear detects no sign of any living thing.

I would not willingly have destroyed the illusion of the first sunset I witnessed on the Puszta of Hungary. The close of day found us far from any human habitation, alone in this desert of luxuriance; without a mark that man had established his dominion there, save the wheelmarks which guide us on our way, and the shepherds' wells which are sparingly scattered over the whole plain. I have seen the sun set behind the mountains of the Rhine as I lay on the tributary Necker's banks, and the dark, bold towers of Heidelberg stood gloriously out against the deep red sky; as the ripple of the lagoons kissed the prow of the light gondola, I have seen his last rays throw their golden tints over the magnificence of fallen Venice;—I have watched the god of day as he sank to rest behind the gorgeous splendour of St. Peters; yet never with so strong a feeling of his majesty and power, as when alone on the Puszta of Hungary!

It was on the second morning of our journey, and as we opened our eyes after a troubled dose, that another of the most

extraordinary phenomena of these plains was presented to us. We perceive what appeared to us a new country, and certainly a very different one from that upon which we closed our eyes the previous night. A few miles before us lay an extensive lake half enveloped in mist. I immediately called to the coachman to ask what lake it was I saw, as none was to be found on the map, when his loud laugh reminded me that we were in the land of the *mirage*. And sure enough it proved the mirage; for, as we approached the water vanished, and the same dry plain we had known before was still present to us. On another occasion, when traveling on the plains of Wallachia, I witnessed the mirage in a still more striking manner. It was also in the morning just as a burning sun was struggling to dissipate the thick mist so common in these climates. I could distinguish as plainly as I ever did anything in my life, a serpentine piece of water, with the most beautiful woods and park-like meadows, and at one end the commencement of a village. As we approached, the scene slightly changed; new points of view gradually came out, and the objects first observed vanished away. The village, which I had believed real, even after I knew the landscape was mirage, was the first to disappear; the water extended itself, and the back-ground rose higher. Before long, objects began to grow less distinct, and at last the mist rose from the earth, leaving the view clear along the burning plain, while trees and water were still discernible in the air.

The effect was very peculiar: I know of nothing it resembled so much as some of the old Italian pictures, in which the lower part is occupied by the earth and its denizens, while the upper is gay with a brilliant throng of heavenly choristers, seated on gray clouds, which are as much like the mirage as possible. I believe this phenomenon is explained as a matter of simple refraction; but if it is so, the mirage

is a mystic mirror, which shapes its images according to its own fancy, for I do not believe that in the whole of Wallachia there could be found a real scene half so beautiful as the mirage presented us with.  
—*PAGETT'S Hungary and Transylvania.*

For the Monthly Miscellany  
RURAL MUSINGS.

BY MISS JANE S. BRUSH.

How pleasing the sigh of the mossy grown rock,  
Where issues the cool gurgling fountain;  
Where waters the yeoman his low-bleating  
Rock,  
At the foot of the evergreen mountain.  
How truly inviting the lovely retreat,  
Where gently the soft breeze is playing;  
And far from the rays of meridian heat,  
Among the green woods to be straying.

The beauties of Nature, now pleasing to trace,  
When hushed is all outward commotion;  
How sweet, how delightful, to dwell in a place  
Which inspires the warm heart with devotion.  
'Tis there, undisturbed, in the shade of repose,  
The muse her loved minstrel is breathing,  
Where scenes so congenial the spirit compose,  
Like the still tranquil hours of evening.

Those rural delights, unknown but by few,  
With truth and simplicity blended,  
Where thought, uncorrupted, unfolds them to  
view,  
With innocence sweetly attended.  
Be mine to enjoy the pleasures which flow  
From a life well spent in devotion,  
And then down the vale of life calmly to glide,  
Without e'en one tearful emotion.  
Detroit, August, 1851.

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
PEACE.

BY REV. J. C. MILLER.

"From that mysterious realm,  
Where angels have their birth,"  
A meek and dove-like spirit comes,  
To find a home on Earth.

A gory field appears,  
The field of mortal strife;  
She on the mangled corpses breathes,  
And wakes them into life.

Then marshalled on the plain,  
Arrayed in robes of white;  
That host of veteran warriors stand,  
As waiting for the fight.

No trumpet's clarion blast  
Is sounding in their ears;  
No blasting lightnings flash around,  
Nor sword nor helm appears.

Their spotless banner waves;  
Above them soars the dove,  
And as in banneted pomp they move,  
They praise the power of Love.

The panoply of war,  
The glitter and the glare  
Of helmet, plume and burnished steel,  
They've changed for faith and prayer.

O'er all the earth they move,  
In majesty and might,  
And bloodless, tearless victories win,  
For Freedom and the Right!

God speed them on their way,  
Come, aid them type and pen,  
And help to usher in the day  
Of Peace, good will to Men.

Chester Cross Roads, O., Aug. 14, 1851.

THE WATCHER.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

In a dark room in a ruined and wretched house, in one of the most filthy districts of a great city, a mother sat watching her sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, and occasionally pausing to look down at her babe, or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close offensive air of the room, it seemed to breathe painfully, and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dissolution. But not less pale and wan was the mother who sat there watching; her features wore that blanched, unearthly hue, and that strange upward light was playing in her eyes, which spoke but too plainly that death was breathing upon her. The room was lonely—very lonely—for there were no pictures to adorn its walls, scarcely any articles of common domestic use within it; it was bare, almost unfur-

wished, dismal and cold. The mother was engaged in making shirts, and the price which she received for them averaged two-pence-half penny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions, for twenty hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly at such labor. Well, the pale, care-worn suffering mother, continued to stitch, stitch, anxiously from hour to hour, leaving off now and then, to take her dying babe in her arms, and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and resumed her work.

Thus many hours had passed in a silence broken only by the low moaning of the child, as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of long-continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast, and kissed the cold dew from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal. She placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them, and placed an old broken kettle half filled with water upon them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and then took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil, she gave her child some food; and she had scarcely begun to do this, when a heavy and unsteady step was heard upon the threshold; her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room, and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's

sake, treat me thus," said the mother of the child, and she sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears.

The man scowled at her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low fiendish growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacancy of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask you for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I haven't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul.

"I spent my last penny to buy my child some food, I know not where to get another. You have never wanted a meal while I could work, and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone by midnight labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe; oh, Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child."

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money, and let me go," bawled the intoxicated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he sat upon the child's bed, he overturned the table and scattered the miserable meal upon the floor. The heart-broken wife rushed with her babe to the opposite end of the room, and cowered down in fear. "Do you hear, or do you want me to murder you?" and he rose from where he sat, and reeled towards her; shrinking and shivering as she bent over her babe, she pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and when he stood above her, she looked up in his face in the agony of despair, and implored, in the mute utterance of her tear-worn eyes, for mercy. But he did not strike her, although she was indeed, well used to that, but he put out his hand, and taking from her bosom a locket, which



had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing left her but her babe and death, staggered to the door, and, after looking back with a menacing and brutal expression of his savage features, left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat walling like a dove whose nest had been bereft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief, she looked upon her child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbing of its little heart becoming more and more feeble, from hour to hour, as the shadow of its life was waning.

And night came, and she laid her child down to rest, and again sat working and watching. She kissed it when its low cry startled her in the midnight silence, and hushed it again to sleep, for it wanted food, and that she had not. The morning came, but it was still night to her, and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over her soul like the shadow of a great but silent misery. She hurried on in the delirium of extreme wretchedness, that she might complete the wretched work she had, and get food for her famished child. Intense suffering, long watching, hunger, cold and cruelty had blanched a cheek which had been more fair than snow, and had carved wrinkles, like those of age, upon a youthful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly shadow, not to her—as to those in comfort—terrible, but welcome. And thus from hour to hour, and from day to day, that mother labored for her lonely child, while he, whose heart should have beat with the devotion of love for her whom he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should have been ever ready to defend her, deeming nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, that could bring food and comfort to a woman's constant heart, came only to rob her of her last morsel, and to add fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses. One morning, after she had been toiling long in cold and hunger, she became too

weak to labor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to kiss her babe and to ask a blessing on its head from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent over its little shadowy form, her sorrows overwhelmed her, and she fell down beside her child and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her—with none to nourish her in her distress of heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that sweet peace which comes to the aching heart when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and better too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dying, and in the unconsciousness of temporary death, she knew it not.

She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness so dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, and the grim, bitter realities became palpable once more; and as consciousness returned she was startled from her partial dream by the icy chill which fell upon her when she touched her child. She shrieked wildly, and fell upon her face in the maddening agony of despair, "my child, my child, oh, my child!" she cried, and tore her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, and turned round to look upon the babe, whose soul had passed into that better sleep, from which there is no waking. She kissed its cold wasted form, and bathed its little marble face with her scalding tears.

"Oh, my child," she sobbed, "my poor child, murdered by its father's hand, the victim of his cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked and good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bosom, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone, the last link of my heart's affection is broken; Father of mercies, listen to the supplications of a childless mother!"

That step! and the blood goes back to her heart like an icy flood, and every pulse is withered, as with a bleak and desolating frost; she holds her breath, and with her dead child in her arms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, and in the

silence of despair and terror asks her God to bless and protect her, and to soften his heart in such an awful moment as this. He came to the threshold of the room and fell prostrate on the floor as he attempted to approach her; he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he lay, muttering in broken and inarticulate words, the most horrid oaths and imprecations. The mother spake not, for although even then she could have prayed for him in her heart, and bless him with her tongue; ay, and still labor for him with her hands, if by such she could win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her; but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness and of tears.

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again demanded what money she had; she gave him a few half-pence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed.

To know that he had gone to procure the poison on which he fed, with this last remnant of the midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother's arms; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again, sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart's broken hope beside her; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared for neither her nor it, and who would desecrate, by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been more dear to her than her own life; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that she still lived to hear him curse her in the very place where death had so lately been; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from which it would never more awake, and that her own terror made her speechless whenever she would have told him; all this was a

torrent of sorrow, before whose overbearing force her wintered heart gave way, and she sank down upon the floor, with her dead babe in her arms, senseless.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell, and wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds. Far away from her cold and solitary room; far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears; far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clapped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sun-bright waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening lie folded up in sleep. On and on her spirit went, in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes, where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph-songs, that mother's new-born soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty, where troops of cherubim were worshipping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The

spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud "My child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purpled blooms, and from the odorless sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply. And now a joyous troop, of star-light seraphs' sailed toward her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clapping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart has been gladdened by the return of a child whom she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banished? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirits of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother's spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit, in the gush of its awakened affection for the child of her bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction. And the prayer went upward, and the angels sung.

The drunkard staggered to the wretched home, and reeling into the silent room gazed upon the wife and child. They

spoke not—moved not; he stooped to touch, but recoiled in horror, for both of them were dead. The mother, in her sweet dream, had glided into the blissful evening land, and he, the destroyer of a wife and child, now felt in all the piercing agony of sin and shame, the scorpion stings of conscience. He fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy! His withering soul seemed struggling within him, and he gasped for breath. He had wandered into wicked paths, he had blighted a gentle heart by cruelty and neglect—he had wasted his own child's meal in drunkenness and villany, while it lay on its mother's breast perishing for want of food. He felt all the terrors of remorse, and hell seemed gaping beneath him! He arose and wept, and the first tear he shed was carried by invisible hands upward to that world of peace, as a sacrifice of penitence to the kneeling spirit of a mother. He wandered away in silence, and where he went were the falling tears which spoke, in accents eloquent and true, the silent utterance of a repentant heart.

For the Monthly Miscellany

FRANCES BROWN, THE POETESS.

BY REV. DAVID INGLIS.

Of the stars which have risen above the literary horizon, within the last ten years, Frances Brown, though not the greatest, is certainly the most remarkable. She does not combine the different degrees of imagination necessary to great poetical eminence, but she is a true poetess, nevertheless; and the difficulties against which she has so successfully struggled, impart a peculiar interest to her character, as well as to her poetry.

She was born in 1815, and is the daughter of a postmaster of a country town in County Donegal, Ireland. She has been blind from the age of a year and a half, from the small pox. From a child she was fond of hearing books read; and she has displayed extraordinary energy and per-

severance in the cultivation of her mental powers. As her family were too poor to allow any member of it time to read to her, as long and as often as she wished, she used to gain time by her own superior dexterity in the occupations in which the family were engaged, and she frequently hired others to do this service for her.—She was first brought into notice by the London Athæneum, to which she sent various poems, offering further contributions and asking, as a reward, the numbers of that publication, which she had no other means of procuring. The Editor of the Athæneum put her patience to a severe trial, but after a long time, during which she had given up the expectation of hearing from him, she received a long eulogizing letter, and several Nos. of the Athæneum. The publication of a volume of her poems in 1844, with a short biographical preface, by a friend, gained for her many powerful friends, and a general expression of admiration of her energy and talents.

The poetry of Frances Brown, like that of Mrs. Hemans, has an appearance of laborious finish. Mrs. Hemans is evidently her model; and it may be said of Miss Brown's as of Mrs. Heman's poetry, that though each poem, singly, is beautiful, yet the sweetness cloyes, and a succession of them does not produce adequate pleasure. She possesses hardly any fancy; she does not people nature with smiling sympathies—there is nothing sportive or childlike in her poems. She is sometimes, though rarely, cheerful, but never playful; and as she never, with the children, chases butterflies in the bright summer sun, neither does she, with the angels, take flight into the higher regions of spiritual life and joy. Her imagination is of that kind which combines and embellishes the objects, circumstances and characters in every-day life, which gives poetical expression to the daily experiences and emotions of the mind. Her poetical efforts are not, however, simply the turning of just and ele-

gant ideas into verse, she rises into a higher sphere, and gives utterance to living thoughts in burning words. We select the following as an example of the beauty of her language, and of intellectual vigor.

#### THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

The flowers of May, o'er many a harp  
Of old, their blossoms hung,  
And many a voice of later times.  
Their peerless bloom have sung;  
And joy in hut and palace hall  
Once hailed the festive days,  
Whose brightness to our father's brought,  
The welcome Flowers of May.

The statutes of the golden age,  
That lingered faint and long,  
The sylvan rites of early times,  
So dear to ancient song.  
The world hath trampled in her haste,  
At Mammon's shrine to bow.  
And many a Tyre our steps may find,  
But no Arcadia now.

And yet the forest bird sings on,  
His welcome to the Spring;  
And o'er our path, the passing years  
Their wreath of blossoms fling;  
And still the love of childhood lies  
Where its first treasures lay;  
Among the green wood's countless leaves,  
And lovely flowers of May.

For thus we loved them long ago,  
Ere Hope and Love grew cold,  
Or turned from Nature's blessed shrine,  
To worship power and gold.  
And oh! for all the freshness now,  
Of growing life and thought,  
That dwelt within our souls when first,  
Their pleasant homes we sought.

We sought them 'neath the forest trees,  
And by the sunlit streams,  
Whose sound, through dim and distant years,  
Have mingled with our dreams;  
And oft they win the wanderer back,  
To tread his early way,  
And seek the joy his childhood found,  
Among the Flowers of May.

But ah! they win us back in vain,  
No, after spring renews  
That gift of vanished sunshine, which  
Our souls so early lose,  
The streams we left may murmur on  
With bright, unbroken wave,  
But they sweep by many a silent hearth,  
And many a grassy grave.

Yet fair and fragrant to the day,  
 Each bright-eyed blossom opens;  
 They have not withered like our hearts,  
 Nor perished like our hopes.  
 And all the golden dreams of youth,  
 Whose splendor passed away,  
 Will come, but not as once they came,  
 With the sweet Flowers of May.

One thing is very remarkable in this poem, and in some others: her familiarity with the appearances of Nature, the hues of flowers, and the changes of the atmosphere, as though her eyes were open to the beauties of the sky above her, and the world around her. Their richness of flowery allusion and metaphor, reminds one of Milton's poems, composed before his blindness — *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*—in which the influence of the seasons, a familiarity with nature, and the love of all beautiful things, are so conspicuous. In the following extract from a poem called "*The Violet's Welcome*," the reader will discern still more keenness of sympathy with Nature in all her aspects, whether vernal or wintry.

ALAS! THE VIOLETS MAY RETURN.

As in Springs, remembered long;  
 But for us Time's wing can only spread  
 The snows that long on the heart are shed,  
 Ere yet their whiteness reach the head;  
 Thou camest to the waste and world,  
 But not, like us, to grow sad and cold—  
 Wild flowers of hope and song!  
 We bless thee for our childhood's sake;  
 For the light of the eyes no more to wake—  
 For memories green as a laurel crown,  
 That link thee to dreams like stars gone down,  
 And the spots we loved when our love was free;  
 Each heart hath a welcome yet for thee!

There is nothing in our blind poetess, of that tendency to dwell on the vast, the supernatural and the abstract, and to illustrate scenes and objects by metaphors of alternating light and darkness, and contrasts of fire and gloom, which is so strikingly displayed in *Paradise Lost*, that it could have been written by none but a blind man, and one who had not always been blind. But Miss Brown can have little or no recollection of light, or its op-

posite. She can never have felt what it is to be shut out from a world of light and beauty which she had once loved and enjoyed. But it is surprising to find such frequent allusions to external nature, if not actual descriptions of scenes and objects of which she can have no recollection. It is still more surprising, that an imaginative woman, living under the deprivation of that sense by which, more than any other, the mind is distracted from the contemplation of the abstract and the heavenly, should be so little conversant with faith and hope. Both imagination and Melancholy have been represented as looking out among the stars, and busied with the spiritual affinities and the mysteries of the Universe. There is a vein of deep-settled melancholy running through the poems of our authoress, but her imagination never rises on the wings of Faith and Hope, from the griefs of the present to the assured and the immortal; she hovers over the past—sighs for that which she can see no more, and pines for the unattainable. How sweetly, yet sadly, and alas! hopelessly, she sings of growing old:—

We are growing old—how the thought will rise  
 When a glance we backward cast,  
 On some long-remembered spot that lies  
 In the silence of the past.  
 Old in the dimness and the dust,  
 Of our daily toils and cares,  
 Old in the wrecks of love and trust,  
 Which our burdened memory bears.

What though we are growing old, and the things of this world are fleeting and uncertain, and some of them, which are so beautiful in the retrospect, are gone from us forever. Our Father provides a succession of blessings for all who, in a cheerful and thankful spirit, will accept them. It is our fault if our "hearts grow old," and our love and trust are wrecks, and the "living fountains" are dried up. Why should not the Child of God grow stronger in his trust, warmer in his love, and better in the inner man of his heart? Why should we not cheerfully acquiesce in the changes,

and bear the burdens which fall to our lot. Every age, station and temperament have their appropriate pleasures. It is not true poetry, any more than true wisdom, to reject the happiness within our reach, and sigh over memories, however bright, in the spirit of hopeless regret.

The bright hours of mem'ry—oh, who can look back,

Retracing his path through the desert of years,  
And find in the wastes of the long-trodden track  
Some far isle of verdure whose dew is not tears;  
Some spot to whose greenness his steps would return,

In spite of the thorns and the deserts between,  
Could they bear back the spirit that once they had borne,

Or find it the region that once it had been.

Beautiful, certainly; but who would return to those days over which the moonlight of memory sheds such a beautifying influence? We shall ever love to recall those bright hours of memory—"those vanished violet times"—but we would not return to them if we could. They were the pleasures peculiar to one stage of our existence; they would not satisfy us now.—And shall we then disregard the higher ones of which our matured powers are now capable? Shall we not rather, leaving the things that are behind, press onward and upward, to still higher capabilities and to heavenly places? The faith of immortality is the only balm for the sadness of this mortal life, and the only consolation for its griefs. We regret that the poems of this Child of Song and Sorrow are so deficient in that hopefulness and trustfulness, from which it is a fearful thing to part. There is, however, a sunny gleam of hope and faith in the concluding verse of a poem entitled "Words."

But if from mortal lips are poured  
Such spells of wond'rous might,  
What glorious wisdom filled his word,  
Who spake, and it was light;  
Well may that mighty word restore  
The morning of the world once more.

In the following extracts from one of her

later poems, "The God of the World," the reader will discern more originality and variety of thought, than in those already quoted:

The gray of the desert's dawn,  
Had tinged the mighty mound,  
That stands as the tomb of Babylon,  
On her ancient river's bound,  
For the land hath kept no trace beside  
Of the old Chaldean's power and pride.

Upon that lonely height,  
To mark the morning climb  
The skies of his native solitude,  
The Genius of the Desert stood,  
And saw the conqueror, Time,  
Appear on pinions bright and dim,  
But ever welcome was he to him.

For his journey left no track  
On the long untrodden sand;  
No human hopes or homes were there,  
No blooming face or flowing hair,  
To fear his withering hand;  
And the Genius greeted him who made  
So wide the bound of his sceptre's shade.

They spoke of their ancient sway,  
Of their temples rich and vast,  
That moldered in their right away;  
And the scorn of ages passed  
O'er the desert traveller's lip and brow,  
As he said, "What God do they worship now."

The father of the years  
Looked up to the rising sun.  
And said, "In the bounds his path surrounds,  
There reigns no God but one.  
All faith beside, has grown faint and cold,  
And the only God in the world is Gold.

'Tis gold in the city proud,  
'Tis gold in the hamlet low,  
To it they kneel with the bridal veil,  
And the mourner's garb of woe,  
And childhood's joy, and youth's bright hal,  
And the peace of age are offered there."

"And has the world grown old  
In vain," said the shadowy sage,  
"And come at length to the age of gold,  
But not to the golden age."  
Is this the fruit of her better days,  
From the gathered lore of centuries,  
And piled up wisdom of the past,  
To bow to the very dust at last.

For the Monthly Miscellany.

# ADIEU TO MY FATHERLAND.

BY M. H. RICE.

And now farewell, dear father-land, farewell!  
My last faint footfall dies amid thy bowers;  
Past are my wanderings; amid these scenes  
No more I linger; and the heart's farewell,  
What words can utter forth! In the soft breeze  
That fans my brow there is a whispering,  
A low-toned minstrel breath, that sweeps the  
chords  
Of my fond heart, as deep it sighs farewell.

On old ancestral homes I look my last,  
But they are stranger's now—why should I gaze?  
For round the worn, grey hearth-stone of my  
sires

But few are gathering, within whose veins  
The vital current flows, that flows in mine.  
A cherished few there are, who still survive  
The ruthless wreck which Time is wont to  
make

With nations and with families; round them  
My heart's affections twine. And as above  
Some fallen giant tree, strong branches rise  
With freshness and with beauty, so do these  
Perpetuate their father's living faith;  
The high-born virtues of a pilgrim race.

And, oh, my soul  
Would bless the God of Heaven, that they whose  
life

Source of my being was, were men who sought  
And held communion with the skies; and now  
They roam Elysian fields, nor breathe one sigh  
For these low vales, translated far above  
All sublunary joys.

Their bright examples, like a midnight lamp,  
Illume my way, and teach me not to seek  
My all, my portion, in a world where they  
Were passing pilgrim guests.

There is one quiet path I've loved to tread,  
Half overgrown with grass—it is the way  
My father's father took—as on each morn,  
Each Sabbath morn, he meditative walked  
Up to the house of prayer, and thought of  
Heaven,

Seeking acceptance there; and I shall muse  
No more upon this almost holy ground,  
Where once the incense of the soul arose.

Adieu, ye circling hills, so beautiful,  
Half blue, half lost in distance with your homes,  
Loved, quiet, happy homes, and forest groves,  
Dark and majestic, waving to the breeze,  
Revealing here and there those gorgeous tints  
Which herald Autumn hours. And ye green  
glades,

With your lone, cool recesses where the sound  
Of ever murmuring waters lull the heart,  
Wildered by care, or passion's ruthless sway,  
Farewell, farewell! I must not linger here,  
For I have drunk in beauty, 'til my heart  
Is filled almost to wildness, and I fear  
Lest this bright dream should bend some high  
resolve

Which sterner virtue dictates.

Sweet valley, thou art fading from my view;  
Distant, yet still more distant thou dost seem;  
Thy noisy waterfall is heard no more,  
And thy fair scenes commingle into one,  
The village spire that looms above the rest,  
Near which my father's ashes buried lie.  
Seems but a speck in yon horizon east;  
Thy bright bewitching loveliness grows dim;  
An azure curtain o'er the scene is hung  
Tears fall as rain—mine eyes have looked their  
last.

For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.

# THE RELATIONS OF THE FAMILY TO THE STATE.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHELL.

We have thought that among the variety which fitly finds its place in the MISCELLANY, it might not be amiss to call the attention of the parents in the many households which it visits, to the design and relations of the family. The views we would present may at least avail to awaken reflection and lead to a higher and juster estimate of that homely institution.

There is an important sense in which both the State and the Church rest down upon the more elementary and fundamental institution of the family. This is in reality the primary divine institution that underlies and sustains all others. Down at the basis of all human society, God has ordained the division of our race into innumerable domestic associations, founded on the parental relation. He has broken up mankind into household societies, into miniature but complete communities, in which men shall be trained from the first for their wider spheres of action in maturer life. It is thus arranged that each shall be cast first into the family, to receive dis-

cipline there for all that lies beyond. The household is the primary social and governmental institution, and its conditions are such as to call for just that tuition of its inmates which shall fit them for all those relations which await them in subsequent life. There first government is given among men. There first authority finds place, investing the parent with a divine right and obligation to guide, control, educate—in one word to ~~form~~ his children—to train them for the fulfilment of all those obligations which are to rest upon them toward their fellow men and toward God. And that he may be incited to administer this government faithfully and well, there is instituted the nicest balance of absolute power and tenderest love—the highest authority under the strongest bonds of affection—his heart filled with unutterable tenderness, and his honor, peace, and happiness wrapt up in the character and conduct of the child.

Of the three divine institutions among men, the Family, the State, the Church, the last two have mainly to do with men at a somewhat advanced stage, after they have gone forward to some ripe measure of rational, social, and moral development.—They have not the means of directly forming the mind and heart in their earliest stages. And yet it is upon the culture the child shall receive within the period before he comes fairly into the hands of the State and the Church, that it depends, more than upon all else, whether the State and the Church shall ever be able to enjoy or even to endure him—whether he shall ever be of worth in this world or in that which is to come. And this whole field of rudimentary culture and most decisive formation, this molding of the child for all his future being, is given in solemn charge to the family. This is the high vocation and office work of the parent.

We propose to consider this matter chiefly in its relations to the State. We hold that a good parent is the best patriot. For in the way things are constituted in this

world, it is through the household discipline, by the principles and habits there implanted, that men enter in maturer life upon the duties and franchises of citizens, prepared to be acceptable and profitable members of the social body.

Let us consider now, in several directions, how indispensable this correct preliminary training is in forming the good citizen.

First of all, it is essential that he who is to be a social being shall have been habituated to recognize and regard the rights of his fellow men. He must already have been trained and practised in this. The State is not to take him through these rudiments. That is work for the family.—Among its earliest teachings and trainings it is called to regulate and restrain the all-grasping *self* that fills the whole soul of the little one. Every parent knows what innumerable settlements of the *wine* and *time* must be made in the family circle—what adjustment of great rights in little interests; and in these the greatest moral lessons are to be taught. All the elementary doctrines and duties of social citizenship and civil obligation are involved in these litigations of the nursery and the play-ground. And this field is opened for their early enforcement on the child. He is thus to grow up in a practised regard for social equity and relative rights, and come at last into his position in society as one educated to his duties. And it is thus under the eye of the parent that the child is broken in to a practical understanding and observance of rights and obligations.

So also the social virtues, without which civil peace and order would be impossible among men—such virtues as veracity, honesty, industry—are to be established, if ever, in the period of infancy and childhood. The State must receive its members ready-formed in these respects. It cannot reach back and take in hand the training of the child in these virtues. It is dependent upon the family for the performance of this elementary work. And if the fam-



ily be not true to this trust, if it fail to form its inmates to habits of thrift and order, and to the principles of social morality, civil government will labor in vain to mold aright the rigid and spoiled material that is passed over into its hands. It can only defend itself in that case, as well as it may, against these troublers of its peace and these contemnors of others' rights, by the infliction of its penalties. It is in the family we learn to dwell with our fellows in peace and mutual helpfulness, just, truthful, generous, and humane—respecting others' rights and maintaining our own. It were sad indeed if the man had all this to learn after he became a citizen. And woe to the State whose citizens had these things yet to learn!

Furthermore, the cultivation of the social affections, the development and discipline of the heart, is almost solely committed to the sphere of the family. And this is a work without which all social life would be disjointed, and human society would become Ishmaelitish and intolerable. If men are not to meet and dash together loosely and coldly, like icebergs in the sea of life, there is a cultivation and discipline of the heart to be had. The affectionate nature is to be elicited—the warm impulses of the soul are to be called forth and regulated—we must be taught to love, to pity, to forgive, to sympathize: and these emotions must be taught their proper objects and limits. When and where shall all this be done? It must be done early. The family must do it—must educate the soul—give it play and guidance, awaken feeling and give it tuition: in a word, must mold the human creature into a being of lively and noble affections. If it fail to do this, men will come forth to meet one another in the walks of life, cold, ruthless, and without love, all their affections mere passions, brutal and greedy.—No man is fully fitted for social and civil relations, who has not felt and answered a father's love and the more than love of a

mother—poorly fitted if in early life his soul has not long and happily bathed itself in all the fountains of household tenderness.

There is still another most essential point that is to be carried, if ever, while yet the child is but the rudimental man, enfolded in the bosom of the household. There the capacity and habit must be formed of *recognizing and obeying rightful authority*.

Perhaps the very deepest trait of the human heart is its desire for independence of all control, for freedom from all restraint. It craves to be sole law-giver and authority to itself. And this spirit is one which, if suffered to retain its hold in the soul and grow up to maturity, absolutely disqualifies the being for all government, human or divine. It is the spirit of rebellion. It is one of the first and strongest exhibitions of nature in the child. And if not early corrected, it is a trait that rapidly acquires strength, and soon attains to a stiffness of the will almost beyond the possibility of correction. The human heart naturally resents every attempt at authority over it. Law is unwelcome to it. It rises up not merely against the thing commanded, but against the commanding. It craves to be its own master, and to feel that it has no power above it.

Now it is manifest that this spirit must be broken in, and the soul must learn to submit itself to rightful authority and obey law, or it is fitted only for lawlessness and rebellion in every field of action in which it shall ever be placed. And it is equally obvious, that if this grand fundamental lesson of submissiveness to a higher will having just right to command, be ever learned, it must be early, while the nature is yet plastic and yielding. To defer this to a late period, to the years of maturity, is to give it over to hopelessness forever. For with evil haste this indisposition of the heart to obey mounts ever higher in its autocratic independence, till it even becomes an *incapacity* of obedience.

Now this is eminently a trust committed to the parent, and forms one of the chief purposes of the family. The child is given into the hands of those, who, with hearts full of love, shall watch over the openings of its nature, mark the first motions of this rebellious spirit, and with the kind hand of firm authority meet and correct the evil while it is yet weak and may be easily subdued. The bud of insubordination can be plucked; and instead of growing lawlessness and self-will, the pliant nature of the child can be molded to the recognition of just authority as right and obligatory. The spirit and habit of obedience can thus be established in the child. And it is a lesson which, well learned, will cover his whole being with its benign influence and operation. He goes forth qualified for obedience wherever he may find a justly constituted authority over him.

It is thus, in fact, men learn to obey, so far as they ever really attain to that high capability. The factious and impracticable in civil society are very certainly those who went forth ungoverned and unsubdued from the family. These are the failures. But where the family has fulfilled its purpose in this respect, the child is graduated into the sphere and relations of a citizen, prepared to acknowledge the sacredness of civil authority and the binding claims of law. He has been inured to obedience. He knows how to obey.—And he is thus fitted to be a good citizen, to honor law, and walk peacefully in the paths it marks out for him amid the conflicting interests of life. And so indispensable is this elementary work of household discipline, that were its office in this respect to be vacated, government would cease to be a thing possible among men. The earth would be delivered over as a prey to lawlessness and rapine. The rampant and uncurbed wills of men, educated to rebellion, would fly in the face of all authority, and trample all civil restraints in the dust. Civil governments do

not and cannot *teach* men to obey; they demand obedience outright as a something taught far back in the pliancy of an earlier period.

Thus the State rests down, by the ordinance of God, on the family as its foundation. Let men cease to be nurtured there into reverence and deference to authority, and the State would soon find itself utterly deranged, and instead of order and peace, anarchy would have the world for its own.

And if an education unto obedience is so essential to the formation of a good citizen, how is it in that higher field of obligation in which religious character and destiny are involved? If only early subjugation to parental authority can suffice to correct in some measure the rebel nature, and prepare it for the claims of maturer life, the influence reaches much farther than to the State. We are subjects of another and a higher government. There is a Being most high to whom we owe allegiance, who has an infinite right to our reverent and hearty acceptance as Lord Supreme. And the child, now under the parent's law, is presently to know of the claims of this Being upon him; and on his submission to God's authority turns his destiny for eternity. But there is a distinct field in which the spirit of obedience is to be inculcated and established in the child, before he comes to act with conscious reference to the divine commands. And if that space of earliest life, in which the child knows no authority higher than that of the parent, be given up to disobedience and self-rule, he passes out an educated contemner of authority; and coming from the broken law and prostrate authority of the parent under God's commands, he is prepared to rebel and disobey still.

In a word, the native insubordination, if not corrected at the first, will have gained head and become a generic spirit of insubmission, that will go on to assert its cherished independence, first of human

law and civil authority, and then also even of the authority of the Almighty.

On the other hand, though we cannot affirm that the docile and obedient child will, of course, submit himself to the divine claims, it can be said with assurance, that the child trained from the first to defer to that which is rightfully above him, accustomed to yield wherever yielding is due, will stand, when he enters consciously within the field of religious obligation, at a point of vast advantage. Instead of a heart steeled in self-willed obstinacy and knowing not how to bend to a higher will, his nature has been broken in to obey where obedience is obligatory, and he is far more likely to accept God's laws in loving service.

Such is the relation which in the very nature of things must exist between early insubordination, and the later stages and riper forms of disobedience. And it is well fitted to show us how fundamental is the work which is assigned to the family. It is the primary moral school in which God places us, to receive in early life that training which alone can fit us for the riper relations into which we are to pass.—There it is designed we shall be inured to wholesome restraint, conformed to law, bred up in ways of obedience.

It would be easy to verify this reasoning by facts. Look around on those who become the pests of society, the lawless and violent. Take any collection of criminals, whom society is compelled to shut away from itself to secure its very existence. Trace back these malefactors and learn their history. This lawless manhood, so contemptuous of all restraint, is ordinarily traceable back through a reckless and wilful period of youth to an ungoverned childhood and an infancy wayward, imperious, and self-ruled. The family was subverted. Weak parental indulgence threw the reins on the violent nature of the child, and gave him up to his own way. And his own way he accordingly took, and rejoiced to take. He

grew stout in self-sufficiency and in the dignity of precocious self-direction—he knew no master, would listen to no law.

Who will wonder that such a beginning should end in crime and ruin? A thousand times our prisons and gibbets have told the same sad story: "I knew no law, no master, no authority in my childhood. My own will was my rule of action. I was suffered to trample on the restraints of a father, and to mock at the entreaties of a mother. And my soul grew strong in its temper of defiance. I went forth to do among men that which was pleasing in my own sight. I knew not how to obey. Law was to me an old weak foe over which I had long been wont to triumph. And I waged the same old warfare on it still—and am crushed at last!" Such are the confessions of many whose education in transgression began in the family, and whose whole career in evil was simply the unfolding into riper forms of the spirit that was fostered there.

And it is down here at the roots of society we are to look for the causes of so much civil disorder and crime. Parental authority is so often thrown up, and the very intent of the household constitution so often frustrated by weakness and neglect, that we may well look for results; and they are too plentifully witnessed in lawless and violent men, the Arabs of the social state, the passionate and headstrong—the spoiled ones of the family—the ruined material of good and noble men!

Thus God has builded all things social and moral on the foundations that are laid in the family. What is done there is done deeply, decisively, and covers in its consequences all results, temporal and eternal, for all worlds here and hereafter.

So far, then, from being the insignificant and scarcely noticeable affair which it is often regarded, the family is the most honorable and significant institution among men. God has made it the sacred repository of influences that shape and control all other institutions. And the

parent, private and unimportant as his sphere may seem, fills by Divine appointment the most considerable station on earth. He wields influences that are central and touch the heart of all interests earthly and eternal. What though his post be retired and his work little regarded among the busy goings-on of the world—he is silently molding the material of which all human life and history are made! Under his guidance the issues of mind and heart are decided and the impress of character given. Each parent is one of the pillars on which the world rests down. And let him feel, that he who trains up one well-nurtured man, and fills his soul with the lights of nobleness and strength, and with the beautiful completeness of manly worth and virtue, renders a service to God and his kind, for which he shall never lack praise and joy.

For the Monthly Miscellany.

#### THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY ISAAC MILES CRAVATH.

Forth from the blissful home he lov'd,  
A radiant thoughtless cherub rov'd,  
Wheeling his course thro' zones of light  
That circled round his rapid flight.  
On, on with tireless wing he flew  
Past countless worlds of various hue,  
Stretching out far into the unknown,  
At length he found himself alone.  
Through that long day he roved, his joy  
Unmingled with care's base alloy  
But when all space had sunk to rest  
His head fell drooping on his breast,  
And longing for some friendly bow'r  
Where he might rest one weary hour,  
He thought him of his brother-band  
And cried, "Where is that spirit-land?"

A Poet sat within his bower  
Fragrant with perfume of each flower;  
And yet the Poet was not there—  
For far away thro' ambient air  
His spirit ran with anxious eye  
As if some lost-one to descry,—  
And joy ecstatic rushed o'er him—  
A glorious world spread out before him.  
With music for its atmosphere  
And light its boundless shining sphere.  
Where dreams and thoughts are living things.

Where Naiads drink from covert springs;  
Where Fancy rules with gentle hand  
The queen of that fair spirit-land

There is a world all bright and fair,  
Though sin has marked a pathway there  
And brought death in its direful train  
To shed his dew o'er sons of men.  
Yet there a suffering Savior bled  
And Sin and Death his captives led  
That world of sun-shine and of storms  
Is peopled with ten-thousand forms  
Of beings tenanted in clay—  
Whose tenement must pass away;  
But who before heaven's throne shall stand,  
Habitants of their spirit-land.

There is another, far below,  
Where midnight shadows come and go  
With agony and grim despair,  
Chained to destruction's fiery car,  
Where Hope and Love doth never come;  
Where Hate and Fear have each a home:  
Where black Revenge stalks forth in might  
And breathes its tempests with delight,  
And death doth guard with dart in hand  
The entrance of that spirit-land.

Another yet—how bright, how fair,  
How glorious doth that world appear!  
There amaranthine flowers grow;  
Rivers of Life unceasing flow,—  
There ransom'd spirits roll along  
The Allelujals of their song,  
And Mercy's bow above them spann'd  
Sheds joy throughout that spirit-land.

#### THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

The greater part of the vegetables consumed in Mexico are cultivated in the Chinampas, called by Europeans floating gardens. They are of two kinds: some are movable, and frequently driven up and down by the wind; others firm, and fixed to the shore. The former only can be termed floating, but the number of these is daily lessening.

The ingenious invention of the chinampas is traceable to the end of the fourteenth century, and the idea was probably suggested to the Aztecas by nature itself. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilco and Chalco, the waters, in their periodical swellings, throw up clods and

mounds of earth, covered with grass and tangled roots. These masses, after floating for a long time up and down, the sport of every breeze, sometimes form into groups of small islets. A tribe, too weak and insignificant to establish any settlement on the main-land, took advantage of this portion of the soil thus accidentally placed at their disposal, and the possession of which was not likely to be disputed. The most ancient chinampas were only turf-mounds artificially joined, and then tilled and planted by the Aztecs.— These floating islands are found in every zone. Humboldt describes those he saw at Quito, in the River Guayaquil, as being about twenty feet long, floating about in the middle of the stream, and full of the bamboo, the *Pista stateotes*, and other plants, whose roots are knotty, and disposed to intertwine. They are also to be found in the small lake called Lago di Agua Solfa of Tivoli, near the Baths of Agrippa, composed of sulphur, of carbonate of lime, and of the leaves of *Ulma thermalis*, and shifting from place to place at every breath of wind.

The industry of the Aztec nation has brought to great perfection the idea suggested by the masses of earth broken off from the banks of the rivers. The floating gardens found by the Spaniards in great numbers, and many of which are still to be found in the Lake of Chalco, were a sort of rafts formed of reeds, rushes, and rough, prickly, tangling shrubs, and covered by the Indians with a layer of rich earth, impregnated with muriate of soda. This salt is gradually extracted from the soil by watering it with the water of the lake, and the ground is more or less fertilised, according to the more or less frequent application of this lye—for such, even when salt, the water becomes by filtration through the soil. The chinampas sometimes contain a hut for the Indian in charge of a group of the floating gardens, which can be towed or impelled by long poles at pleasure, from one side

of the river to the other; and as this happens just in proportion to the distance of the fresh-water lake from the salt-water lake, many are to be found along the Vega, in the marshy soil between the Lake of Chalco and the Lake of Texcoco. Each chinampa forms a parallelogram, three hundred feet long and about twenty in breadth, and is separated from its neighbour by a narrow dike. In these chinampas are cultivated beans, peas, capsicums, potatoes, artichokes, and a great variety of other vegetables, and the borders are generally edged with flowers, and sometimes by a little hedge of rose-trees. Indeed the beauty of the scenery altogether makes a boating excursion round them, especially those of Istacalco and lake Chapala, most delightful.

#### THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

BY W. FIELD.

*"Work while it is day," for "the night cometh, when no man can work."*

One summer's morn a little girl  
Had plucked some flowers,  
With which she played as passed along  
Her happy childhood's hours.

But when the evening time came on,  
The flowers looked worn and dead;  
So down she to the sea-shore ran,  
And with a sigh thus said:—

"I'll leave them here, that when the tide  
Comes from the mighty main,  
Its waves, perhaps, will freshen them,  
And make them live again."

Next morn with eager steps she came  
Her flowerets dear to track;  
The tide had borne them all away,  
But had not brought them back!

Our season here for doing good  
Will soon have passed away;  
The tide of time is rolling on  
To vast eternity!

Our days of opportunity  
Will soon be past and o'er;  
The tide which carries them away,  
Will bring them back no more

Work while 't is day—the night comes on,  
The scene will soon be dark:  
Now is the time for energy,  
And now the time for work!

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal

# SOUTHERN GATES OF EGYPT.

There is scarcely any place in Egypt more picturesque in appearance, or more interesting, than what may be called its Southern Gates—the whole neighborhood of the first Cataracts. I have read many descriptions thereof executed with great skill, but not one appears to me to convey a correct idea at the same time of the general characteristics of the scene and of the minuter details. It may be that success is impossible, or it may be that travellers have hurried on too rapidly to other classical sites. This last supposition is not unlikely to be true. I have known people 'do' the whole district in twenty-four hours. For my own part, during the period I remained there, new objects of interest, new points of view, seemed perpetually presenting themselves; and when I took my departure, it was with the impression that had I remained twice as long, no yearning for fresh excitement would have arisen.

We had passed through a narrow defile of rock the previous evening, and moored at Akabah, a village celebrated for its dates. The morning came bright and sunny, but cool. A gentle north wind filled the sails, and soon wafted us against the rippling current to within sight of Es-souan, or rather of the hills and ruins that overlook it, for the town itself was concealed by palm-groves. A white-walled palace standing alone on the eastern bank and a great ruined convent half way up the sandy declivity to the west, were the first buildings that appeared near at hand. A slight turn brought us in sight of the point of Stephantine, its woods and thickets sparkling in the sun, the approach seemingly impossible by reason of the huge black rocks piled as if fragments of a ruined dike across the river. To the right a winding branch strewn with boulders appeared to lead away into the desert; but to the left a long line of boats in-

dicated the mooring ground. The great sail was soon got in; and the foresail flapping took us quietly along between two enormous rocks, covered with hieroglyphics and figures of ancient kings and heroes, into a kind of lake or harbor, defended by breakers on the north; the sandy bank covered with old boats, and backed by trees, on the east; the island on the west; and closing in to the south, so as to leave only a narrow passage between an eminence topped with Saracenic ruins, and the great shattered wall of hewn stone supposed to mark the site of the Nilometer.

There was bustle on the beach: our friends coming to salute us, and point out a convenient place where to "peg up;" boatmen exchanging salutations; donkeys, with real civilized saddles, and uncivilized drivers, crowding down for employment; shipwrights hammering; fifty men, with a measured grunt, hauling a boat ashore; further on, a large space covered with bales of merchandise, sheds, and groups of travelers—so that the border town of Egypt, which, by the way, was still not visible, promised to be at least a lively place of halt. It turned out to be so in fact; and I should have no objection to go back and spend a month or so there, breathing the purest air in the world beneath the finest sky.

Every one knows by report that there are two famous islands in this vicinity, separated by several miles of rapids; one above, called Phihe; and one below called Stephantine. The latter, as I have said, now lay opposite to us, just allowing the white hilly Libyan desert to appear through its groves; but our curiosity was chiefly directed towards the former, and we could scarcely refrain from imitating the native travelers, and hurrying off at once to explore it. There was plenty of time before us, however; and restraining our impatience, we resolved to persevere in our old method of making ourselves

at home in a place ere we went in quest of its neighboring objects of attraction.

The modern town of Essouan contains some four or five thousand inhabitants.—A principal street, as usual, is devoted to the bazaar—not very remarkable for the richness of the goods exposed for sale. In the neighborhood, especially to the north, are a variety of dusty looking gardens divided by dusty lanes; but the general effect is that of barrenness and desolation. To the south is a city of ruins—the ancient Arabic Essouan, with its remains of elegant arched buildings stretching far and wide; and beyond where the ground rises, the commencement of a vast cemetery.—Our first walk was in this direction; and we had soon got clear of the new town and the old, and were in the midst of tombs and black rocks, here and there bearing inscriptions. On the summit of the hill are two mosques—one ruined, and one glazing with fresh whitewash. The latter is sacred to the Seventy-seven Sheiks, and is regarded with peculiar respect both by the residents and all true Moslem travelers. From its neighborhood a fine view is obtained of the winding course of the Nile to the North: of the desert rising into crags on either side; of the town and its dusty groves, and above all, of the great black valley along which runs the land route to Phihe. The whole breadth of this valley is covered with shattered mausolea and an infinity of head stones, generally in good preservation, with long, mysterious-looking Cufic inscriptions. Further on to the south, it seems encumbered with isolated rocks that, thickening in the distance, at length close up the view. On the most conspicuous heights around, tombs of saints, ancient and modern, are perched like watch-towers.

We returned through part of the new town, detecting fragments of ancient buildings in the walls of several of the houses; and coming down to the river north of our mooring-ground, examined an old Roman bath that projects like a mole into

the water. From this the road or path goes through trees, beneath a huge piece of rock, covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions and figures, not of very finished workmanship, and probably recording the visits of mere travelers like ourselves. It could not but strike us that these ancient pilgrims surpassed in taste the moderns. They chose the face of precipices, the naked sides of water-washed boulders, whereon to write the enduring memorial of their visit. But their more civilized successors chose the most conspicuous part of the most elegant and ornamented monument, and are not content unless the name of Smith defaces an oval, or destroys the expressive touches which mark the countenance of Isis or Osiris.

Next day we resolved to extend the circle of our wanderings, and started again southwards. This time we traversed the whole length of the cemetery along the centre of the valley, gazing with admiration at the elegant cupolas, finely turned arches, and graceful pillars, which though now all broken and deserted, testified amply to the taste that had presided over their creation. One of the innumerable headstones that dot the ground appeared recently shattered by a musket bullet. There was a story put to the purpose: A Turkish soldier in a fit of drunken impiety, had fired at the stone; but even before the missile had sped to its mark, he had fallen down dead, slain by the spirit of the buried Sheik—for none but holy men lie in this ground.

A friend explained that the story had its origin in a true occurrence, of which the hero was a Frank traveler. He had fired last year at a crow, broken the stone by accident, and his gun flurstring he lost the use of his hand. This matter-of-fact statement would have satisfied me, but I find that in reality the anecdote is an old one, being mentioned by writers twenty years ago.

Having got beyond the tombs, we found the country become more wild and savage

at every step. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a lichen met the eye. All was black, crumbly rock on every side. Beneath our feet was sand.—The hills, broken into fantastic shapes, formed hollows, ravines, valleys, winding away in inextricable confusion. We seemed to have got into the extinguished crater of a vast volcano. Yet there was nothing horrid in the scene, because the unclouded sun was there, streaming down its dazzling light on every object, and imparting, as it were, life to desolation. A vulture now and then sailed heavily from crag to crag; two or three hawks ascended in their spiral flight; a dozen or so of glossy black crows looked pertly at us from boulders bearing the name of the Pharaohs, or strutted with an air of assumed gentility on the ground; and some small black and white birds, with sparrows and desert larks, fluttered in busy idleness about.

We turned off at length to the right into a rugged ravine that seemed to lead nowhere. But after scrambling along for some time, we actually saw the tops of some waving palms, rising, it seemed, out of a fissure in the earth; and presently getting to the summit of the pass, came in full view of a little village of little houses, surrounded by little gardens, nestling in the midst of horrid inky rocks, on the borders, we thought, of a little lake that dazzled our eyes with its brightness. We went on, surprised and silent, and soon got into the clean streets, formed by the neat garden mud-walls and the still neater fronts of the houses, and could scarcely believe we were in Egypt. It was some time before our fancies were persuaded that we were in a Shellabe village on the banks of one of the winding branches of the Nile.

The name of the place was Mahatta. It was inhabited, we learned, entirely by that peculiar race of people called Shellabes, from Shellal, the Arabic name by which the Cataracts are known. They

are evidently of Berber or Nubian descent, but intermingle very little with the parent stock, and seem to me superior in personal appearance and intelligence. They depend entirely for their living on work connected with the Cataracts—as tracking up or taking down boats, transporting merchandise, etc.—and seem to make a good thing of it. I admired their taste in selecting this lonely spot as the site of their village, although there are but a few basketsful of earth in the neighborhood.—There never was a more romantic situation. Opposite rises a lofty desolate island; behind is a lofty desolate ridge.—North and south barren rocks close in the view. The current of the river is scarcely perceptible to the eye, unless you stoop over the slippery rocks which lead down from the village; but it sparkles so gaily in the sun as to supply the place of almost all the other elements of beauty in a landscape.

In passing through the village, we saw only a few women, some of elegant form and agreeable features, standing in the streets; but when we had sat down on a great rock overlooking the stream, a crowd of little chattering children came round us, all offering something for sale. The parents were wise enough to know that these pretty urchins would make better bargains than themselves. One had a couple of spears with long blades and light handles, covered with the skin of the *warran*, or great water-lizard; others had sticks of hardwood fancifully ornamented with leather and brass wire. They sat around, talking with us in a very independent manner—at least such as could speak a little Arabic—the others chirping among themselves like birds, I believe in a dialect of the Berberi. Mighty curiosity, to the forgetfulness of all ideas of gain, was excited by the sight of a watch, and when they were permitted to listen to the ticking, there was actually a moment of awestricken silence. But they soon returned to the charge, urging us to buy



their curiosities, not at all in an importunate tone, but in a half-manly half-childish way inexpressibly amusing. Of course we felt bound to comply, and went away at last with many kind wishes for our safety.

Even in the villages where the children have been taught, as in some parts of Egypt, to assail the travelers for *backshish*, they bless you before you give, and indeed whether you give or not. A little fellow came up to me, holding out his hand.—“If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!” “If it please God!” said I, pretending to misunderstand him. He ran along by my stirrup with the same gesture and the same indirect form of asking. “Why should I give thee anything?” inquired I. He smiled at the absurdity of the question, and repeated, “If it please God, mayst thou go in peace!” I was deaf to his demand. He became more earnest, still sticking to the same form.—My donkey began to go. He thought that as I had spoken I must relent, and followed. Finding me, however, obdurate to the last, he dropped behind, still murmuring, though with a disappointed tone, “If it please God, mayst thou go on thy way in peace!”

Next time I passed he kept aloof and remained silent, looking, however, benevolently at me. I called and gave him something, and was rewarded by his stereotyped good wishes for a prosperous journey in a very energetic tone. As he never went beyond these words, perhaps he knew no more of Arabic; but this polite and winning way of begging is general.

The donkeys used by travelers at Essouan generally belong to the respectable people of the towp, who let them out incidentally when they do not happen to want them. You seldom get the same two days following, but you get the same boy and the same saddle. Some of the boys are intelligent, but others are sadly stupid. There is a man who affects to be a guide, and entertains travelers who em-

ploy him with long speeches about his honesty and tenderness of conscience.—Going through a field of clover one day, he interrupted a very flowery speech on this subject, by saying to the donkey-boy: “See, first, if nobody is looking, and then gather an armful of that *buracem*.”

“Ho! ho!” quoth his employer, “is this your honesty?”

The man was taken aback for a moment, but recovering, said: “The owner of that field is my particular friend; and if I were to ask him for the whole crop, he would give it me.”

At Mahatta, as I have hinted; there is nothing to tell of the neighborhood of the Cataracts. I do not remember that, even as the hush of noon came on, the roar of struggling waters reached our ear. It was some time subsequently that I went to view them from the shore.

The road from Essouan was the same as that before described, only we had to push further on; and on turning off again to the right, found ourselves in still more rugged defiles. We were obliged to dismount, and scramble up on foot. Evening was drawing nigh; we wished to see the sun set, and made great exertions to reach the summit in time; but when we came almost at a run to the crest of the ridge, and saw the horizon, that had retreated to a vast distance, nothing but waves of purple light remained to greet us. I defy the world to produce a grander spectacle; but my pen has not the cunning to describe it. Indeed, I could not get to understand the secret of its grandeur—of the wonderful impression it made upon my mind. Was it the very paucity of its elements—billows of black rock congealed, but here and there edged, it seemed, with golden foam—valleys of gloom, fading off on all sides, as it were, into stationary banks of smoke? Such was the huge setting of the picture.

And what was the picture? A river—a mighty current of water coming out of one of the largest of these shadowy valleys,

and then breaking up into a thousand torrents embracing a thousand islands, and meeting in a thousand eddying pools, with a hum, a buzz, a roar, that grew louder as the night came on: so that as we dragged along the precipitous path, our voices, hushed at first into a whisper by admiration of what we beheld, rose imperceptibly to a shout.

I know not why in this lonely place, where naught but the Cataracts and the wind are to speak at all—I know not why, I say, as the winds sink and go away murmuring to other regions, this tumultuous chanting of the waters should increase in potency—why they should seem to grow more restless when naught but the owl, and the bat, and the robber-wolf is abroad, when all else is welcoming the approach of sleep. Scientific men, eavesdroppers of nature, will no doubt find out some explanation in the disposition of different strata of the atmosphere; but at that time I could not help thinking that we had come upon some great meeting of the water-sprites—some parliament of demons engaged in supernatural debate. The light was rapidly fading away over the untrodden desert, and whole troops of thin shadows were coming playing towards us. Islands began to quiver like rapids, and rapids seem to grow solid like islands. A sad, and silent black boy who came to us, I know not how, hurried us along from bab to bab.—We might almost have fancied ourselves guided by a familiar to the place, had he not taken care at length to tell us that he was unwilling to be benighted in that lonely place. He wanted to go home.—And where was his home? Behind that great isolated rock at the village of Korore.

We scrambled over the slippery rocks, while the moon gradually substituted herself for the sun. To our surprise, as we came upon a little bay above one of the bays or gates, we heard a voice, with a peculiar twang, singing out a queer couplet, the first line of which, I think, was—

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“Hail, Columbia, happy land!” An American, in trying to get too near this ‘tarnation tempest in a teapot,’ had slipped into the water, and presently we actually made out the stripes and stars over a little boat snugly moored along the bank. A few minutes afterwards we heard the barking of dogs, got into a grove of trees, then into the dreaming village of Korore, parted with our sable guide, and went away under a magnificent moon in search of the valley road back. The lads who were with us talked of hyenas and jackals, and sang with somewhat exaggerated boldness to scare them away; but we heard not a sound, not a rustle, and saw nothing but rocks and moonlight as we jogged quietly back to our boat.

#### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

BY REV. A. M. SMITHSON.

The history of all self-made men is peculiarly interesting. There is all the charm of romance in tracing the path of the poor, friendless, but determined and resolute student, who, undismayed by the obstacles before him, fixes his gaze steadfastly on one great object, and pursues it with the zeal of a martyr and the courage of a hero. The lives of such persons become doubly interesting from the encouragement they afford to others, by pointing out the path by which they have slowly, but surely risen from poverty and obscurity, and fought their way, step by step, amid the difficulties and dangers by which they have been surrounded.

Among the many who have risen from obscurity, and by the mere force of native talent, aided by indomitable energy and perseverance, have gained a place among the benefactors of their age, and handed down their names to the respect and admiration of posterity, few have been more remarkable than the author of Clarke's Commentary. His history becomes the

less an object of interest, whether we consider him as a preacher, who, with little education and no previous training, at eighteen years of age, was listened to by admiring thousands, and, in the hands of God, was made the instrument of the conversion of multitudes, or whether we regard him as the student, who alone, without books or teachers, and amid the harassing cares of a laborious and engrossing occupation, yet contrived to render himself one of the most accomplished scholars of the age, and to hand down to posterity a monument of learning, which shall last as long as the English language shall endure.

This celebrated man was born in the village of Moybeg, county of Londonderry, in the year 1762. Though born in Ireland, he was of Scottish descent, as both his mother and grandmother were born in Scotland. His father was educated at Edinburgh, and designed for the church, but through poverty was compelled to relinquish his purpose, and eventually settled down as a country schoolmaster. Having a large family, and the income of his school being insufficient for his support, he was compelled to devote all the time he could spare from the school room to the cultivation of a small farm, and to keep young Adam and his brother out of school every alternate day, to aid him. It may not be uninteresting to my readers to know the price of tuition in a classical school half a century ago.—Though Mr. Clarke was an accomplished scholar, both classical and mathematical, yet his highest charge was but one dollar and seventy-five cents per quarter, while the smaller boys paid but one dollar. No wonder he was compelled to give much of his time to other pursuits to gain bread for his children.

Like Scott, Byron, Newton, and many others, young Clarke was not remarkable for scholarship in early life; indeed, he was decidedly dull, and did not learn to read until he was eight years old. Hav-

ing labored a long time over a certain lesson without success, he was severely reproved by his teacher and ridiculed by his associates. The reproaches of his schoolmates aroused him from his lethargy, and as he himself expressed it, "he felt something break within him." He resumed his book, speedily conquered the task, and went forward with an ease he had never before known. He continued several years under the tuition of his father and soon began to manifest that fondness for reading which, in after years, became so prominent a trait in his character.—Adam was at first designed for the church, but the poverty of his father rendered it impossible to maintain him at the University. The medical profession was next thought of, but with no better success. It was then concluded that he should assist his father in teaching, and eventually take his place. But for the duties of a teacher he had little inclination, and after remaining in the school-room until his seventeenth year, he was apprenticed to a Mr. Bennett, a linen merchant of Coleraine. With this gentleman he remained nearly a year, but manifested little interest in his employment. Having become an attendant on the ministry of a celebrated Methodist clergyman, he was led to seek the salvation of his soul with a zeal which made every thing else a matter of secondary importance. Not satisfied with having obtained the pearl of great price for himself, he wished that others should participate with him in the inestimable treasure which he had found; and from the very day of his conversion he began to exhort his friends and companions with a zeal which no hardships could discourage, and an earnest solemnity which inspired respect wherever he went. Not satisfied with conducting family worship in his father's house, he devoted his Sabbath to the good of his neighbors, traveling for miles to the surrounding villages, and exhorting all who heard him to forsake the error of their ways. Setting out by day-

light, he would proceed to the nearest settlement, and entering the first open door, accost the inmates with "Peace be with this house." If they consented that he should pray with them, and call in the neighbors for a brief exhortation, he did so; and then went on his way, repeating the same plan from village to village, often visiting eight or ten places in the course of the day. Finding that he was evidently designed for other pursuits, he was persuaded by his friends to give up his situation in the linen business, and under the auspices of the celebrated Mr Wesley, was sent to Kingswood School, where he arrived in August, 1752. Finding that he was already familiar with all taught here he remained but a few weeks, when he was sent out on the regular business of a traveling Methodist preacher. His extreme youth, his slender figure, and juvenile appearance, with the entire absence of everything like the costume of a minister gave him the name of the "LITTLE BOY," among the multitudes who collected to hear him preach. But notwithstanding these apparently unfavorable circumstances, his labors became both popular and profitable. As the result of one sermon, THIRTEEN of his audience made a public profession of religion; and fifty years after, when Dr. Clarke preached his last sermon at Frome, some of these very converts called to see the "LITTLE BOY" whose preaching had been the means of their conversion.

In the midst of all his labors he continued the prosecution of his studies with unabated zeal. He had long wished to study Hebrew, but had not the means of procuring the necessary books. While at work in the garden one day, he found half a guinea. No one claiming it, he appropriated it to the purchase of the long-coveted Hebrew grammar; and thus laid the foundation of that knowledge of the Ancient and Oriental languages for which he afterwards became so renowned. Mr. Clarke, in after life, was accustomed to re-

late this story, as one out of the many instances of divine interposition in his behalf, which seemed almost miraculous.

For several years he continued preaching; and endured many hardships and privations of which we, in modern times, can scarcely conceive. Often he was compelled to make long journeys on foot with his saddle-bags tied upon his back, and to sleep in cold and open outhouses without fire, even in the depth of winter.

In one instance, he travelled four hundred miles on horseback, with less than six dollars in his pocket, nearly the whole of which was consumed in feeding his horse, while a penny loaf had to serve for his own breakfast and dinner. In eleven months he rode many hundred miles, and preached five hundred and sixty-eight sermons, besides exhortations, lectures, etc., in great number. Notwithstanding his youth he was very popular, and in some instances, so great were the crowds that flocked to hear him, that he was compelled to enter the chapel through the window, and walk upon the shoulders of the people to the pulpit.

But not unfrequently his zeal aroused the rage of ignorant and bigoted fanatics by whom he was fiercely opposed, and from whom his life was in several instances in great jeopardy. While preaching in Launceston, a man had filled his pockets with large stones, as he said, to dash out the brains of the preacher. While just going to assail him, he thought he would listen a moment to what he was saying. He did so; the arrows of conviction were fastened in his heart, his murderous purposes were forgotten in his anxiety for his own soul, and he became a zealous convert and a warm friend of the very man whom he had so recently intended to murder.

Mr. Clarke continued to devote all his spare time to classical studies, but found his progress much impeded for the want of a polyglot Bible, the price of which was beyond his means. After having made many efforts to procure the necessary

funds without success, he one day received a letter from a person from whom he had no reason to expect anything of the kind, containing a ten pound note. "Here," said Mr. Clarke, "is the Polyglot." He wrote to a friend in London to purchase the long-coveted treasure, the price of which was exactly £10. This, like the half guinea already mentioned, Mr. Clarke often gratefully referred to as a special instance of the divine goodness; and receiving it as a direct gift from God, he was stimulated to greater diligence in his studies. He also obtained the use of a valuable public library, with the aid of which he made rapid progress in the acquisition of the Oriental languages, and was soon able to collate the Scriptures in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldaic and Samaritan. And as though these multifarious pursuits were not sufficient to afford him employment, he devoted much time to the study of French, chemistry and astronomy. After having preached in various parts of England, he was sent to the islands of Alderney and Guernsey, where he devoted himself with great assiduity to the improvement of these long-neglected people. In the course of his labors in these islands he was exposed to much opposition, arising from the ignorance and fanaticism of the people. While engaged in preaching he was assailed by an armed and ferocious mob, one of whom presented a pistol through the window, and twice attempted to shoot him, but each time the deadly weapon missed fire. At another time he was dragged from his pulpit, severely beaten with sticks, and marched out of the place to the tune of the Rogue's March. From the injuries received on this occasion he did not recover for some weeks: but by his firmness, his moderation, and perseverance, he tired out all his persecutors, and at last pursued his labors without opposition.

Having remained on these islands for three years, he was, in accordance with the rules of the Methodist society, remov-

ed to Liverpool, where, in addition to the usual duties of a clergyman, he added those of a physician; and that he might be the better able to administer to the wants of the sick and poor, he regularly studied medicine, and attended a course of medical lectures. It would seem that such devoted philanthropy should have won for him the love and gratitude of every heart, however ignorant or bigoted. But such was not the case. While on his way home from chapel he was waylaid by two Roman Catholics, and a large stone, weighing more than a pound, was thrown at him from behind a hedge, which cut through his hat and inflicted a deep wound in his head. His brother, who accompanied him, carried him into an adjacent cottage, where his wound was found to be so severe that it was with great difficulty he could be removed to his own house, to which he was confined for several weeks. Truly might Mr. Clarke say with the apostle Paul, that he was "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen." From this post he was removed in 1795, to London, an important era in his life, and the commencement of those literary labors which have placed his name among the first scholars of the age.

Though busily engaged in prosecuting his Oriental studies, especially Arabic, he found time to publish a Biographical Dictionary, in eight volumes, besides several smaller works, and became a contributor to the Eclectic Magazine, for which he wrote several valuable articles. He was also chosen President of the Liverpool Philological Society; and as a proof of the value of his services to this society, he received the present of a pair of costly silver cups. He was also chosen a member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In a letter addressed to the Conference by the Secretaries of that society, Mr. Clarke was mentioned as "being essential to the success-

ful execution of many plans then under consideration for supplying Mohammedan and Pagan nations with the Holy Scriptures." "The services of Mr. Clarke," they said, "were indispensable to the successful prosecution of the society's plans, and they knew of no other man from whom these services could be obtained." Under the auspices of this society he was employed in getting up a translation of the Bible into Arabic, and of the New Testament into modern Greek, and also in the Calmuck dialect.

In 1808 he was appointed by the British government to collect and arrange the State papers necessary to complete Rymer's *Fœdera*, a work involving much careful research, and which occupied a large portion of his time. For several years his time was divided between the arrangement of these papers, his Commentary, and his duties as a minister, always preaching twice on the Sabbath, besides visiting the sick, and others who sought his advice during the week.

By the severity of these labors his health was so much impaired, that in 1819 he was compelled to leave London, and retire to an estate near London, purchased for him by the liberality of his friends, after having labored eleven years for the benefit of the government, and having had his resignation refused three different times—a sufficient proof of the estimation in which he was held by the officers of government, and of the value of his services. From this period till his death, in 1832, he was occupied in a great variety of pursuits, such as few men in the prime of life would have had strength or energy to perform, and which we have not room in this brief sketch to describe at length. Suffice it to say, he made several visits to Ireland, where he spent some time in establishing schools in the most ignorant and destitute parts of that unhappy country; visited the Shetland Islands on a missionary tour; but above all was engaged in finishing his commenta-

ry, which had occupied his attention and formed a very prominent part of his labors for forty years. In these important duties he continued to be actively engaged, though advanced to that age when rest is naturally expected, and when most men are incapable of performing much labor, when he was seized with that dreadful disease the cholera, and closed his earthly career at a small town in the vicinity of London, August, 1832.

From the London Times.

### COPENHAGEN.

A more stately city than Copenhagen can scarcely be imagined. The streets, wide and long, filled with spacious and lofty houses of unspotted whiteness, and built with great regularity, remind one of Bath, but that the ground is level; many of them all but equal, in breadth, to the Irishman's test of street architecture—Sackville-street, Dublin. But large squares break up their continuous lines, and the eye rests on fine statues, noble palaces, and splendid buildings devoted to the arts, to amusement, to justice, or to the purposes of religion in every part of the city. Copenhagen is but a creation of the last century, and, after a little time spent there, a large portion of it gives the idea that it was built all of a sudden, by some Danish Grissell and Peto, according to contract. Surrounded by a deep foss, by ramparts and intrenchments, defended by formidable forts and batteries, filled with the halls of kings, with churches, museums and castles, it combines the appearance of a new cut made by the royal commissioners through some old London rookery, with the air of an old feudal town. The moat prohibits any considerable extension. Seen under a bright, cold sky, the blanched fronts of the houses, the white walls of the public edifices, the regularity of the streets, conveyed an impression of cleanliness, which could only be destroyed when one happened to

look down at his feet, or ceased to keep guard over his nose. The paving is of the style which may be called Titanic, and was never intended for any foot garb less defensive than a *sabot* or a *caliga*.—The drainage is superficial—that is, all liquid refuse of the city runs, or rather walks very leisurely, along grooves in the pavement aforesaid, which are covered over by boards in various stages of decomposition. In summer, the city must be worse than Berlin, (which by the way it very much resembles in many respects.) In spring time, after rain, my own experience tells me it suggests forcible reminiscences of the antique odors of Fleet Ditch. One thing which soon strikes the stranger is the apparent want of shops. But they are to be found by those who want them. Nearly every trader carries on his business very modestly in his front parlor, and makes a moderate display of his stock in the ordinary window, so that the illusory and enchanting department of trade is quite gone. A Danish gentleman can walk out with his wife without the slightest fear that he will fall a victim to “a stupendous sacrifice,” or be immolated on the altar of “an imperative necessity to clear out in a week.”

Moving through these streets is a quiet, soberly-attired population. Bigger than most foreigners, and with great roundness of muscle and size of bone, your Dane wants the dapper air of the Frenchman, or the solemnity of the Spaniard, while he is not so bearded or so dirty as the German. But then he smokes prodigiously, dresses moderately in the English style, is addicted to jewelry in excess, and has a habit of plodding along, straight in the middle of the road, with his head down, which must be a matter of considerable annoyance to the native cabman. He is, however, amazingly polite. He not only takes off his hat to every one he knows, but gives any lady-acquaintance the trouble of recognizing him, by bowing to her before she has made up her mind

whether the individual is known or not.—Another of his peculiarities is, that he always has a dog. I should say, more correctly, there is always a dog following him—for I have seen an animal, which seemed to be bound by the closest ties to a particular gentleman, placidly leave him at the corner of a street, and set off on an independant walk by itself. These dogs are in fact a feature of the place by themselves. In number they can only be excelled by the canine scavengers of Cairo or Constantinople, and in mongrelness and ugliness by no place in the world—not even in Tuum before the potato rot. They get up little extemporary hunts through the squares, the trail being generally the remnant of an old rat, carried away by the foremost, and dash between your legs from unexpected apertures in walls and houses, so as to cause very unpleasant consequences to the nervous or feeble sojourner. On seeking an explanation of their great abundance, I was informed that they were kept to kill rats. But this is a mere delusion.

These dogs are far too wise to lose their health by keeping late hours in pursuit of vermin. No, they retire as soon as darkness sets in, and with the darkness out come the rats in the most perfect security. Such rats! they are as big as kittens, and their squeaking under the wooden planks of the gutters as you walk home is amazing. The celebrated dog Billy would have died in a week of violent exercise in any one street in Copenhagen, giving him his usual allowance of murder. I must say, that in the matters of paving, dogs, rats, sewers, water, and lights, Copenhagen is rather behind the rest of the world. As to the lights, they are sparsely placed, and as yet gas is not used. With a laudable economy, the oil-wicks are extinguished when the moon shines, and the result is, that sometimes an envious cloud leaves the whole city in Cimmerian darkness for the rest of the night, in consequence of five minutes'

moonshine in the early part, as once put out, they are not again relumed.

In the crowd you meet many pale, sorrow-stricken women in mourning, and now and then a poor soldier limps before you, with recent bandages on his stump, or hobbles along limpingly, with perhaps a sabre-cut across the face, or an empty coat-sleeve dangling from his shoulder; and then you remember all the horrors the late war must have caused Denmark, when, out of her small population, ninety thousand men were under arms in the field. It can scarcely atone for this sight to meet dashing hussars, with their red coats and sheepskin calpacks; heavy dragoons in light-blue and dark-green; jagers in smart frocks of olive-green, decorated with stars and ribands, and swaggering along in all the pride of having smelt powder and done their duty. They are numerous enough, indeed every third man is a soldier; but one of these sad widows or orphans is an antidote to the glories of these fine heroes, scarcely less powerful than that of the spectacle of their mutilated and mangled comrades. This war has roused the national spirit of Denmark; it has caused her to make a powerful effort to shake off all connection with Germany, or dependence on her Germanic subjects, but it has cost her £5,000,000 of money, and it has left many a home desolate forever.

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For the Monthly Miscellany.

## GEOLOGY POINTING TO NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH.

BY REV. JAMES INGLIS.

The speculations of science are poor proofs of the doctrines of revelation; (and happily we are not left to seek a hope for the future in a knowledge of nature either in the past or the present;) yet there is something more than a gratification of curiosity in tracing the analogies of nature and revelation, and in beholding science

lay its latest and best acquisitions as humble tributes at the feet of faith. The ingratitude with which human science repays those ennobling influences which have changed astrology into astronomy, and transmuted alchemy into chemistry, is characteristic of the race which rejected and crucified the Son of Man. She has omitted no opportunity of seeking a stealthy and treacherous advantage over Christianity. On her descent into any new and unexplored mine of nature's treasures, the first report she invariably brings back is the discovery of a complete refutation of the Scriptures. On such occasions the faithful are at first startled by the confidence of her boasting. But by and bye Christian intelligence sends an exploring party into the mine to "see if these things be so," and as invariably they returned laden with new testimony in favor of revelation to shame the adversary. This has been strikingly exemplified in the progress of geology. Whilst it was only beginning to assume the form of a distinct branch of science, and men were beginning in a dim twilight to scan the records of creation, its votaries spoke with confidence of driving Moses from the world as an impostor.—But their tone is changed as the light of day gives certainty to their observation, and at last we find the most devoted Christians amongst the most successful cultivators of the science.

Whatever illustrations and verifications of the Mosaic account of creation, of the antediluvian age, and of the general deluge, geology furnishes, it may not be thought probable that this science of the past will throw much light upon the great hope of the future; yet there are analogies which, though they would avail little as independent proofs, are not without value as corroborations of the great doctrine of the coming of Christ and the glory that shall follow. In submitting a few hints regarding these corroborations, suggested by an able analysis of Hugh Miller's "Foot-Prints of the Creation," in the



"North British Review," it may be premised that nothing is to be built upon the conclusion of geology, either in the shape of a theory of the millennial state, or of an argument in favor of the near approach of that great change. Our knowledge of that state, and of the time of its introduction, is derived from a more sure word of prophecy, and theorizing is forbidden by the nature of the case. The utmost we expect to accomplish is, to interest and attract some who have not otherwise been induced to investigate the Advent views. And it may be these hints will aid in expanding the views of some who, embracing the doctrine, failed to rise to a just sense of the inheritance. The essential greatness of that inheritance does indeed lie above and beyond the illustration of science; but a proper estimate of its circumstances may lead on to a better appreciation of its essence.

Although the majority of our readers have probably devoted little attention to geology, many of them are aware that an opinion is abroad in the world that we are no more to regard the six days of creation, as enumerated in the first chapter of Genesis, as so many periods of twenty-four hours, than we are to imagine "that the whole process of a general judgment will be limited to the compass of a natural day as we count time." Without discussing this opinion, we may take it as established, that beneath the soil upon which man lives, and in which he is buried, there lie the remains of successive acts of creation which stretch back into an immeasurable antiquity. The rocks which lie beneath that soil are arranged in strata distinct in their characters, and formed at different periods. An examination of these strata justifies Mr. Miller's description of them as "platforms of death." Each is crowded with organic structures which lived and died where we find them. And it is evident that they must have perished by a sudden destruction, which was effected by a force too sub-

tle and quiet to disturb their habitation.— In descending through successive strata, we find still lower and ruder forms of life. Thus it appears that mammiferous quadrupeds preceded man. Next in order we find the remains of birds. In lower strata we find the remains of fishes, and in lower still the remains of reptiles; showing that creation advanced from what may be called rude beginnings, to its present state.

It has been a favorite scheme of infidelity, that this progress has been a natural development of life, in which the rude improves towards perfect organization, without the interposition of creative power.— So that "immortal and intellectual man is but the development of the brute—itsself the development of some mould or molusc, which has been smitten into life by the action of electricity upon a portion of gelatinous matter." We have striking illustrations of the manner in which the progress of science proves fatal to the devices of infidelity, in the exposure of this theory by recent discoveries in geology.— It is true; that the researches of geologists prove a progress in creation, from the crawling reptile up to man. But if this theory of development were correct, we ought to find the successive classes of creatures first in an embryo state, then gradually advancing, till they passed into the higher orders. Whereas, on examination, precisely the reverse appears. Up to a certain point no trace of the existence of a class of animals is found, then all at once that class is found full grown and mature. For instance, the earliest fishes that appear rank not with sprats and minnows, but with sharks and sturgeons.

From a collection of observations, Mr. Miller shows that the tendency has been not to development, but to degradation; that the most perfect type of its class is found at the earliest stage, and that afterwards there is a degradation, both in size and organization. "There was a time," he says, "in which the ichthyic form constituted the highest example of life, but

the seas did not then swarm with fish of the degraded type. There was in like manner a time when all the carnivorous and all the herbiferous quadrupeds were represented by reptiles, but there are no such magnificent reptiles on the earth now as reigned over it then. There was an aftertime when birds seem to have been the sole representatives of the warm blooded animals, but we find from the prints of their feet in sandstone, that the tallest men might have 'walked under their large legs.' Further, there was a time when the quadrupedal mammalia were the magnates of creation, but it was an age in which the sagacious elephant was the inhabitant of every country in the old world, and when vast herds of a closely allied and equally colossal genus occupied its place in the new."

The conclusion is irresistible, that in the successive stages of advancement, through which the earth and its inhabitants have passed, there has been an interposition of the creative power, distinct and direct, as is represented in the Mosaic account, when on the first day God said, "Let there be light,"—when on the second day God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters,"—when on the third day God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass," and so on until man's home being prepared, God said, "Let us make man in our image."

At each successive stage, when the earth was prepared for any of the series of its inhabitants, the creative fiat brought forth that class perfect in its kind. Throughout its peculiar period it became degraded, perhaps by the very influences which were preparing for another and a higher class of occupants. Then when the ends of that age were served, by a silent and sudden destruction, "the world that then was, perished." Again the Creator comes forth, and over the graves of the former establishes new orders of beings, which in like manner passing through their reign become in turn subordinate to a higher.—

There is in all this a manifest design pressing on toward perfection. For under the divine administration, change is the proof of defect, and that which is perfect must be permanent.

It becomes a most interesting question to us, Has the perfection aimed at been reached, and is this world now in its ultimate condition? We do not need to come to nature for the answer. But if we leave out the answer of revelation, nature itself replies in the negative with no ambiguous voice.

It is true that responsible man occupies a proud pre-eminence over the mere brute natures which ruled the globe before him, but it cannot be thought that the attributes either of the individual or the race indicate perfection. It is true that we find a wise and wonderful adaptation of the earth for its inhabitants, but we should have found the same at any previous period of its geological history. When fish and reptiles were its only tenants, it would have seemed a world formed expressly for their reception. Whether we look at man or his circumstances, the very opposite of perfection and permanence is their most flagrant characteristic. Every thing in man seems to stretch after a condition which he never attains. And common language speaks of nature's great law in his present circumstances as change. Decay, if there were no other indication of the approaching end, speaks everywhere with irresistible emphasis. If decay is the highway to dissolution—if that which is decaying and growing old is ready to vanish away, we have but to open our eyes to read the doom of the existing constitution of things.

The geological history of our planet, as well as the natural and moral history of our race, discountenance the infidel dream of a quiet development of the present imperfection into that perfection of the future to which everything points, whilst all that we know of God and his works forbid the idea that the present system will mere-

ly be cut off and the world be abolished.—It is true that sin has entered, and that man's home has been cursed for man's sake; but we are not to entertain the thought that the Creator was taken by surprise by that catastrophe, and his ultimate plan thwarted. The continuance of the terrestrial state under a mediatorial administration was no "happy after-thought," but most clearly intimates that the great design of progressive perfection is not abandoned. Geology, then, would lead us to the inference that when the present cycle is fulfilled, a sudden and complete overthrow will be the precursor or accompaniment of a new manifestation of creative power, carrying forward the design, and bringing upon the stage a higher manifestation of creature life.

Science of course cannot tell us whether the end is at hand, or still remote. It cannot tell us whether the next change will be final, or only one step in advance. It cannot tell us whether the soil on which man now acts his part will be the sepulchre of the race, as the strata beneath us have proved to be of preceding dynasties, or whether man shall participate in the advancement of his abode, and be raised in glory and honor to rule in the new order of things. There are, indeed, some things in the nature and history of man which favors the latter supposition. There is this evident distinction between him and the extinct or subordinate dynasties which preceded him: they served the purpose of their existence, and their destiny came up to their desires and capabilities; but it is otherwise with him. And if the present state of being bounds either his action or his enjoyment, it is an anomaly in the works of his Creator, as marked as if a world had been left unfinished, or abandoned when only half made.

To the above questions, however, geology gives no positive answers, but its conclusions admirably quadrate with what the more sure word of prophecy reveals. In the gospel we learn that just such a

change as we have anticipated will occur—a change sudden and complete, and bringing into the field once more the Word, "without whom was not anything made that was made." It tells of the subtle but efficient agency, of fire, by which the destruction of the existing system will be accomplished. It tells of a new creation—a re-creation—new heavens and a new earth. It points us to this as the consummation and perfection of the plan. "Yet once more," saith God, "I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." And this word, *Yet once more*, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. There is but one more revolution in which the imperfect shall be swept away. The purifying agency of fire will remove the wood, hay, and stubble, and after this the perfect shall be permanent. It teaches us, moreover, that the ransomed of our race, brought forth in incorruption, will be the occupants of that perfected world. The individuals in actual and conscious identity, but advanced just as far above their present frailty as responsible man now is above the lowest of dynasties which preceded him.

By piecing the two records together—that revealed in Scripture and that revealed in the rocks—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great Author, we learn that in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each in succession ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of existence; that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds, have reigned in turn; that responsible man, formed in the image of God, and with dominion over all the creatures, ultimately entered into a world prepared for his reception. But farther, we learn that this passing scene, in which he forms the prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the prelimi-

nary scenes; and that "that period to which the by gone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned productions of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration."

We have, but in brief hints, pointed the way to a great and solemn study. Viewed in such connections, science becomes invested with an awful majesty, which is not its own, and the every-day scenes of life become as portals to the tabernacle of God, which is about to dwell with men.—There are readers of the "Miscellany" who can prosecute this subject with a success which may not merely contribute to science, but to the force and clearness of our views of the blessed hope.

#### WORDSWORTH, BYRON, SCOTT, AND SHELLEY.

William Wordsworth is generally allowed to have exercised a deeper and more permanent influence upon the literature and modes of thinking of our age, than any of the great poets who lived and wrote during the first quarter of the present century. In proportion as his fame was of slower growth, and his poems were longer in making their way to the understanding and affections of his countrymen, so their roots seem to have struck deeper down, and the crown of glory that encircles his memory is of gold, that has been purified and brightened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed. Tennyson says of the laureate wreath which he so deservedly wears, that it is

Greener from the brows  
Of him who uttered nothing base.

And this, which seems at first sight negative praise, is, in reality, a proof of exquisite discernment; for it is just that which constitutes the marked distinction between Wordsworth and the other really original poets who are likely to share with him the honor of representing poetically

to posterity the early part of the nineteenth century. In their crowns there is alloy, both moral and intellectual. His may not be of so imperial a fashion; the gems that stud it may be less dazzling, but the gold is of ethereal temper, and there is no taint upon his robe. Weakness, incompleteness, imperfection he had, for he was a mortal man of limited faculties, but spotless purity is not to be denied him—he uttered nothing base. Our readers will anticipate us in ranking with him, as the representative poets of their age, Byron, Scott, and Shelley. Of each of these we shall say a few words, especially in this representative character.

Lord Byron's poems are the actual life-experience of a man whose birth and fortune enable him to mix with the highest society, and whose character led him to select for his choice that portion of it which pursued pleasure as the main if not the sole object of existence. Under a thin disguise of name, country, and outward incident, they present us with the desires which actuated the passions which agitated, and the characters which were the ideals of the fashionable men and women of the earlier part of this century. Limited and monotonous as they are in their essential nature ringing perpetual changes upon one passion and one phase of passion, the brilliance of their diction, the voluptuous melody of their verse, the picturesque beauty of their scenery, well enough represent that life of the richer classes, which chases with outstretched arms all the Protean forms of pleasure, only to find the subtle essence escape as soon as grasped, leaving behind in its place weariness, disappointment, and joyless stagnation. The loftiest joys they paint are the thrillings of the sense, the raptures of a fine nervous organization; their pathos is the regret, and their wisdom the languor and the satiety of the jaded voluptuary. These form the staple, the woof of Lord Byron's poetry, and with it is enwoven all that which

gives outward variety and incessant stimulating novelty to the pursuits of an Englishman of fashion. These pursuits are as numerous, as absorbing, and demand as much activity of a kind as those of the student or the man of business. Among them will be found those upon which the student and the man of business are employed, though in a different spirit, and with a different aim. Thus we frequently see among the votaries of pleasure men who are fond of literature, of art, of politics, of foreign travel, of all manly and active enterprise, but all these will be pursued, not as duties to be done in an earnest, hopeful, self-sacrificing spirit, "that scorns delights and lives laborious days," but for amusement, for immediate pleasure to be reaped, as a resource against ennui and vacuity, to which none but the weakest and most effeminate nature will succumb. This difference of object and of motive necessitates a difference in the value of the results. The soil, which is plowed superficially, and for a quick return, will bear but frail and fading flowers; the planter of oaks must toil in faith and patience, and sublime confidence in the future. And so, into whatever field the wide and restless energies of men like Lord Byron carry them, they bring home no treasures that will endure—no marble of which world-lasting statue or palace may be hewn or built—no iron, of which world-subduing machines may be wrought. Poems, pictures, history, science, the magnificence and loveliness of Nature, cities of old renown, adventures of desperate excitement, new manners, languages, and characters, supply them with an ever fresh flow of sensation and emotion, keep the senses and the faculties cognate with sense in a pleasant activity, but no well-based generalization is gained for the understanding; facts are not even carefully observed and honestly studied; pleasant sensation was the object, and that once obtained, there is no more worth in that which produced it, though in it may lie

a law of God's manifestation, one of those spiritual facts, to know and obey which would seem the chief purpose of man's existence, to discover and make them known, the noblest glory and highest function of genius.

It is in this spirit that Lord Byron has questioned Life: "Oh! where can pleasure be found?" and Life, echo-like, would only answer, "Where!" It is because he put that question more earnestly, lived up to its spirit more fearlessly, and more faithfully and experimentally reported the answer, that he is so eminently a representative poet—representative of what a large and important class in every country actually is, of what a far larger class aspires to be.

It is in his fearless attempt at solving the problem of life in his own way, his complete discomfiture, and his unshrinking exhibition of that discomfiture, that the absolute and permanent value of his social teaching consists. For he was endowed with such gifts of nature and of fortune, so highly placed, so made to attract and fascinate, adorned with such beauty and grace, with such splendor of talents, with such quick susceptibility to impressions, with such healthy activity of mind, with such rich flow of speech, with such vast capacity of enjoyment, that no one is likely to make the experiment he made from a higher vantage-ground, with more chances of success. And the result of his experience he has given to the world, and has thrown over the whole the charm of a clear, vigorous, animated style, at once masculine, and easy, and polished, sparkling with beauty, instinct with life, movement and variety; by turns calm, voluptuous, impassioned, enthusiastic, terse, and witty, and always most prominent that unstudied grace, that Rubens-like facility of touch, which irresistibly impresses the reader with a sense of power, of strength not put fully forth, of resources carelessly flowing out with exhaustless prodigality, not husbanded with

timid anxiety, and exhibited with pompous ostentation.

It is the combination of these qualities of the artist, with his peculiar fearlessness and honesty of avowal—his plain, unvarnished expression of what he found pleasant, and chose for his good, that will ever give him a high, if not almost the highest place among the poets of the nineteenth century, even with those readers who perceive and lament the worthlessness of his matter, the superficiality and scantiness of his knowledge, the want of purity and elevation in his life and character.

Those will best appreciate his wonderful talents who are acquainted with the works of his countless imitators, who have admirably succeeded in reproducing his bad morality, his superficial thoughts, and his characterless portraits, without the fervor of his feeling, the keenness of his sensations, the ease and vigor of his language, the flash of his wit, or the knowledge of the world, and the manly common-sense which redeemed and gave value to what else had been entirely worthless.

If the name of Lord Byron naturally links itself with the fashionable life of great cities; with circles where men and women live mutually to attract and please each other; where the passions are cherished as stimulants and resources against ennui, are fostered by luxurious idleness, and heightened by all the aids that an old and elaborate material civilization can add to the charms of beauty, and the excitements of brilliant assemblies; where art and literature are degraded into handmaids and bondslaves of sensuality; where the vanity of social distinction fires the tongue of the eloquent speaker, wakens the harp of the poet, colors the canvas of the painter, molds the manners and sways the actions, directs even the loves and the hatreds of all; no less naturally does the name of Sir Walter Scott stand as the symbol and representative of the life and tastes of the country aristocracy, who bear

the titles and hold the lands of the feudal barons, and of the country gentlemen whose habits and manners are in such perfect contrast to those of the Squire Westons to whose places they have succeeded. Possessing in a high degree the active and athletic frame, the robust health, the hardy training, the vigorous nerve, the bold spirit, the frank bearing, and the genial kindness of the gentlemen of the olden time, he could heartily appreciate and unhesitatingly approve all that time and revolution had spared of feudal dominion and territorial grandeur. The ancient loyalty, so happily tempering the firmness of a principle with the fervor of a feeling, never beat higher in the heart of a cavalier of the seventeenth than in that of the Scottish advocate of the nineteenth century. Every one will remember that he refused to write a life of Mary, Queen of Scots, because in reference to her conduct, his feelings were at variance with his judgment.

And in painting those old times in which his imagination delighted to revel, all that would most have revolted our modern mildness of manners, and shocked our modern sense of justice, was softened down or dropped out of sight, and the nobler features of those ages, their courage, their devotion, their strength and clearness of purpose, their marked individuality of character, their impulses of heroism and delicacy, their manly enterprise, their picturesque costumes and manners of life, were all brought into bold relief, and placed before the reader with such fullness of detail, in such grandeur of outline, in such bright and vivid coloring, as gave even to the unimaginative a more distinct conception of, and a more lively sympathy with the past than they could gain for themselves of the present, as it was whirling and roaring round them, confusing them with its shifting of hues and forms, and stunning them with its hurricane of noises. And apart from the fascination which History, so presented,

must have for the descendants of men and classes of historical renown, for the hereditary rulers and the privileged families of a great country, and though probably the creator of the splendid pageantry was definitely conscious of no such purpose, yet there must have mingled with this fascination, and have infused into it a deeper and more personal feeling, the regretful sense that the state of society so glowingly depicted had passed away—a foreboding that even its last vestiges were fast disappearing before the wave of democratic equality, and the uprising of a new aristocracy of wealth and intellect.

If at the time those famous verse and prose romances came upon the world in a marvelously rapid succession, all that the public were conscious of was a blind pleasure and unreflecting delight, it is no less true that in an age of revolution they raised up before it in a transformed and glorified life the characters, the institutions, the sentiments and manners of an age of absolute government by the strong arm or by divine right—of an age of implicit belief, inspiring heroic action, sanctioning romantic tenderness, harmonizing and actuating all the virtues that adorn and elevate fallen humanity; and that since then there has arisen in our country a thoughtful reverence and love for the past—a sense of the livingness and value of our history—a desire and a determination to appreciate and comprehend, and so not forfeit, the inheritance of wisdom, forethought, brave action, and noble self-denial, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us.

How many false and puerile forms this feeling has taken it does not fall within our present scope to notice. In spite of white waistcoat politics and Pugin pedantries, the feeling is a wise and noble one—one which is the surety and the safeguard of progress; and that much of it is owing to the interest excited so widely and so deeply by Sir Walter Scott's writings, those will be least disposed to

deny who have thought most on the causes which mould a nation's character, and the influences which work out a nation's destiny.

It is no fanciful or arbitrary spirit of system that while we assign to Byron the empire over the world of fashion and of pleasure, and seek the mainspring of Scott's popularity in the sway of old historical traditions over a landed aristocracy, and the longing regret with which they look back to a state of society passed or rapidly passing away, we should regard Shelley as the poetical representative of those whose hopes and aspirations and affections rush forward to embrace the great Hereafter, and dwell in rapturous anticipation on the coming of the golden year, the reign of universal freedom, and the establishment of universal brotherhood. By nature and by circumstance he was marvelously fitted for his task—gentle, sensitive, and fervid, he shrank from the touch of wrong, and hated injustice with the zeal and passion of a martyr; while, as if to point him unmistakably to his mission, and consecrate him by the divine ordination of facts, he was subjected at his first entrance into life to treatment, both from constituted authority and family connection, so unnecessarily harsh, so stupidly cruel, as would have driven a worse man into reckless dissipation, a weaker man into silent despair.—“Most men,” he says himself,

‘Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.’

Whether this be the best or most usual training for the poet may well be doubted, but it is quite indubitable that such discipline will soonest open a man's eyes to the evils of existing institutions, and the vices of old societies; and will lend to his invectives that passion which raises them above satire—to his schemes, that enthusiasm which redeems them from being crotchets; will turn his abstract abhorrence of oppression into hatred against the oppressors—his loathing of corruption in-

to a withering scorn and contempt for tyrants and their tools, the knaves and hypocrites who use holy names and noble offices to promote their selfish ends, and to enslave their brother men. And so it happened with Shelley. The feelings of poignant anguish and bitter indignation, which had been roused in him by cruelty and injustice toward himself, colored all his views of society and once sharpened by hostility to the civil and religious institutions of his country, and lent more glowing colors to the rainbow of promise that beamed upon him from the distance, through the storm of bloodshed and revolution. Add to this, that his mind was ill-trained, and not well furnished with facts; that he revelled with the delight of an eagle on the wing in the most audacious speculations, and was drawn on by the force of mental gravitation toward the boldest and most startling conclusions that he was at once pure and impassioned—sensuous and spiritual; that he could draw from form, color, and sound a voluptuous enjoyment, keener and more intense than the grosser animal sensations of ordinary men; that his intellect hungered and thirsted after absolute truth, after central being, after a living personal unity of all things. Thus he united in himself many of the mightiest tendencies of our time—its democratic, its skeptical, its pantheistic, its socialistic spirit; and thus he has become the darling and the watchword of those who aim at reconstructing society, in its forms, in its principles, and in its beliefs—who regard the past as an unmitigated failure, as an entire mistake—who would welcome the deluge for the sake of the new world that would rise after the subsidence of the waters.

Nor has their affectionate admiration been ill-bestowed. With one exception, a more glorious poet has not been given to the English nation; and if we make one exception, it is because Shakspeare was a man of profounder insight, of calmer temperament, of wider experience, of more ex-

tensive knowledge: a greater philosopher, in fact, and a wiser man, not because he possessed more vital heat, more fusing, shaping power of imagination, or a more genuine poetic impulse and inspiration.—After the passions and the theories, which supplied Shelley with the subject-matter of his poems have died away and become mere matters of history, there will still remain a song, such as mortal man never sung before, of inarticulate rapture and of freezing pain—of a blinding light of truth and a dazzling weight of glory, translated into English speech, as colored as a painted window, as suggestive, as penetrating, as intense as music.

We have assigned to three great poets of our age the function of representing three classes, distinct in character, position, and taste. But as these classes intermingle and become confused in life, so that individuals may partake of the elements of all three; and, in fact, no one individual can be exactly defined by his class type, so the poets that represent them have, of course, an influence and a popularity that extend far beyond the classes to whose peculiar characteristics and predominant tastes we have assumed them to have given form and expression. Men read for amusement, to enlarge the range of their ideas and sympathies, to stimulate the emotions that are sluggish or wearied out; and thus the poet is not only the interpreter of men and of classes to themselves, but represents to men characters, modes of life, and social phenomena with which they are before unacquainted, excites interest, and arouses sympathy, and becomes the reconciler, by causing misunderstandings to vanish, as each man and each class comprehends more fully the common humanity that lies under the special manifestation, the same elemental passions and affections, the same wants, the same desires, the same hopes, the same beliefs, the same duties. It is thus especially that poets are teachers, that they aid in strengthening and civilizing nations, in drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood.



# Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1851.

¶ We gave in the September number one of the most heart sickening records of wholesale destruction of which the annals of any age or nation speak. We refer to the article of S. C. Coffinbury, Esq., on the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhuetten. This month we give an account of cruelties practised by the Indians in the last war; by W. T. Young, Esq., one of our estimable fellow-citizens.

We give not these articles because we delight in carnage or the contemplation of scenes of blood, but because of their intrinsic worth. We would far rather present to our readers subjects in which man will appear to better advantage; but knowing as we do, that the great principles of religion and virtue are destined to elevate man from that barbarism, where he is capable of such deeds of infamy, we believe that our readers will pardon us if we present views of man uninfluenced, or uncontrolled by that religion whose Author is the Prince of Peace.

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These books are to be found at the Bookstore of C. Morse & Son. They can be relied upon for correctness, having received, as they deserve the commendation of the most distinguished authority in the world after most thorough examination.

We are glad to learn that these works are taking precedence of all others where they have been introduced. We opine it will not be long before they will be known and appreciated far and wide. Read them and decide. In connection with these books there are 6 very large and beautiful Pictorial Plates: Price \$3.00. These also are found at Morse's Bookstore.

¶ Will Mr. Clark, who was some weeks since in Lee Centre, Ill., obtaining subscribers, inform us how long he has been an agent of the

Monthly Literary Miscellany, and who authorized him to act for us? We have some inquiries to make concerning a few other *kind friends* of the Miscellany which we defer till next month for want of room.

## AGENTS WANTED

We want any number of Agents. All who are unknown to us, must bring testimonials to their honesty and necessary qualifications. We want agents that will pay us, when they have got the subscriber's money, without delay.

¶ We want all persons, subscribing for the Miscellany to retain the name of the agent to whom they give their name and money. It will do a true agent no harm. It may be of service to a spurious one, by procuring him a lodgment at some of the county houses, with a season ticket.

¶ We again say to agents we want you to forward at once the names and money of subscribers you obtain, we can then forward the books at once, and the subscribers will then have confidence in us and you. People do not wait long these days after having subscribed for a work without seeking to know why it does not come. We have received letters recently from those who subscribed to the most respectable agents of the Miscellany, making almost angry inquiries about the delay of their books. Now we cannot rest under the imputation of neglect when we have not heard from an agent. And yet we do suffer and they also.

¶ Let each one who wishes to see the Miscellany prosper, and become what he and the publishers wish it, send us one new subscriber, with pay in advance, together with the amount of his own subscription. Some may do much more than this—so much the better. We are doing all we can at present, to make the work accepted and useful.

Although we have two volumes a year we prefer that our subscribers should pay for the year, as it is much more easily transmitted, than the fractional part of a dollar.

¶ To all who may wish to become subscribers for the Miscellany, we say, just enclose your dollar and your own name with the name of your Post Office plainly written, and we will forward you the Miscellany without the intervention of a third person.

# MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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THE ARCHITECT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Except in connection with his great works in Hyde Park, there is little in the life of Joseph Paxton of more than passing interest to the reader—a *self made man*, he owes his proud position to his own indomitable energy and untiring perseverance; and he whose portrait now graces the Miscellany—he whom the world delighteth to honor—he who has won for himself a name imperishable, and of high reputation as a benefactor of his time and country, makes it his proudest boast that he comes of, and belongs to the people. It is even so, genius and talent

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exist in the mass; and rise from out its bosom as circumstances call forth their manifestation. The greatest of Britain's sons are of the People; and if they rise they owe their elevation to the assiduous cultivation of their own minds and tedious industry of their own hands.

What matters it to tell the precise spot that gave him birth, or the exact hour which ushered him into the world? Suffice it, that the mind which could conceive a Crystal Palace is yet healthy and vigorous, and fit for the work prepared for it to accomplish, and there is little fear that the man who could master such a grand idea as that we have seen and realized in Hyde Park, will sit idly down by his laurels and strive no more to enrich the world by contributions to its arts, its science, and its literature. Whether we consider the noble and humanizing purposes to which the building is consecrated, the appropriateness, elegance, vastness, and beauty of the design, or its simple but most admirable novelty, we must acknowledge its designer's high claims to the grateful appreciation of his fellow-men, and to that enduring place in the national annals which is the best reward of true greatness in any and every department of public usefulness.

Mr. Paxton was a gardener—his name is now associated with the most wonderful event of the nineteenth century, and (if rumor speaks truly) will ere long be enrolled among those of England's proud Nobles—he is to be knighted—no honor to the man he is already one of "Natures noble men," and will rather confer honor upon the title, yet it is gratifying to see a haughty aristocracy acknowledging him an equal among them. Such is the result of perseverance and genius. B.

**USEFULNESS.**—Every man should remember that he was not born for himself, but for the world; and every man should see to it, that the world is at least a little better than it would have been but for his birth.

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
ORIGINAL CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

BY REV. D. D. WHEDON.

Though the antiquity of Eirin, Erin, Ierne, or Ireland is, even to an unusual degree, luxuriant with fancy and fable, whose very extravagance rescues it from the danger of credence, yet the broad outlines of popular character, and the general picture of the national condition are sufficiently clear to the eye of history. Her whole career—barbarous, semi-civilized and enlightened—shows that the temperament of her race is very much the temperament of genius. Lively, fickle, treacherous, cruel, ingenious, her ancient character was brilliant and black, with gleams of splendor from a background of ferocity. Her ruddy natives, with their clear skin, nearly naked, letting loose to the wind their yellow locks, navigated her rivers and bays with their long, light boats of interwoven hides and osiers. A few heidsmen, scorning the toils of husbandry, drove their flocks of cattle through her woods and bogs, and pastured them in her broad green meadows. But most of her men were warriors, who carried a variety of rude weapons, but always prepared the war-hatchet for its extemporaneous brilliancy of execution. "Other weapons," saith the old Chronicler, "required some little time to be used; the sword has to be drawn, the bow to be bent, the dart to be aimed, but this need only to be raised for—a blow." This genius for edged tools was surpassed only by their unrivalled power with the harp and drum; and her bards, in those rude ages, rolled from their metallic strings those wondrous "Irish Melodies" whose strains have never ceased, and which, even in those days of picturesque freedom, wild and plaintive, sounded, as if prophetically, "like the song of a nation that had been conquered." Countless chieftains, bearing the ambitious title of king, waved the sceptre-sword over

each, his own little clan, and the supreme rank of martial heroisms, in the estimation of popular qualities, spread a sort of warlike anarchy over the land. So minute were the territorial domains of the petty kings, that their ultimate formation into four monarchies, gave rise to what were called, great kingdoms. National custom at length placed over all these crowns, *one* central diadem, whose super-eminence entitled the wearer to the grand title of *King of all Ireland*. Yet the turbulence and individual power of each of the subordinate sovereignties, rendered the dignity rather titular than real; and this king of kings was about as much a living symbol of the unity of the Irish Celtic race, as the controller of the affairs of Ireland.

And the Irish Church, too, subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, was, with a similar primitive freedom, congregational and independent. Early in the fifth century, during the reign of the son of Nial the Grand, St. Patricius, or Patric, converted Ireland to the Christian faith.—As this was anterior to the developement of the extended sway of the Popedom, the supremacy of the Italian prelate formed no part of the primitive creed of the Hibernian apostle. The doctrines of St. Patric and Ireland were primitively *catholic* but not *papal*. The Irish Church not only ignored the supremacy of the Romish tiara, but, beyond some honorary ascriptions or occasional superintendencies, she knew no episcopate at home. Though her spontaneous christianity had never divided from any foreign communion, yet Rome, gradually increasing in power and imperiousness, held her schismatic. The grand efforts made by the ecclesiastical politicians of the City of the Seven Hills for extending a universal spiritual sway, found in Ireland a truly protestant resistance. It was not until five hundred years later, in the year of grace, 1074, that a second Patricius struck a blow at the spiritual independence of Ireland established by the first, and prepared the way for the na-

tional subjugation. Elected to an ecclesiastical order by the Church and people, confirmed by the king of his province and by the president-king of all Ireland, this Patricius, ambitious of a more organic and authoritative episcopacy, passed over to receive the ordaining hands of Canterbury and of Rome. There was something attractive in this foreign ennoblement to the priestly ambition of Irish Clergy. The infection spread, and in less than a century a magnificent hierarchy was formed, organized into full communion with the already stupendous system of European papacy, and looking down with contempt upon the simpler orders of the primitive clergy of old Ireland. But though, from the heights of their four proud sees, the archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel and Tuam poured their papal thunders, the primitive independence both in church and state, still maintained a firm resistance. Rome growled in menacing disapprobation at the reprobate christianity of the obstinate isle, that declined her pallium, disowned her tiara, and withheld her Peter pence.

It was the fatal destiny of Ireland, that in 1154, the throne of the Vatican was occupied by the only Englishman who ever interrupted the Italian succession to the vicarship of Christ. Nicholas Breakspere was a young Saxon serf, whose boyhood was cheered in his own laud, by no omens of future greatness. Too lazy to work, and too proud to beg, Nicholas in default of every other capital, was bound to thrive by his wits. He went to France and then to Provence, where his merit and address raised him successively to the offices of prior and abbot. Envious of his promotion, his subordinates arraigned him upon some complaint before Pope Eugenius, which had the effect to bring his abilities under the notice of the Pope, who dismissed the complaint with a high impression of the character of the accused. A second complaint and arraignment completed the fortune of Nicholas. The

Pope, convinced that merit was his only crime, determined that promotion should be his only penalty. "Go," said the Pope, "elect another abbot; this Englishman is henceforth Cardinal-Bishop of Albauc." From that time he was the favorite, until he became the successor of Eugenius. The promotion of the Saxon serf to the spiritual supremacy of Europe, under the alias of Adrian, boded no good to the ecclesiastical or political independence of Ireland.

For not long had he rejoiced in his new dignity, when a deputation arrived at his Court from Henry II, King of England, requesting the sanction of the Vicar of Christ for the ANNEXATION of Ireland; politically to his own dominion, spiritually to the domains of the Pope. The benevolent motives stated by the King for the accomplishment of this step of "manifest destiny," were well calculated to move the Anglo-Saxon sympathies of Brakespeare, as well as touch his spiritual ambition.—To convert Ireland from schism by subjecting her to the sway of the Pontiff, to civilize her by the benevolent application of English authority, to teach her the sacred duty of paying the bounden penny to St. Peter—what holier motive did Anglo-Saxon ever urge for "a buffalo hunt."—Brakespeare struck the bargain, and dispatched to the King the following bull:

"Adrian, Bishop, Servant of Servants, to his very dear son in Christ Jesus, the illustrious King of England, apostolical greeting and benediction:

"Thou hast communicated unto us, our very dear son in J. C., that thou wouldst enter the island of Hibernia, to subdue that people to the yoke of the laws, to root out from among them the seeds of vice, and also to procure the payment there to the blessed apostle Peter, of the annual pension of a penny for each house. Granting to this thy laudable and pious desire the favor which it merits, we hold it acceptable, that for the extension of the limits of the holy Church, the propagation of the Christian religion, the correction of

morals and the sowing of the seeds of virtue, thou make thy entrance into that island, and there execute at thy discretion, whatever thou shalt think proper for the honor of God, and the salvation of the country, and that the people of that country shall receive and honor thee as their sovereign lord and master, saving the rights of the churches, which must remain untouched, and the annual pension of one penny per house due to the blessed Peter, for it is beyond a doubt, (and the mobility themselves have acknowledged it,) that all the islands upon which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, has shone, and which have been taught the faith, belong of lawful right to St. Peter and the most holy and sacred Church of Rome."

Henry Plantagenet, King of England, to whom was granted by the Pope, this ownership of a country belonging to neither, was the great-grandson of William the Conqueror, of England, and the fifth of the Norman line of Kings, all true sons of the church, genuine robbers and full-blooded Frenchman. The son of this Henry was Richard, Cœur de Lion, who in all these three respects, was their very special ditto. When Henry II. was in Wales, a countryman saluted him in the English of the time, "Gode olde kynge;" but the English King did not know the English name of his royalty without an interpreter; nor is it probable that the six first Norman sovereigns of England could speak an English sentence. As it was under the special sanction of his Holiness, the Pope, that William first appropriated England, it was natural that when Henry contemplated a similar acquisition of Ireland, he should seek the same divine authentication. But the document by which this magnificent piracy was sanctified, of which we have given a part copy above, for some years lay inert. Troubles of various kinds rendered Henry incompetent to accomplish his sacred mission of Irish conversion.

— Henry was some years subsequently in

Acquitaine, Southern France, when an event occurred which resulted in the conquest of Ireland for him rather than by him. A wild, warlike looking Celt, presented himself in the King's presence, announcing himself as Dermot, King of Leinster. With lawless gallantry of the times, he had abducted from her husband, a willing captive, the fair Devorgil, wife of the King of Leitrim. Under the sanction of O'Connor, King of all Ireland, he had been invaded, deprived of his mistress, deposed from his throne and banished from his country. Henry saw at a glance that the Celt was a suitable protegee for his sympathy, and a fine instrument for the accomplishment of his apostolic mission. Receiving Dermot's homage for his native kingdom, Henry commissioned the Prince to rally volunteers in England for its recovery.

If the fair Devorgil was the Helen of the long Iliad of Irish woes, Richard Strongbow, Count of Pembroke, a Norman knight of Western Wales, was the Achilles of Irish conquest. Engaged by Dermot under promise of receiving in marriage, his daughter, Eva, the heiress of Leinster, Strongbow sent over a small body of Norman knights and soldiery, who made their landing on the Irish coast.—What could naked hordes of Irish axmen and dartmen do against the brazen chivalry of Normandy? They hurried from the field, and gathering into the town of Wexford, found city walls their only defence. So few were their Norman assailants in number, that their defence would have been sufficient, but the warriors for England and the Church had an ally within the walls. The Romish Bishop of Wexford was mindful of his double allegiance, to his church as well as his country, and he preferred to be false to Ireland that he might be true to Rome. He preferred piety to patriotism, and opened the gates of Wexford to the invader, and England never lost the footing then gained. Such was the rapidity of victories af-

ter this point, that Dermot soon aspired to the crown of all Ireland. Strengthened by reinforcements from his son-in-law, Strongbow, his victories were still more rapid, until Strongbow himself arrived, bringing a mighty force. The death of Dermot rendered Strongbow the King of Leinster, and the defeat of Roderic of Connaught, King of all Ireland, was opening before him the obtainment of his father-in-law's desire—*The Island Crown*.

"Shall Pembroke, indeed, be King of all Ireland?" muttered Henry the Second, King of all England, as the news of Strongbow's triumphs reached his ears. He forthwith issued a decree, commanding his subjects to abandon Strongbow, and prepared in his own person to visit Ireland. The most abject submission of Strongbow, and the entire surrender of every conquest into his royal possession, won a contemptuous mercy from Henry, but prevented not his projected visit.

And there were friends and allies of Henry in Ireland, who only needed his presence to make the conquest ready.—The Romish bishops had already assembled at Armagh and made a preparatory movement in his favor. After his royal arrival a second synod was held at Cashel, at which the legate of the Pope was President, at which all the bishops signed a formal recognition of the sovereignty of Henry over Ireland. At a subsequent synod the bull of Adrian was read with great solemnity, and the next year, O'Connor sent the arch-bishop of Tuam to do homage, in his name, to Henry, to acknowledge that he held the Irish crown at his hands, and to confirm Henry's right to add to his other titles, that of "Lord of all Ireland."

The full realization of this title throughout the island, was for centuries incomplete, and even in our own day we have seen it not undisputed. When, upon the rise of the Reformation, England embraced the doctrines of Luther, Ireland made her choice of a religion from motives of

hatred to her oppressor. It was a sufficient recommendation of the Papacy to her, that England had abjured it. Political, ethnological and religious feud, then all combined to render all union of the heart between the two countries, forever impracticable. England professing a democratic element in her constitution, rules her sister isle with the absoluteness of a despot; and holding a creed which acknowledges the right of private judgment, persecutes a sister religion with all the bigotry of an inquisitor. On the other hand, Celtic Ireland execrates the Saxon and the Protestant; yet for her vassalage to the Saxon she may thank the Celt, and for her subjection to the Protestant may bless the Pope.

For the Miscellany.  
STANZAS.

*Answer written upon receiving (when on a journey)  
a copy of Francis Brown's poem of "The Master-  
ger Thought."*

BY F. H. RANKIN.

I have received thy thought.  
The deep recesses of my heart of hearts  
Flaw open to it. Thence, it ne'er departs.  
Not India's wealth had bought,  
With all her gems, nor California's gold,  
The place that thought doth hold.  
It came to me; though not  
In wing'd and burning power; but soft and calm,  
Distilling o'er the wounded heart a balm,  
Till pain was all forgot;  
And the bruised, broken spirit took once more  
The strength it knew of yore.

It came—and with it, brought  
A soundless whispering, a silent voice,  
Speaking unto the inmost soul, "Rejoice!"  
How was its stillness taught  
To breathe such strange, sweet music on this ear,  
As scarcely scraps hear?

Yes! it hath safely gained  
Its destined haven; and the gentle wing  
That swiftly bore it, back again doth bring,  
Freely and unconstrain'd,  
A host of thoughts of love, to dwell with thee.  
Then 't'll welcome them from me!

Oh! it is not a dream.  
Thou, but no other, hast the power to bend  
This spirit. It is plastic in thy hand;  
Although I once did deem  
It adamant to beauty's smiles, or aught  
Against it could be brought.

Return to thee! Oh! no,  
Recall it not! When thou art far away,  
'Tis bliss to feel one thought of thine doth stay  
With me, where'er I go.  
A thought from thee is gladsome in the spot,  
Beloved! where thou art not.

Flint, Michigan.

ANGEL CHARLEY.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON—(*Fanny Forester*.)

He came—a beauteous vision—  
Then vanished from my sight,  
His cherub wing scarce cleaving  
The blackness of my night;  
My glad ear caught the rustle,  
Then sweeping by, he stole  
The dew-drop that his coming  
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh! he had been my solace,  
When grief my spirit swayed,  
And on his fragile being  
Had tender hopes been stayed;  
Where thought, where feeling lingered,  
His form was sure to glide,  
And in the lone night-watches,  
'Twas ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom  
Its petals closes up,  
And hides them from the tempest,  
Within its sheltering cup;  
So he his spirit gathered  
Back to its frightened breast,  
And passed from earth's grim threshold,  
To be the Savior's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,  
The anguish of that word!  
My boy, when in strange night-dreams,  
My slumbering soul is stirred;  
When music floats around me,  
When soft lips touch my brow,  
And whisper gentle greetings,  
Oh! tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,  
My Charley is not dead;  
One golden clue he left me,  
As on his track he sped;  
Were he some gem or blossom

But fashioned for to day,  
 My love would slowly perish,  
 With his dissolving clay.

Oh! by this deathless yearning,  
 Which is not idly given;  
 By the delicious nearness  
 My spirit feels to Heaven;  
 By dreams that throng my night-sleep;  
 By visions of the day;  
 By whispers when I'm erring;  
 By promptings when I pray;

I know this life so cherished,  
 Which sprang beneath my heart,  
 Which formed of my own being,  
 So beautiful a part;  
 This precious, winsome creature,  
 My unfledged, voiceless dove,  
 Faint now a seraph's pinion,  
 And warbles lays of love.

Oh! I would not recall thee,  
 My glorious angel-boy!  
 Thou needest not my bosom,  
 Rare bird of life and joy!  
 Here dash I down the tear-drops,  
 Still gathering in my eyes;  
 Blest—oh! how blest!—in adding  
 A seraph to the skies!

For the Miscellany.

## INFLUENCE OF SCENERY UPON THE INTELLECT.

BY MARY B. JAMES.

Various are the emotions awakened in the soul by means of external objects.—An observance of the beautiful and grand in Nature creates corresponding feelings in the mind—while the dark and drear brings a depression upon the spirits and sadness in the heart. A stream murmuring quietly, a placid lake reposing in beauty, a forest whose "tall green trees" are gently swayed by the wind, and a sky tapestried with floating clouds are sources of pleasurable emotions.

To look upon an ocean when the storming rules the wave; to listen to the thunder of a cataract as its world of waters comes rushing down; to stand at the base of a mountain whose beam is wreathed in

clouds; to gaze upon Orion clad in shining armor; or to watch a comet darting with impetuous velocity within its fiery orbit, causes the eye and ear to revel in sublimity, feasts the imagination, and absorbs the soul.

Scenery which possesses a dull monotony, no varied or enlivening features, fails to charm.

An extended plain of sand presenting to view naught but sterility and loneliness; an iceberg—the image of desolation; a marsh overgrown by brambles and infested with reptiles, are objects in which there is nothing congenial to the most uncultivated taste. If, then our perceptions are such sources of pleasing, sublime, or painful emotions, it is no marvel that intellect develops itself as diversely as the beautiful, grand, or discordant in Nature.

Some evidence of the truth of this position is exhibited in the happy effect which the wild and picturesque aspect of New England's landscapes, produces upon her inhabitants, for where is greater effort put forth to hasten on the march of improvement, than in Yankee land? View the face of her country from a hill top. Far beyond are mountains whose rugged sides have been converted into fruitful fields, in the midst of which are set, "cities that cannot be hid;" fertile valleys, watered by rivers, whose surfaces are whitened by the sails of her internal commerce. Large tracts of land improved in the highest degree, whereon are elegant mansions, the houses of a refined populace. "Far o'er hill and dale" is heard the whizzing steam of her locomotives, and telegraphic lines seeming like threads reach from one extremity of her domain to the other.—This is the cradle of genius. Here many of our best inventions have their origin, and this is the home of many of our most distinguished authors and ablest statesmen.

The upland and meadows, groves and bowers, silver streams and tiny lakes of



England have elicited the admiration of poets and tourists who have given to America enthusiastic descriptions of "Albion's Isle." Learned and deeply pious men as Clarke, Whitfield and Howard have looked with rapture upon the land they loved, and full of gratitude, adored the God of Nature. Her learning is refined like her scenery, her poetry cultivated as her soil. None have sung more sweetly than Watts, Wesley. or Mrs. Hemans; neither is there any greater harmony than in the sublime effusions of Milton and Tupper.

Well may the *Scotch* love their country, with an affection akin to that of a child for a parent, for the Author of good gifts has made it among the loveliest spots of earth. Its mountains, cliffs, glens, beautiful lakes, with fairy islands inspire the heart with the liveliest emotions, causing it to be a favorite haunt for men of science and lovers of song.

Scotia has many minstrels. In its echoing dells has Scott immortalized his name in writing of

"Caledonia stern and wild  
Meet nurse for a poetic child.  
Land of the brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."

On the banks of the softly glowing Clyde has Ossian wept for the desolation of Moine's dwelling and amid her highlands has Burns touched his harp for "*Scotia dear*."

If ever the student is disposed to play the truant, it must be while reading of Switzerland for the *very name* sends a thrill of delight throughout the soul, how one longs to feast the vision on such grandeur as is presented in Alpine scenery.—'Twas cruel to chide the Swiss-children of the mountains for sighing amid foreigners for their own native land—it is so lovely.

The scenery of Italy is too well known to require comment, it is beautiful though tame, and has a tendency to render her

inhabitants—as Goldsmith has said of them—

"The poor luxurious; though submissive, vain,  
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, ye. untrue."

Poets and artists love her for there is enough of sentiment blended with her landscapes to keep their pens and pencils at work.

I will instance but one more. Palestine with her vine-clad hills, her calm lakes and sacred mountains, causes the wanderer to feel, as he enters within her boundaries, that he indeed treads upon *holy ground*.

We need not wonder at the sublime descriptions of her prophets, or that the bards of inspiration loved to sing of Jerusalem, the type of their home above, or that Jesus should select this lovely retreat for his home below.

### THE BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN.

BY MRS. W. WILLIAMS.

There is no profession so calculated to minister to the comforts of the human race as the medical, if physicians are only faithful in the discharge of their duties; those duties we consider not performed by just a flying visit to the sick, writing a hasty prescription—taking a fee, and riding off again. This was not the custom in the good old times, when the doctor not only prescribed, but portioned out the medicine himself, thus preventing all mistakes of the apothecaries' boys, and all adulteration: a sin that has its origin in the indolent and troublesome custom to the patient, of directing somebody else to do the business the physician ought to see to himself.

The apothecary dare not offer to the physician the adulterated drugs he would not hesitate to give to ignorant purchasers. We know by the statements of physicians themselves, that, "owing to this evil, medical practice has not been so successful of late years; although medical science

has so much improved," but they do not seem to understand the reason, the cause of the evil, which is solely owing to their fear of having too much to do. Whereas, any intelligent person would be willing to pay treble for medicine from the hands of the physician, as they would at once know them to be genuine. We beg pardon for this digression, which however, our readers will see was necessary.

In one of the cities of New England there resided many years since a physician whom we shall call Byron, a man not only eminent in his profession, but of a kind and benevolent disposition, and amiable manners; indeed, he was so remarkable in this latter quality, that it was often a doubt whether it was the superiority of his judgment that affected so many cures, or the charm of his conversation, and the fascination of his manners. The house inhabited by Dr. Byron was a plain, substantial building, and not at Court End, but in a neighborhood where the principal part of his practice lay, inhabited by plain, substantial citizens. He had married; early in life an excellent woman, who, like himself, esteemed the privilege of doing good as far superior to a life of pleasure or grandeur. At the time we can first recollect them, they had three daughters and a son, an infant. One of the daughters was born on the same day as ourself, and used to delight in hearing our mother tell of the pleasant interchange of civilities on the great occasion, when the FROSTED CAKE flew from house to house to welcome the little strangers, who closely wrapped in nurses' arms, were daily carried to each mamma, to see which grew fastest, for those were days of social intercourse, and not starched ceremony.

The house of Doctor B. was directly facing our own: and how delightful it was, to watch for the doctor's window to open of a morning, and see the sunny face of little Fanny peeping out with a new doll, or a set of cups and saucers,

held up to tempt her playfellow. And how looked for the little parties of children drinking out of these little cups, and trying to feed wooden dolls and compel them to eat. And how pleasant the walks, when hand in hand we gathered roses to plait in our hair, and adorn our mischievous brothers, who, little tattling things, would reward our labor by pulling them to pieces. And how pleasant, too, our winter evenings, sometimes in a hard snow storm, for it was but a step from the one house to the other. And how anxious Mrs. Byron would often be on those occasions at the prolonged absence of her husband, who used to plough his way through thick and thin, often going miles out of his way to visit some poor suffering patient, from whom he never expected or desired payment.— Sometimes Mrs. B. would be seriously alarmed, when our dear mother, who was a sea-captain's wife, would remind her that her husband was on the raging sea, exposed not only to the fury of the wind, but liable at every moment to be engulfed in the angry waves, or cast upon a lee shore;" and then Mrs. B., dismissing her own terrors, would seek to comfort her. And how we used to beg to stay until the doctor's return as he always had something so very interesting to tell us; and when he would describe the scenes of suffering and destitution he had witnessed, we would both beg our mammas to send them some of our food and clothing.

We recollect particularly one evening, when it was intensely dark, and the snow, impelled by a furious wind, was making drifts in every direction, and cold as Greenland, the doctor was in one of his peregrinations to an uncommon hour; the anxiety of Mrs. B. was dreadful, and our mother could not leave her. The doctor had a good stout butler, and a famous horse that would clear the ground at the rate of ten miles an hour, when elated by the sound of his bells. "But how can he surmount those drifts?" Mrs. B. would

ask, while ever and anon she would rush to the door, despite the peltings of the pitiless storm, to hear if she could catch the sound of his bells. Twelve o'clock came, and her anxiety amounted to agony.—Little Fanny and ourself had long since put up our tea cups, packed away our picture-books, and put our dolls to bed, but we could not close our eyes. In vain our good mothers laid us carefully on the warm couch, and tucked us up with shawls and cloaks; we felt that something was wrong, and propped our eyes open to watch the countenances of our mothers.

At length, just as the clock was striking one, and tired nature was about giving way, we were aroused by the well known bells, and the doctor's sleigh drove up to the door. Never was such joy. Fanny and myself hopped off the couch in less than no time, and were each at a knee; but alas! the poor doctor was so overcome, he was unable to speak to us until the good ladies had administered restoratives, chafed his hands, warmed his feet, etc., etc. He had been several miles out to see a sick patient, and on his return met a man who entreated him to turn down a cross-road to visit a poor but worthy woman who needed immediate assistance. The kind Dr. B. immediately turned back to visit the patient, whom he found not only in a dangerous situation, but surrounded by misery and destitution; the father, a poor laborer, seventy miles from home at work, they had burned the last stick of wood, and the house was utterly destitute of provisions. Being some distance from the nearest house, the neighbors were ignorant of their situation, and they had called to one passing to procure a physician. The doctor, who always carried a bottle of wine, and a basket of nice things in his sleigh, put up by his provident wife, who insisted, if he should be faint on the road he would need them, and if he should not, he might find some one on the road that did, now bethought himself of his

basket the contents of which he liberally distributed among the shivering family; then, taking an ax, went out to chop up a neighbor's fence, for whom he left a card promising to pay all damages. So, leaving them with a comfortable fire, and their most pressing wants supplied, and the poor patient much relieved, he departed, finding as he expected, much difficulty in getting through the drifts to the main road and coming very near losing his life on the road.

The storm had become so violent, and the snow so deep, that our dear mother had concluded to stay till morning; and we found that long after they got the doctor in a comfortable sleep, and packed off little Fanny and ourself, the good ladies sat up to devise ways and means for the destitute family. Never shall we forget the hunting next day for bed-clothes, old garments, etc.; and with what cheerfulness little Fanny and ourself, proffered our pence, which we had hoarded for new dolls; Fanny having broken the nose of hers, and mine having an eye put out; but the thought of a real baby of flesh and blood suffering, had seized our imaginations, and we cheerfully made the sacrifice; and after despatching Jim, the doctor's black man with a sleigh load of comforts, we had the satisfaction to learn that the family were all comfortable, and a neighboring farmer's daughter taking care of the sick.

Time would fail us to recite all the acts of beneficence performed by this worthy couple, and we may say, of our good mother, who is now beyond the reach of praise that they always had a ready assistant in her—she was benevolence itself, and the doctor, who witnessed so many scenes of misery, was frequently her almoner, but the crowning charity of his life, and one of a somewhat romantic character, we are yet to speak of, and it deserves a separate chapter.

## THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a man of strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor, an ever ready-wit, and with children particularly, he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any SAUCE, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market-man. "No sir, my father," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes," and passed into the house sending out the charge. In a few moments the child returned bringing back part of the change; the doctor told him he was welcome to it but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such singular manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the child attentively; he was evidently poor, his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many different colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face. At length he said,

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs, wanting to see the doctor, and who would not tell his business to any one else. "Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes (but no squash himself, as we shall see;) he was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely comb-

ed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle, tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor saying,

"I have come sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you, and be a doctor," said the child with the utmost NAIVETE.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled too, his former conversation, and he avowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At that time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you was a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Doctor Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me." And said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the kerchief, and displaying them, with two little shirts white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the fearless unhesitating trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bull-rushes, abandoned to providence, and above all he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt; and that the Divine Saviour had said, "Blessed be little children; and he called for the wife of his bosom saying. "Susan, dear, I think we

pray in church that God will have mercy upon ALL YOUNG CHILDREN."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me;' take this child in His name, and take care of him;" from this hour this good couple received him to their hearts, and homes. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be the staff and stay of their declining age—a protector to their daughters, and more than son to themselves: all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed that Providence had committed to their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance. Little Tommy soon ingratiated himself with every member of the family; he was so perfectly good natured, willing to oblige, sedate, trustworthy; truth-loving, and affectionate toward his benefactors; his attachment to the doctor was unbounded, anticipating his every wish, and watching for his return when out, and hurrying to receive his coat and hat, place his arm-chair in the proper place, and bring his slippers, and tug to get his boots. But, above all, his devotion to study, and aptness to learn, delighted the doctor: he soon distanced all competitors in his class, and the master was always telling what a prodigy he was. At intermissions he was always on hand to carry prescriptions (the substance of them) to the doctor's patients, having made himself acquainted with every part of the city. Little Tommy was soon able to write for the doctor, too, and weigh out and mix medicines—a great relief to the doctor—and from this he commenced making entries in the books, and long before he left college, which he did at an uncommon early age, he had earned the title of

doctor, having visited and attended with his benefactor so much, he had been gradually paving his way for future and speedy usefulness. And when, on the day he left the University, and distinguished himself by an eloquent and able treatise on the superiority of the medical profession. Dr. Byron, as he listened to the fine, clear voice, the exponent of as clear a judgment, and watched the graceful attitudes of his beloved protege, felt amply rewarded for all he had done; he had not even then imagined all the good he was to receive at his hands.

It will readily be seen that Thomas had little to do, comparatively, to prepare himself for his profession; this he did, however, and the visits of young Elton began to be looked for with almost as much interest as those of his benefactor, whose manners he had happily imbibed with his precepts.

There was one instance of the prudence and principle of this young man that deserves recording: the doctor's daughters, beautiful and accomplished young women, it was thought would be great fortunes—the youngest about his age, he might without much presumption, have aspired to her hand—but he treated them both with the kindest affection of a brother, but with a respect so profound as forbade any one to anticipate anything of the kind—their only brother had several years before, commenced the practice of law in a distant state, and he was their general attendant at public places, and their assured protector; and it was not until they had all formed brilliant connections, that he ever thought of marrying himself.—Very soon after his debut as a physician, his benefactor took him into partnership, and from that time Doctor Byron fully realized what a treasure he possessed, for now his affection and gratitude were put to the test. That dreadful scourge, the yellow fever, broke out in the place; it was a season of dire calamity, and Doctor

Byron, prone to expose himself in every manner, probably owed his life in numerous instances to the care and watchfulness of his young partner, who, gifted with an excellent constitution, was enabled to sustain the fatigue and exposure in a manner impossible to the failing health and broken down constitution of his patron. He was several times attacked with the disease, but the watchfulness of Doctor Elton discovered it in its incipient stages, and by timely application ward off the disease; and so successful was his care of the sick, that the oldest practitioners consulted, and often yielded to his judgment. As Dr. Byron grew in years, the affection of Elton seemed to increase; he had long since committed his own honest and venerable parents to the tomb, and had no tie to life but his beloved benefactor. His parents had the happiness to see their son an eminent physician, before their departure, and their last years were made comfortable and happy by the ample support he had rendered them. Doctor Byron had been extremely liberal to these good people long before, as he had found them out soon after little Tommy came to live with him, and found them simple single hearted people, who relying upon the word of this the child of their age, that Doctor Byron would provide for him, and believing they should not live long to do it themselves, conceived it an opening of Providence, and cast him on the waters of life with nothing but their prayers! and we have seen they were answered. Doctor Elton at length married, and had one son, who did not, however embrace his father's profession.

You will wish to know something of the last days of Doctor Byron. He was confined several years to his house, previous to his death, losing entirely the use of his lower limbs; and he had to be rolled about in a chair; his mind gradually detached from the things of earth, seemed actually to have attained much of a cele-

tial nature, and it might truly be said of him, "His conversation was in Heaven." In the early part of his illness he had settled up his worldly affairs, and, it is a fact, struck from his books thirty thousand dollars in charges to families and individuals he found it would be inconvenient to pay. What a lesson to the extortioner was here! Who will imitate his example? To his son and his daughters he had only moderate portions to give, but they verified the saying in Holy Writ, "A small thing that the righteous hath is better than the riches of the ungodly." We cannot merely say of the departure of Dr. Byron that his end was peace—it was more: though his sun went down a little past noon (for he was not an aged man, (it sat in glory, and his change was a triumphant putting off of this earthly tabernacle, to be clothed in the garments of immortality. "I have saved but little of this world's goods," he would say, "after braving the storms of so many years, but my treasure is in heaven, where I hope to be also." *REQUIESAT EN PACE.*

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
SCENES OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY EDWIN W. SHAW.

I have roamed 'mid scenes of the distant West,  
On its fields have gazed in their verdure dressed;  
Have heard in its groves the warbler's song,  
And the waters free, as they passed along.

'Mid its lone retreats, in its silent bowers,  
In its forests wild, I have passed the hours,  
While the voice of Nature was heard in the breeze,  
The wail of the storm, and falling of leaves.

Lovely are they, these scenes of the West,  
Woodland and forest, like homes of the blest;  
But lovelier still are scenes far away,  
Where in hours of childhood, all joyous and gay.

The old granite mountains I loved to climb,  
Enraptured to gaze on prospects sublime;  
The music to hear of the Merrimac's roar,  
While pensive I mused on its rocky shore.

Thou river majestic, source of delight,

While thee I recall, though far from my sight,  
What sources of pleasure still blend with thy  
name,

Though severed by distance, yet ever the same.

My childhood's home, where my kindred were  
born,

And first I rejoiced in the light of life's morn,  
Is near to thy shore, where oft I have strayed,  
Or long'ring delighted, joyously played.

And the place is near thee, the calm retreat,  
Where the people of God were wont to meet;  
And their voice of prayer, and their words of  
praise,

From hearts sincere they were wont to raise.

And the church-yard is there, the home of the  
dead,

Where now repose, in their quiet bed,  
The ashes of kindred, the dust of forms,  
Once warriors of life, in conflicts and storms.

And the school-house is by thee, where first I  
was taught

The language of letters, the symbols of thought;  
And ambition was wont, my heart to inflame,  
Till I panted for honor, distinction, a name.

The meand'ring brooks, and sweet gushing  
fountains,

The old granite-hills, and snow-covered moun-  
tains,

The groves, and woodlands, and forests so wild,  
Again may I see thee, as I saw when a child?

Thou murmuring river! how I pant to be free  
From the bonds that hold me at distance from  
thee;

The scenes that are near thee again to behold,  
More precious the boon than treasures of gold.

O, speed ye, ye hours, in your rapid flight,  
Ah, welcome the time, in the prospect bright,  
The hour, when anew, as in days of yore,  
I shall roam 'mid scenes on the Merrimac shore.

Ann Arbor, Oct. 1851.

☞ Heaven has imprinted on a mother's  
face, something that claims kindred with  
the angels. The waking, watchful eye,  
which keeps its ceaseless vigils, over the  
slumbering child; the tender look—  
the angelic smile—are objects which neither  
pencil or chisel can reach, and poetry  
fails in attempting to portray. It is in  
the sympathies of the heart alone, where  
lives the lively picture, and the eye may  
look abroad in vain for its counterpart in  
the works of art.

## KOSSUTH, THE PATRIOT.

The following interesting sketch of that  
truly great, but unfortunate man, whose  
name stands at the head of this article, is  
from the pen of O. L. Brace, Esq., who  
has had abundant opportunities of knowing  
the truth of what he affirms. We think  
we cannot do a better service to our read-  
ers than to give them his views of Kossuth,  
and of the feelings of all hearts toward  
him in that country he labored ineffectual-  
ly to deliver from Austrian cruelty and  
oppression; especially when this illas-  
trious individual is daily expected upon  
our shores, to be a second great national  
guest. He has occupied a large space in  
the American mind for the last few years.  
But hear Mr. Brace:

To say that Kossuth is beloved here,  
seems hardly necessary, after what I have  
seen. He is idolized. Every word and  
trait of his character is remembered with  
an indescribable affection. Even his faults  
are such as the people half love when  
they blame. They all acknowledge that  
he did not possess all the qualities of a  
revolutionary leader. There was too much  
tenderness in him. He had none of the  
just severity of a Washington, or the stern-  
ness of a Cromwell. He never could sign  
a death-warrant, they say, through his  
whole administration. And there is little  
doubt if he had brought Georgy before a  
Court Martial, three months before the fi-  
nal surrender, he might have saved the  
country. But he never could force himself  
to it, though often urged by his friends.—  
Some one told me, who I believe was pres-  
ent, that a proposition was made by one  
of the Ministry, on a certain occasion, to  
at once hang up some Austrian traitors.

He remarked immediately that he must  
resign his place, if any such measures  
were seriously considered.

They all lament that he did not possess  
the talents of Washington for strategy, so  
that the fatal division which ruined the  
Hungarian cause might have been avoided.

Many think, too, that he was not far-seeing enough, as a Statesman, and was too much wrapped up in his visionary ideas to judge well of distant European politics.

And that, accordingly, he had reckoned too much on aid from other powers in the beginning of the struggle, which had never been even promised him. The "Old Conservatives" all say that, even if he had succeeded, he would never have been a good statesman. He was only an "agitator." Still, with all these flaws, which are found in his character, I have never met the man yet, even in the most conservative circles of Vienna, who doubted the purity of Kossuth's motives, or could cast a slur on the stainless honor of his political course.

To all in Germany or Hungary who love free principles, he has endeared himself by a long and unwavering course of devotion to freedom. His first efforts were devoted to it. His independent course cost him nearly three years from the best of his life in an Austrian dungeon. He came forth broken indeed, in health, but not in spirit, to go to work again in the same good cause, and since, through danger and obloquy, he has labored steadily on for the renovation of Hungary.

A man from the middle classes, he has never possessed the confidence of the nobility—the magnate—but the heart of the *People* is his. Through his words more than by any other influence, did the Parliament of 1832 do away with many of those abominable exactions on the peasantry of Hungary—and as the result, in great part, of his increasing efforts, we may consider that grand act of justice and generosity—one of the grandest on record in History—of the Parliament of '47 '48—by which every exaction and burden of the Hungarian peasantry was removed, with the loss to the landlords of the country of nearly *seventy-five millions of dollars*. One cannot imagine the influence and power that could aid in producing such results.

Whatever may be said of Kossuth, in Austria or Hungary, friend and foe unite in confessing the unequalled power of his eloquence. No human voice, they will tell you, ever thrilled with such music or passion. He "agitated" the whole land—and there is not a *Bauer* in the village, or a *tshikos\** on the prairies, they say, who does not remember, as the day of days, the time when, in breathless silence, he listened to those thrilling tones, as they spoke in indignation or in solemnity of freedom, of the rights of the poor man, of the wrongs of their beloved Father-land, of the retribution coming, and of the "God of the Hungarians."

I would mention here that everything I then learned of Kossuth's influence over the peasantry has been more than confirmed by what I have seen since in the country. The instances were innumerable, of which more hereafter. I must mention here, however, an occurrence which too place lately in Szegedin, as showing how the "Reformer" is remembered. A file of prisoners were led into Szegedin, with a heavy Austrian guard attending them. It happened to be a market day; on which the town is crowded with an immense mass of sturdy peasants from the whole country around. From some cause or other the van of the soldiers had fallen a little behind, and the first prisoner entered the market-place almost alone for the moment. As he came to the spot where Kossuth's last and most spirit-stirring speeches were made, he suddenly stopped, took off his hat; raised his fettered hands to heaven, and with a voice which rung like a trumpet over the immense crowd, shouted again and again, "*Eljen Kossuth, Eljen Kossuth.*"

In a moment, without one thought of combining, despite the Austrian cannon which commanded the town, and the long line of soldiers, from the vast multitude a shout like the roar of the sea on the shore, rung out again and again and repeated,

\* Wild-cattle drivers.



"*Eljen Kossuth, Eljen Kossuth, Eljen Kossuth.*"

It is said that the whole Austrian forces in the city were at once called out for fear of an outbreak.

I need not say here, what is perhaps well enough known everywhere, that the Austrian monarchy has no more dangerous enemy existing than Louis Kossuth.—Even now, with Austrian soldiers in every village, without arms or means, despoiled of its best and bravest, the land needs but his voice to start it again into a whirlwind of revolution.

However, to my journal again.

"I, myself, would rather doubt whether Kossuth's eloquence would have as great an effect on an *Anglo Saxon* audience as a Hungarian. It is too tropical, almost, for our latitude, too rich in splendid imagery, too poetic and passionate to suit our cooler natures. Yet who should judge alone from the written speeches? It is notorious that the reported orations of the two greatest orators in our country—Clay, and the earlier native orator of the Revolution—never began to convey an idea of their rich eloquence. Many of Kossuth's speeches, however, as one reads them, are able political arguments, as well as passionate appeals.

And it is very evident, even in the reports, that he was master of all the arts of oratory. His opening words, they say like all the Hungarian national airs, were always low and plaintive in the utterance, and reminded you at first, rather of some poet or contemplative clergyman, than of the political orator. But gradually his face lighted up, his voice deepened and swelled with his feeling; and there came forth tones which, for thrilling passion and power, and sweetness—those say who heard him—were never equalled by human voice. His appeals, like those of most of the greatest orators on record, were addressed often to the religious feelings of his hearers—a practice entirely consistent with his own nature, which

is deeply tinged with reverence. In fact, this tendency of his, is perhaps one great secret of his power over the *people* of Hungary—for the peasantry of that land beyond that of almost any other, are remarkable for a simple reverent piety.

If eloquence is to be judged from its effects, there has been no orator like Kossuth since Demosthenes.

My friends have often described to me one of the most splendid of his efforts, when, in the face of a vigorous opposition, he had brought forward his Bill before the Parliament of '48 for a levy of 200,000 men and the raising of an immense sum of money, necessary for the war. It was the great crisis of the session—indeed, Hungary's whole history. All felt it so; all were reluctant to take the last step, which should commit them to open war.

After a long and most eloquent argument and speech for his bill, he at length said: "To-day, we are the Ministers of this Nation; to-morrow, there may be others. That is a matter of no consequence. The ministry can change, but thou, oh, my country, must forever endure—and with this, or another ministry, the nation must preserve the fatherland. Therefore, to avoid all misunderstandings, I say outright, and solemnly, that if I ask the House for 200,000 soldiers, and the sums thereto, and they do not—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the House, worked up to an intense pitch of excitement by the speech, rose as one man and shouted, "*We give it! we give it!*"

It is said that all Kossuth could do in reply was to bow low to the audience, the tears flowing down his cheeks, with the words, "*I bow myself before the greatness of this Nation.*"

The effect of the speech was such that the President of the Assembly left his seat to embrace the orator, and the House instantly adjourned, as unable to attend to any other business after it.

For myself, I must say, that from all my opportunities for judging, the opinion of

the nation in regard to Kossuth's character, seems the correct one. That he was no General, every one must admit; that he had not the sternness of a revolutionary leader, one must also allow and can easily pardon; that he was too easily influenced by those he loved, and too often led by members of his own family not so democratically inclined as himself, there seems too much reason to believe. But that "he was only an agitator," is not true. The measures which he undertook and carried out in the beginning of his administration for the improvement of the finances, and for the bringing every possible power of Hungary into action, are among the most gigantic and yet efficient which any Financial Minister ever attempted. Of these we shall have more to say, perhaps, hereafter. It is true that he had reckoned on sympathy from the free and the liberal everywhere in Europe, which he did not receive—a mistake into which very many, even in foreign lands, fell, beside himself.

History, however, will record it of him that he was a Revolutionary leader, without a stain of dishonor or cruelty upon his character; that he headed a nation in its struggles, without leaving a suspicion of ambition being among his motives.—His great failing—if it can be called a failing—was, that he loved Hungary too much, and for this he has sufficiently atoned. We hope and believe, however that his part is not yet played out in the world's history.

VENICE.—A traveler thus describes Venice: There is no city like it in the world. It contains a population of one hundred and fifteen thousand inhabitants, located in twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighteen houses. There are one hundred and twelve religious establishments; though at one period there were no less than two hundred and twenty-eight. Of bridges, chiefly of marble, there are three hundred and six, and small communica-

ting streets no less than two thousand one hundred and eight. The grand canal is nearly three hundred feet wide.

#### INCIDENT DURING THE MUTINY OF 1797.

The nineteenth century may now be said to have attained middle age, and in the brilliant noonday of its intellect and science the important events that marked the close of its predecessor are becoming dim and indistinct, like the vanishing images of a dissolving view. Progress has been so rapid since the peace that a wider chasm intervenes between 1599 and 1851 than any dividing the preceding centuries; much more than half a century appears to separate us from the eighteenth. But a stirring and troublous period lies before this interval. Life, doubtless, was more rife with interest and excitement to those whose youth belonged to it than it is in this calmer age. One feels that the "old people" of to-day have more of a "history in their lives" than our age will have; and even while we acknowledge with devout gratitude the blessing of peace, it is pleasant to listen to the tales of "the War-time." One evening, while sitting with a relative of our own, gazing on the waters of the Channel, which were trembling and quivering beneath the rosy sunset, we expressed some such sentiments, and after agreeing in our opinion that life in those days was more animated by hope and fear than at present, he added, smiling. "For instance, in '97 I narrowly escaped hanging!"

We were much surprised at such a declaration from one who, at the time he spoke was a brave and distinguished admiral, and eagerly asked the "how and why" of the adventure; and he told us. We regret that we can not recall the exact words of the animated relation, but we will try to give the substance as soon as possible.

In 1797 mutiny broke out among the seamen at Spithead—an inexcusable crime in the opinion of naval men, but which he who related the story palliated in some degree, by candidly acknowledging that in those days the poor fellows who were guilty of it had great and just cause for complaint. They were not only ill paid, but their food was of very bad quality; many captains in the navy were harsh and tyrannical—as in consequence of the perversity of human natures will always be the case; and the men whose blood was freely poured out in the defense of their native land, were to say the least, neglected and uncared for by their rulers. Oh happy consequence of peace and advancing knowledge! these men are now well-fed, have the means of instruction afforded them and homes provided for them when, returning from “the dangers of the sea,” they are discharged and sent on shore. The poor mariners of Spithead had not dreamed of such advantages as these.

Admiral R—— was a junior lieutenant on board the *Saturn* when the mutiny broke out; but promotion was very rapid then, and though bearing that rank he was still only a youth in his teens. Probably the mutineers had discovered, and in some measure appreciated the kindliness of his nature, for, exempting him from the thrall-dom of his companions, whom they had confined in the wardroom, they fixed on him to bear their propositions and their threats to the port admiral—awearing at the same time, that if he did not bring them back a favorable answer, they would hang him on the yard-arm! He was obliged to obey their will, of course, secretly resolving, however, not to give them an opportunity of fulfilling their kind intentions by returning to the ship; but the young officer calculated too much upon being his own master. He was put on shore at the Point, and proceeded at once to the admiral’s house in the High-street. The naval chief gave him a good natured

and cordial reception, and listened patiently to the message he delivered from the mutineers, which was that they must have an immediate advance of wages, good biscuit, pork, &c., or that they would carry their vessel over to the French.

“Go on board again, sir,” was his reply, “and tell these gentlemen that none of their demands can be listened to till they return to their duty; inform them also that the moment they attempt to weigh anchor hot shot will be fired on them from the Isle of Dogs, and their vessel and themselves sent to the bottom.”

The lieutenant bowed and left the office. Outside he paused. He was going, in obedience to his superior, to certain death.—It was a fearful trial of courage and professional discipline. A mother whom he idolized lived at no great distance: he would at least bid her a last farewell!—But the admiral, aware of the sacrifice he had exacted, so much greater than that of periling life by mounting “the deadly breach,” had followed the poor boy, and lightly tapping his shoulder, told him he would walk with him to the beach. Thus, even the last look at home, for which he longed, was denied him. A waterman’s wherry conveyed him to the ship. It was May, a bright and glorious May, such as England used to enjoy “once upon a time;” and very sad were the feelings with which the young officer looked back upon the retreating town, and round on the glad, sunny waters and blue-tinted Isle of Wight, deeming that he beheld them for the last time. Occasionally, also, he told us, his eyes would revert, in spite of his endeavors to forget it, to the fatal yard-arm, distinct with all its tracery of cordage against the clear blue sky. He gained the ship, was received on board, and conducted to the fore-castle, where the chief mutineers were assembled. Here he delivered his message. They were greatly enraged, and commanded him not to repeat the admiral’s threat of sinking the ship to the crew. He replied simply

what it was his duty to obey the orders of his superior officer. Their looks and words threatened him at first with instant and summary vengeance; but after a short consultation they agreed to try him by a court martial, and proceeding aft ordered him to be brought before them. It was a fearful scene; the men were terribly excited, frightfully ignorant, and believed that their cause required a victim.

The courage of the youth bore him through the trial, however, bravely. He ventured boldly to reproach them with their guilt in confounding the innocent with those whom they looked upon as their enemies; taunted them with the cowardly injustice of the deed they contemplated; and persisted in opposition to the ringleaders' commands, in repeating the admiral's message to the crew. He was heard by the officers in the ward-room, and their loud cheers when he spoke probably gave him fresh courage. The ringleaders becoming alarmed at the effect his words might have on the British instincts of the ship's company, condemned him to be hung in two hours' time, and ordered him to prepare for death meantime in his cabin. There a new and singular scene awaited him: one of the seamen had taken possession of it, opened his lockers, and finding some brandy, had been drinking till he was perfectly intoxicated, and lay in the sleep of drunkenness upon the floor, which was strewed and littered with the lieutenant's clothes, books, &c.—A deep oath escaped the lips of the ringleaders at this sight. Throughout the fleet the mutineers had forbidden drunkenness on pain of death, for fully aware of the peril of their position, they kept up among themselves a terribly severe discipline. They were raising their insensible comrade in their arms, and coolly preparing to throw him overboard, when aware from their words of their intentions, the condemned officer struck one of them to the floor, and standing over the again prostrate drunkard, declared that while he

lived he would not see men who had sailed under the British flag guilty of murder! The mutineers paused, touched probably by this generous defence of a foe—for the insensible seaman had been peculiarly bitter against the officers—and after a muttered curse or two they left the cabin.

The lieutenant remained alone with his disgusting and unwelcome visitant, and the two hours he described as the most painful of his life. It was less the fear of death than the destined mode of it which tortured him, not that he was insensible or indifferent to the blessing of life, for he was by nature of a happy, joyous temperament; and fair prospects of advancement were before him; but in "war time" existence was held on such a precarious tenure that the idea of death in battle would scarcely have troubled his equanimity. Two hours waiting to be hanged, however, is a far different trial of courage, and we have never read or imagined anything more painful than the description which the aged admiral gave us of that (to him) endless period of time. As if to add to the horror of his position, the silence on board was so great that it appeared as if he could hear the pulsation of his own heart, while the low snoring of the drunken man struck with painful distinctness upon his ear. At last the bell struck the fatal hour, and steps were heard upon the ladder. His door opened: he rose prepared to show no symptoms of faltering courage, when the leaders of the party advancing, told him "that the people had taken his case into consideration, and as they believed that he individually had no hard feeling toward them, and as he had recently given proof that he cared for the men, that they had changed his sentence from death to *flogging*. He must therefore prepare to receive three dozen on the following morning.

My kinsman, with the ready humor which never deserted him, returned thanks with mock gravity for their clemency, and begged them to carry his compliments to.

the gentlemen who sent them, and assure them that he could not have believed he should ever have felt so much satisfaction at the prospect of a whipping.—The men always susceptible of fun, laughed. From that moment he was safe!—Falstaff wisely despairs of gaining the love of Prince John, “because he could not make him laugh;” the young lieutenant acted as if he possessed Shakspeare’s knowledge of human nature when he awoke by his jest the slumbering sympathies of the sailors. He was detained a prisoner, but no further notice was taken of the threatened flogging.

The mutiny subsided on the 19th of May, when Parliament passed an act to raise the seamen’s wages, and the royal pardon was bestowed on the mutineers; not, however, before some sacrifice of human life had ensued, as Admiral Colpoys, on the recommencement of the mutiny on board the *London*, had ordered the marines to fire on the people, and three seamen fell. The funeral of these unfortunates was described to us as a singularly impressive and touching spectacle. The townspeople were fearful of some violence on the part of the sailors when they landed to bury the dead, and consequently closed their shutters and retired into their houses: The mournful procession moved therefore through deserted and silent streets on its way to the village church-yard, where the victims were to be interred. But there was no cause for alarm. The men walked silently and solemnly two and two, after their slain comrades, a stern, quiet sorrow legible on their weather-beaten faces; and nothing could exceed the reverence and propriety of their conduct beside the grave. It is a quiet, pretty village church-yard in which these most pardonable rebels have their resting place, not far from which is the large grave where three hundred bodies of those who perished in the *Royal George* are buried.

One can hardly forbear wondering at

the little real mischief which proceeded from this alarming mutiny. It afforded, on the whole, a noble display of the principal characteristics of the British seamen—the frolic spirit peculiar to him manifesting itself even when he is most sadly and seriously in earnest. A captain of marines, who was especially the object of the mutineers’ aversion, was brought on shore by them, and compelled to march up the High-street to the “Rogue’s March,” which was drummed before him. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with a singularly long neck. The day after his expulsion from the ship, the crew sent a man to his house with a message; ordering him to “come down and be hanged?” The unpopular veteran sent back his compliments; but considering his throat uncommonly long *naturally*, he did not wish to have it stretched; he declined, therefore, accepting their invitation. The men went away laughing. The people and the times were extraordinary.

For the Monthly Miscellany.

#### PASSING AWAY.

BY ISAAC MILES CRAVATH.

I saw a flower of fairy hue  
Bedecked with gems of evening dew.  
That round its velvet border threw  
Beauty’s array.

A frost scarce touch’d its garment hem—  
Beauty forsook the wither’d stem—  
Its pearly rose-leaved diadem  
Passing away.

I saw a form of fairy mould,  
With treasures of the heart untold;  
Within its bosom’s fane enroll’d—  
Angel in clay.

There came a blight—a mildew—show’r—  
That form bent down beneath its pow’r—  
The soul fled with the fleeing hour,  
Passing away.

A rainbow burst upon my sight,  
Streaking the clouds with silv’ry white,  
Reflectings of the calm moon-light  
Which strewed its way.

The smiling moon-beams quick o’erran,  
The archway of their journey’s span,

Ending their steps where first began,  
Passing away.

There came a light from other days,  
As mem'ry kindled up the blaze  
Of friendships lost amid the haze  
Of life's young day.

'Twas but a transient meteor, seen  
One moment in the sky serene  
Of Fancy's boundless world of green,  
Passing away.

The thoughtful peasant near me stood,  
Bathing his form in Ocean-flood  
Of pleasure's waves, or bad, or good,  
Which round him lay.  
He turn'd to gaze, when to the fair  
Foul being fled—as if aware  
Of other peasants hovering near—  
Passing away.

The Future! ah, it rushes on  
Like fiery courser of the sun,  
As quickly comes, as quickly gone,  
Speeding its way.  
Life's fitful dream will soon be o'er,  
Time's footsteps soon be heard once more  
Faint on Eternity's dread shore,  
Passing away.

Then—where my trembling spirit, where?  
Wilt thou or pain or pleasure share?  
Great Sun of Light, be but my care  
Life's weary way.  
To tread that strait and narrow road  
Which leads to heaven and thee my God,  
Then gladly leave this earth-born load,  
Passing away.

For the Miscellany.  
"MORE LIGHT."

BY I. G. E.

"More light!" cries the miner within the damp mine,  
"Light! on the earth-buried treasures to shine,  
Trim the lamp! let its radiance more brightly still pour,  
O'er the dark jutting rocks, and the deep beds of ore."  
Aye—thus let it shine on the minions pale brow,  
And cheer his faint heart with its far spreading glow;  
Let it gleam thro' the darkness where fire damps play,  
And the black diamonds lurk in their matrix of clay.  
Trim the lamp! 'tis the sun of the miner's dark world,

Where he delves for the empress, begem'd and impearl'd;  
For the king and the statesman, the beggar and priest,

And all men above him, the greatest and least.  
Dispel the dim shadows that gather around,  
"More light" for the miner beneath the cold ground.

"More light" cries the sailor upon the wide sea,  
In the cold grey of morning with rocks on the lee,

While the breath of the tempest along the dark shore  
Comes laden with fear, and the breakers loud roar

Like a pale sheeted ghost the lone vessel glides,  
Through the dark fogs of ocean that close round her sides;  
Like a wild wandering sea-bird half spreading her wings

To the crest of the mountain-wave trembling she clings,  
Then plunges far down where the sea monsters crowd,

And the mermaids are weaving the mariner's shroud.

O light for the tempest-tossed, light for the brave  
Ere they sink 'neath the foam of the white curling wave.

"More light" groans the captive bemoaning his fate,  
As he lifts his pale face to the high window grate  
Where the last beam of sunset falls faintly and far,  
Like the pale sadden'd ray of a lone gleaming star.

He holds in his hands, the bright volume of truth,  
The solace of age, and the sure guide of youth,  
He turns its dim pages, with pain and with care,  
And the dark dungeon echoes his groans of despair.

"They tell me that pardon and mercy untold,  
Lies hid in this volume, so dingy and old,  
But how shall I find it shut out from the day,  
O! God of the sunlight I ask but one ray,  
"More light," on the page of this gospel to gleam,  
For the morn bringeth death with its first ruddy beam."

"More light," is the cry that from India's dark strand,  
Swells over the water and over the land;  
That peals like a trumpet in christendom's ear,  
"More light" for the heathen—the gospel's glad cheer."

'Tis the voice of the islands the voice of the sea,  
The wild shout of millions who long to be free,  
The prayer of the christian—the hope of the slave,

"More light on the mainland—more light on the wave."

From Dicken's Household Words.

### THE FLYING ARTIST.

Karl Herwitz is a German. He is about fifty years of age, and one of the most original of characters. Since I have known him, I have passed whole nights in listening to his adventures, which are in general as instructive as they are amusing. Married at a very early age, he left his military career for that of inventions. He had a most marvellous talent for conceiving novel machines, often of practical utility; but his soul was set upon perfecting a flying machine. To this he had devoted nearly his whole life. He made models, he tried experiments, he brought to bear all his prodigious knowledge of mathematics on the subject of travelling in air, with an enthusiasm, a childish earnestness, which is not uncharacteristic of genius. He studied every natural law which was likely to advance him towards the consummation of all his hopes and desires—namely, the ability to fly. At one time his little garden was turned into an aviary. He filled it with birds of various kinds, to study the mechanism of their powers of flight. There was the eagle and the dove, the vulture and the sparrow, all of which were made subservient to his darling object. He has often explained all this to me. "The Golden Eagle," he once said, "can cleave the air at the rate of forty miles an hour. Now, if I can succeed in imitating the mechanism by which he travels in space, exactly and efficiently, of course, my machine will move in the air at the same pace." What could I say? No argument, no warning, availed. Still he went on, hoping and working, and buying expensive tools and materials. He completed aerial ships one after another; and although none of them answered, he was never discouraged.

At one time, however, he thought he had succeeded. His contrivance was a

curious affair, shot out of a bomb; but it was about as buoyant as a shot, fell and failed, disheartening everybody but the persevering projector. Still he did not wholly neglect useful productions, and several times made improvements in mechanism, and sold them for very good prices. But the money went as fast as it came. His winged Pegasus was a merciless Ogre which swallowed up all the money the German earned.

Last Christmas-eve, in Paris, five of us were collected, after dinner, round a roaring fire, half wood, half charcoal. For some time the conversation was general enough. We spoke of England and of an English Christmas. The magic spell of the fireside was felt, and the word "home" hung on the trembling lip of all; for we were in a foreign land; we were all English, save one. There was a lawyer, the most unlawyer-like man I ever knew, a noble-hearted fellow, whom to know is to like; there was a poet, of an eccentric order of merit, whose love of invective, bitter satire, and intense propensity to hate—whose fantastic and Germanic cast of philosophy will ever prevent his succeeding among rational beings; then there was an artist, a young man well known in the world, not half so much as he deserves, if kindness of soul could ever make a man famous; there was Citizen Karl Herwitz, as he loved to be called; lastly myself. I had been speaking of some far-off land, relating some personal adventure; and, with commendable modesty, feeling that I had held possession of the chair quite long enough, paused for a reply.

"Tell us your adventures at the Court of Konningen," said the poet, standing up to see that his hair hung tastefully around his shoulders, addressing at the same time Karl, and mentioning the name of one of the smaller German states. I have heard it before, but it will be new to the rest, and I promise them a rich treat."

"Ah!" sighed the German, with a huge puff at his long pipe; "that was an adven-

ture—or rather a whole string of adventures. I have told it several times; but, if you like, I will tell it again.”

All warmly called on the German to keep his promise. After freshly loading his pipe, and taking a drain at his glass, he drew his arm-chair closer to the fire, settled his feet on the *chenets*, and began his narrative in a quaint and strange English, which I shall not seek to copy:

“I had spent all my money. I had sold all my property. There remained nothing but a little furniture in my house, which was in a quiet retired quarter of the town; but then I had completed a machine, and sent it for the approval of the Minister of the Interior, who promised to purchase it for the government. I now looked forward with delight to a long career of success, and saw the completion of my flying machine in prospect. On that I depended, and still depend, for fame, reputation, and fortune.

“I had then a good wife and four children; she is dead now.” The German paused, puffed away vigorously at his pipe, and tried to hide his emotion from our view by enveloping himself in smoke.

“I was naturally impatient for some result,” he continued, when his face became once more visible—“I used to go every day to the Minister, and wait in the ante-chamber, with other suitors, for my turn. Weeks passed, and then months, and yet it never came. But we must all eat, and six months are not fed for nothing. We had no resources, save our clothes and our furniture. My clothes were needed to go out with, so the furniture went first. One article was sold, and the produce applied by my careful wife to the wants of the family. We had come to that point when food is the only thing which must be looked on as a necessity. We lived hardly indeed. Bread; and a little soup, was all we ever attempted to indulge in.

Six months passed without any change for the better. I went to the Minister’s every day; sometimes I saw him, and

sometimes I did not. He was always very polite, bowed to me affably, said my machine was under consideration, should be reported on immediately, and passed on his way. It was the dead of winter. Every article of furniture was now gone, my wife and children having not gone out for two months for want of clothes. We huddled together, for warmth, on two straw mattresses, in the corner of an empty room, without table, without chairs, without fire. Catherine had nothing to wear but an old cotton gown and one undergarment. We had not eaten food for a day and a night, when I rose in the morning to go to the Minister’s. I felt savage, irate, furious. I thought of my starving and perishing family, of the long delay which had taken place in the consideration of my machine. I compared the luxurious case of the Minister with my own position, and was inclined to do some desperate act. I think I could have turned conspirator, and have overthrown the Government. I was already half a misanthrope.

When I entered the Minister’s ante-chamber, I placed myself, as usual, near the stove. I kept away from the well-dressed mob as much as possible. They were solicitors, it is true, and humble enough, some of them; but then they had good coats on, smart uniforms, polite boots, and came, perhaps, in carriages.—I came on foot, clad in a long frock reaching almost to my heels, patched in several places; with trousers so darned about the calves as to be almost falling to pieces; with boots which were absolutely only worn for looks, for they had no soles to them. My hat, too, was a dreadful-looking thing. This day, being faint with hunger, and pinched by the cold, the heat of the room overcame me, and I grew dizzy. I am sure I knew nothing of what passed around. I saw my wife and children, through a misty haze, starving with hunger and cold. A basket full of logs of wood lay beside my knee. Reckless,



wild, not caring who saw me, I took a thick log, huddled it under my frock, and went away. I passed the porter's lodge unseen; I was in the open air; I was proud, was happy. *I had stolen a log of wood; but my children would have fire for one day.*

When I got home I went to bed. I was feverish and ill; wild shapes floated round me; I saw the officers of justice after me; I beheld a furious mob chasing me along interminable fields; and on every hedge, and every tree, and every house, and every post, I read, in large letters, the word "thief." It was evening when I awoke. I looked around for some minutes without moving or speaking; a delicious fragrance seemed to fill the air, a fire blazed on the hearth, and round it huddled my wife and children, sitting on logs of wood. I rubbed my eyes. The presence of these logs of wood seemed to convince me that I still dreamed. But there was an odor of mutton broth, which was too real to be mistaken.

"Catherine," said I, "why, you seem to have some food."

All came rushing to my bedside, mother and children. They scarcely spoke; but one brought a basin of broth, another a hunch of bread, another a plate of meat and potatoes, which had been kept hot before the fire. I was too faint and sick to talk. I took my broth slowly. Never did food prove a greater blessing. Life, reason, courage, hope, all seemed to return as mouthful by mouthful I swallowed the nourishing liquid. It spread warmth and comfort through every fibre of my frame. When I had taken this, I ate the meat, and vegetables, and bread, without fear.—While I did so, my wife, sending the children back to the fire-place, told me, in a whisper, how she had procured such unexpected subsistence. It seems that scarcely had I got home, and, after flinging my log on the ground, rushed to bed, when a knock came to the door. Catharine went

to answer it. A man of middle age entered. He gave a hurried glance around, seemed to shudder at its emptiness, looked at the next room through the open door, saw that it was as bare as the other, turned his eyes away from the crouching form of my half-dressed wife, and spoke:

"Have you any children?"

"Four," said Catherine, tremblingly; but, still, answering at once, so peremptory was the tone of the stranger.

"How long have you been in this state?"

"Six months."

"Your husband is Karl Herwitz, the mechanist?"

"He is, sir."

"Well, madam, please to tell him that I recognized him as he came out of the Minister's of the Interior, and, noticing what he clutched with such energy, followed him here. Tell him I am not rich, but I can pay my debts; I owe him the sum contained in this purse. I am happy to pay it."

"And did he owe it you?" said I, anxiously.

No, replied Karl; he had never seen me or heard of me before. Generous Englishman! I shall never forget him. I found out afterwards that he was a commercial traveler, with a large family and a moderate income. On what he left we lived a month, by exercising strict economy. I did not go to the Minister's for several days. I feared some one might have seen me, and I was bowed by shame. But, at last, I mustered courage, and presented myself at the audience. I was, as usual, totally unnoticed, and I resumed my wretched dangling in the antechamber, as usual. The result was always the same. Generally I caught a glimpse of the Minister; but, when I did, it was eternally the same words. Meanwhile time swept rapidly by, and soon my misery was as great as ever. My children, who during the past month had recovered a little their health and looks, looked pale and wan again. I was more shabby, more dirty,

more haggard and starved-looking than ever. Once again I went out, after our all being without food for some twenty-four hours. I knew not what to do. I walked along the street turning over every possible expedient in my mind.

Suddenly I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a lieutenant belonging to the regiment I had quitted. He had been my intimate friend, but so shabby was I, that I sought to avoid him. He saw me, however, and, to my surprise, hurried across and shook me heartily by the hand. I could scarcely restrain tears; so sure was I, in my present state, to be cut even by old friends. But, in my worst troubles, something has always turned up to make me love and cherish the human heart.

"My poor Karl," said he, "the world uses you badly."

"Very," said I: and in a few words I told my story,

"My dear Karl!" he exclaimed, when I had concluded, "I was going to ask you to dine with me on what I have left. I am come up to claim a year's arrears of pay, and have been sent back with a free passage and promises. But I have a little silver; and, as I said, meant to ask you to devour it. But after what you have told me, will you share my purse with me for your wife and children's sake?" And he pulled out a purse containing about the value of five shillings English, forced me to take half, shook me heartily by the hand, and hurried away to escape my thanks.

Home I rushed with mad eagerness, a loaf in one hand, the rest of the money in the other. My poor wife once more could give food to her little ones. On the morning of the third day after I had obtained this little help, I lay in bed, ruminating. I was turning over in my mind every possible expedient by which to raise enough money to go on with a brief time, until my machine was really decided on by the Government. Suddenly I sat up in my bed and addressed my wife:

"How much money have you got left, Catherine?"

She had threepence of your money.

"Can you manage with the loaf of bread then, and three-halfpence for to-day?"

"I have often managed on less," said she.

"Then give me three-halfpence to take out with me."

"But what are you going to do? We may have nothing to-morrow, and then the three-halfpence will be missed."

"Give!" said I, rather sternly, reflecting as I was on my scheme; "be assured, it is for our good."

My poor wife gave me the money with a very ill grace, but without another word; and, rising, I went out. When in the street, I directed my footsteps towards the outskirts. They were soon reached. I halted before a tavern frequented wholly by workmen, and going into the public room, called for a *choppe* of beer. I had purposely chosen my position. Before me was a handsome, neatly-dressed young workman, who, like all his companions, was smoking and drinking beer. Quietly, without saying a word, I drew out a small note-book and a drawing-pencil.—I was then considered a very good artist; but had only used my pencil to sketch models. But I now sketched the human face with care and anxiety. Presently, as my pencil was laid down, a man sitting next to me peeped over my shoulder.

"Why!" he cried, "that's Alexis, to the life."

"How so?" said the man I had been sketching holding out his hand, into which I put my note-book.

"Good!" cried he, while a smile of satisfaction covered his face. "Will you sell this? I should like to keep it."

"I will sell it if you like," replied I, as quietly as I could, though my heart was nigh bursting with excitement.

"How much?"

I knew my man, and asked him but six sous, threepence, which the workman

gladly paid, while five others followed his example, at the same price. I went home a proud and happy man with my thirty-six pence of copper. Would you believe it? that was the commencement of a long and prosperous career, which lasted until the Revolution of 1848 threw me back again. Six months after, I received a thousand florins for a portrait in oil of the Grand Duchess of B——; and about the end of the same year I drove up to the Hotel of the Minister of the Interior in a splendid carriage, a gentleman by my side; it was the English commercial traveler.

We had a letter of audience, and were admitted at once. The Minister rose, and after a very warm greeting, requested us to be seated. We took chairs.

"My dear Herwitz," said the Minister, a little, bowing, smiling man, "what can I do for you? Glad to see you doing so well. The Grand Duchess says wonders of you. I will have the committee on your machine."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I have come to request your written order for its removal. I have sold it to the English house represented by this gentleman."

"Its removal!" cried the astonished Minister; "impossible! so excellent an invention should not pass into the hands of foreigners."

"So I thought," replied I, coldly, "when for nine months I waited daily in your antechamber, with my family starving at home. But it is now sold. My word is my bond."

The Minister bit his lip, but made no reply. He took up a sheet of paper, and wrote the order for removal. I took it, bowed stiffly, and came away.

We all heartily thanked the old German for his narrative. Since the Revolution, and the consequent impossibility of selling his machines in Germany, he has come to Paris, and taken to portrait-painting once more. His perseverance and endurance are untiring. His wife died long

since, and he is like a mother to his four girls;—all of whom are most industrious and devoted. He still believes in his flying machine; but, for the sake of his parental love, his hard-working head and fingers—for the sake of his goodness of soul, his eccentricities, he must be forgiven for this invincible credulity.

None can fail to admire the original dreamer when he is also a practical worker; while few will be willing to patronize the mere visionary, who is always thinking and never doing.

## HOW THE NEW TEMPERANCE LAW WORKS.

*A Chapter from the Life of a Portland Dram Drinker.*

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old clock opposite the window where she sat, and then she turned her sharp but sickly glances upon her pale-faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie, but don't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn looking woman with a heavy sigh; "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds." No one shall harm you dear; I will defend you to my death," she added with determination, and as if half speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me, mother, a bit; but when he tries to strike you, oh, how I shiver, and how I almost hate him; I can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly, "just think of that patient little sufferer, a cripple perhaps for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear darling brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim, blue eyes rested full upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, even while a frown gath-

ered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which alas, are of but short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand: but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temple and cheeks were crimsoned; "oh! had I the power, not a rum shop should stand in the city by nightfall."

"Mother, don't look so angry," said little Elsie with a quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the bluish forehead of her child, "but when I think of what he has been, what he might have been—"

The door was pushed suddenly open, and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants as she exclaimed with vehemence; "Oh, mother, mother; it is so good, so glorious, the new liquor law has passed, and they say that within a week not a glass of intoxicating spirits can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued, as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left our shop on the instant and hurried home to tell you; now I must hurry back again; it is worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face;" and more to repress the quick sobs that were almost choking her, with the strange joy she felt, than fear that her presence might be missed at the work shop she hurried from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard; presently that consumptive child at her side pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and in sweet but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly arising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to a narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overwhelmed by her emotion.

An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children; that hour had been spent in prayer and tears; prayers of thanksgiving and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself and purchased some little luxuries, such as none but little Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she sat it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that her father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer.

When the two little boys came home from school, towards evening, they crept around the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the old stove, and if they might have butter on their bread? and when they were assured they might, they moved around the room on tiptoes for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "Mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper. And he was as sober as he could be. He did not notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he could not get liquor in Portland, he was sure he shouldn't go out of his way for it, and the man he was talking with, mother, to crown the whole, was Mr. L——, president of the Temperance Society. Oh, it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice everything looks—not nicer than usual," she added, but we are through different eyes, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new

and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would, at times, leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared the house, she sank pale and trembling, upon a seat.

Eddy and Willy, the oldest boys, stood in the doorway, their father caught Eddy, and swung him up with a loud "hi-yah sonny," then breaking claw after claw from the huge lobster, he filled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months, sat down by the window beside his sick child. Her little, folded hands were instantly held forth to be clasped in his, and as he took them a tear trembled on his eyelids.

"Have you no better light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table, "send and get some better oil, mother."

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife timidly.

"No money, hey. Well, I reckon I can let you have a little," and bending forward, he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him thrilled his whole being. A moan from the little fellow in the cradle startled him. He went and stood un- easily at the child's side, and gazed into that wan face that looked so suffering and ghastly.

"Mother," he exclaimed, turning abruptly away, and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once to-day, that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times. Since yesterday morning, when old Hart told me he didn't dare to sell me a single glass, I have been thinking what a curse I have been to you all, even to that innocent babe," his voice faltered, while his oldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks, as she sat silent in the darkest corner of the room.

"And mother," he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God, that I would never

touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me to know that I cannot go to this corner and that, to be tempted with the sight of the miserable poison."

"God be thanked," said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantel to hide her streaming eyes, "for there never was a better husband than you are Edward when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well again soon; do not think of the past, but resolve for the future."

"I will, so help me God!" exclaimed the husband, in deep and solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper-table, and joy beamed on every face as they sat together.

"In less than a month, mother," said the repentant man, "I mean to put you into a better house; and as soon as I can, I'll hoist all this old trash out of doors, and we will get as nice furniture as anybody need have in our circumstances. I declare 'tis comfort though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy. Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses."

The child smiled merrily, but the mother kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom: she knew that her fair girl would soon be in a happier home than earth could afford; but oh, it was a rich consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said roguish Eddy, "I like our Mayor\* though, don't you."

"Like him? That man will have no thorns in his dying pillow. I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking blessings on him to-night."

\* Neal Dow, Esq., who was elected Mayor of the City of Portland, as a reward for his unwearied labors in the Temperance cause. To his labors and sacrifices probably more than to any other man's, are the people of Maine indebted for the proud distinction they enjoy, of being the first State in the Union to drive the destroyer from among them. Their law makes it a penal offence to sell or dispose of in any way, alcoholic drinks, for any other than for medicinal or medicinal purposes.—ED. MISCELLANY.

"God bless him!" said the wife and mother softly—and oh, there was such joy in her heart.

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
THE LIFE OF AN ACORN.

BY MRS. A. RICE.

My earliest recollections are of gentle breezes, bright sunshine, and refreshing showers. Oft was I cheered by the sweet warbling of birds, that chanced to alight near me, or the murmurs of bees as they hummed merrily by. As it was my happiness to be located upon one of the topmost boughs of an old oak, with my face turned upward to the sky, it was long before I observed anything that passed beneath, but I was closely observant of the wondrous and ever-changing beauty of the sky. I rejoiced with the rising sun, basked in its noon-tide light, sported at its setting, and watched the stars as they appeared one by one in the deep blue vault of heaven. I gazed with pleasure on the white fleecy clouds as they sailed along, or trembled exceedingly when a cloud like a man's hand appeared in the far off West.

The Spring passed with its fragrance, the Summer with its fervid heat, and I began to perceive that the air at evening was cooler than formerly. I noticed, too, that the birds sang less frequently than they used to do, but that which grieved me most was that the green leaves on my parent tree were gradually becoming yellow.

As I was wondering what the end of these things would be, I noticed that the pretty burr in which I had been cradled had commenced cracking and spreading, and would doubtless, sooner or later, eject its present occupant. My distress was increased by hearing my neighbors, one after another, fall to the ground, and I waited with trembling, the fatal moment which should seal my destiny.

But it came at last, and I fell, stunned

by the blow, into a cluster of thorns. I will not attempt to describe my feelings when I found myself thus surrounded, and almost buried, when the withered leaves fell thick and fast, shutting out, and perhaps forever, the glorious light of the sun.

The long, cold winter, with its sweeping winds, at length passed away, and I began to feel the warm rays of the Sun through the heavy mantle that covered me, and wishing greatly to behold its light, it occurred to me that perhaps I possessed a latent power, which if developed, might enable me to struggle into life and liberty.

Accordingly, I planted my feet firmly in the ground, endeavoring, at the same time to elevate my head, which I did with great difficulty at first, but after a long effort I had the satisfaction of finding myself once more above ground.

Oh, how delightful did the world appear to me that morning; the sun shone brightly, white clouds were floating in the sky, gentle zephyrs played among the fresh green leaves, while the delicious dew-drops falling from the neighboring thorns, refreshed me greatly.

Years rolled on, and I perceived that changes were taking place, for I was actually becoming taller, and not only this, but the forest which had hitherto preserved an almost unbroken silence, was now vocal with the sounds of the pioneer's axe. One day, as I was beholding with pride the goodly proportions of my parent tree, I saw the sturdy woodman approaching, and presently he cut it down, and thus I lost, in one hour, companion, shade and shelter.

As the seasons rolled on, I noticed the delicate flowers that sprang into being, bloomed brightly, and then were gone—the graceful shrubs that were laden with fragrant flowers, and very soon were more heavily laden with luscious fruit, and I could not avoid contrasting their brief and beautiful existence with the endless, hopeless monotony of my own. I observ-

ed also that many neighboring trees, not half my age, were much taller, and withal more graceful than I, and instead of consoling myself with the fact that my fibres were firmer and finer than their own, I secretly reproached the great Creator for making me grow so slowly. Surely, thought I, 'twill take a century or two for me to make even a *respectable* appearance.

Time flew—the old pioneer rested peacefully in his grave, and his sons were already silver-headed. The trees which once excited my envy had long since disappeared, and I was left alone. I often wondered why others, so much better in appearance should be taken, while I was left, but, of course, I said nothing. The birds still charmed me with their music, and the broad blue sky was still above, with its sun by day, and moon and stars by night, but I was unhappy, for I had out-lived my generation. One pleasant morning I saw two men approaching with glittering axes. In a moment I read my fate, but I lamented not for I wished exceedingly for a removal.

After having laid me low, they deprived me of my spreading branches; and after submitting to many divisions, polishings, and the like, I find myself incorporated into one of the finest ships that navigates the high seas.

I have sailed triumphantly over the wide-spreading ocean, have visited many foreign countries, and have seen and heard many wonderful things, and I now see that the severe and protracted process of my growth, was the only reason why I was preferred before others, and is the sole cause of my present aggrandizement, and I cannot but hope that my simple story will confirm you in a determination never to repine at the allotments of Providence.

**THE FOLIAGE OF TREES.**—Every bough that waves over our head in the summer time has an oracular wisdom. It is positively true that every leaf is full of instruction. Indeed the foliage of trees is one

of the most wonderful subjects of contemplation and delight. A tree is a more eloquent exposition of the Deity than any of the "Bridgewater Treatises." Read the history of leaves and marvel! Each leaf is employed in receiving and transmitting gasses from the air, in certain proportions, to the plant. These operations having been affected during the summer months, and this agency of the leaves finished they fall to the ground, but to convey a portion of fresh soil, peculiarly fitted for the nutriment of vegetation. And so it has been written: "The beautiful foliage which has cooled us with its shade, and glowed with all the splendid fruitfulness at length returns in the lonely day of autumn, not to encumber, but to administer health and vigor to a new series of vegetation and circulate in combinations concealed from human eyes."—*Frazers Magazine*.

### THE GERMANS.

HORACE GREENEY.

"I have been but two days wholly among the Germans, but I have previously met many of them in England, Italy, and Switzerland. They are seen to the best advantage at home. Their uniform courtesy (save in the detestable habit of smoking where others cannot help being annoyed by their fumes,) indicates not merely good nature but genuine kindness of heart. I have not seen a German quarreling or scolding anywhere in Europe. The deference of members of the same family to each other's happiness in cars, hotels, and steamboats, has that quiet, unconscious manner which distinguishes a habit from a holiday ornament. The entire absence of pretense, of state-lines, of a desire to be thought a personage and not a mere person, is scarcely more universal in Switzerland than here. But in fact I have found Aristocracy a chronic disease nowhere but in Great Britain. In France there is absolutely nothing of it; there are monarchists in that

country—monarchists from tradition, from conviction, from policy, or from class interest—but of Aristocracy scarce a trace is left. Your Paris boot-black will make you a low bow in acknowledgement of a franc, but he has not a trace of the abjectness of a London waiter, and would evidently decline the honor of being kicked by a Duke. In Italy there is little manhood but no class worship; her millions of beggars will not abase themselves one whit lower before a Prince than before any one else from whom they hope to worm a copper. The Swiss are freemen, and wear the fact unconsciously but palpably written on their brows and beaming from their eyes. The Germans submit passively to arbitrary power which they see not how to resist successfully, but they render to rank and dignity no more homage than is necessary—their souls are still free. And their manners evince a simplicity and frankness which might shame or even instruct America. On the Rhine, the steamboats are small and shabby, without state-rooms, berth-rooms, or even an upper deck—that the passengers are necessarily at all times under each others observation, and, as the fare is high, and twice as much in the main as in the forward cabin, it may be fairly presumed that among those who pay the higher charge are none of the poorest class—no mere laborer for wages. Yet, in this main cabin, well dressed young ladies would take out their home prepared dinner and eat it in their own good time, without seeking the company and countenance of others, or troubling themselves to see who was observing. A Lowell factory girl would consider this entirely out of character, and a New York milliner would be shocked at the idea of it.

The Germans are a patient long suffering race. Of their Forty millions outside Austria, probably less than an eighth at all approve or even acquiesce in the despotic power in which their rulers are leagued, and which has rendered Germa-

ny for the present a mere outpost of Russia—an unfinished Poland. These people are intelligent as well as brave—they see and feel, yet endure and forbear. Perhaps their course is wiser than that which hot impatience would prompt—nay, I believe it is. If they can patiently suffer without losing heart until France shall have extricated herself from the toils of her treacherous misrulers, they may then resume their rights almost without a blow. And whenever a new 1848 shall dawn upon them, they will have learned to improve its opportunities and avoid its weaknesses and blunders. Heaven speed its auspicious coming.

### MICROSCOPIC GEOLOGY.

The following notice of the labors of Professor Erenberg of Germany, in this department of science is from the Boston Medical Journal. Investigations in the same directions have been very successfully made by Professor J. W. Bailey, of the West Point Military Academy. These researches have thrown much light upon the various formations in the crust of the earth. They bear the same relation to Geology that Microscopic Anatomy does to human and general Physiology.

“Professor Ehrenberg, the literal meaning of whose name is ‘mountain of honor,’ (is quite a short man, thick set, with a round, full face, hair quite gray, whose enthusiasm is great on microscopical researches. He was born April 19, 1795.—He, too, lives among his books. His work on the Nile will soon be out. He has ascertained that something like an eighth of the mud brought down by the annual overflow is a mass of microscopic beings. The land is therefore fertilized by animal matter. He showed me perhaps two dozen of homœopathic vials, in which were specimens of dust that rained down in different countries and at different periods, which on inspection prove to be fossil animal formations. Some were detec-



ted by him alive. Whenever such phenomena as falling dust, red-snow, &c., occur in our country, he expressed a hope that some of it might be preserved for analysis."

**KIND WORDS IN THE FAMILY.**—There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak at times, more impolitely to his wife or his sister, than he would dare to any other female, except to a low, vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is indebted for the kindest politeness in life to those not belonging to her household.—Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth stone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies, at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the hard and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

#### TRICKS ON TRAVELERS AT WATERLOO.

M. Leon Goslan, one of the most esteemed magasinists of France, has lately paid a flying visit to the scene of his country's most glorious disasters, Waterloo, and has given a characteristic account of what he saw and heard there. We quote a part of it, in which he describes a knavish practice of which great numbers are every year made victims. M. Goslan has

just passed through the Brussels *sauvage* Louisa, and is oppressed with most melancholy reflections, when his coachman addresses him—

"Sir," exclaimed my conductor, interrupting my meditations, "excuse me if I am troublesome, but before arriving at Mont Saint Jean I wish to inform you of a knavish trade you have probably never heard of at Paris."

"A knavish trade unknown at Paris," I replied, incredulously, "that is rather surprising. But come, tell me what is this new species of industry?"

"You can easily suppose," pursued my loquacious coachman, "that after the battle of Waterloo there remained on the field a large quantity of cannon-balls, buttons, small brass eagles and broken weapons. Well, for the last thirty-four years, the country people have been carrying on a famous business in these articles."

"It seems to me, however, my friend," I observed, "that a sale continued for so long a period, must have left very little to be disposed of at present."

"True, sir; and this is precisely what I would guard you against. Those who obtain a subsistence by such means, purchase the goods new at a manufactory, in shares, and then bury in different parts of the field, and for a wide space around, pieces of imperial brass eagles, thousands of metal buttons, and heaps of iron balls. This crop is allowed to rest in the earth until summer, for few strangers visit Waterloo in winter; and when the fine weather arrives, they dig up these relics, to which a sojourn of eight months in damp soil gives an appearance of age, deceiving the keenest observer, and awakening the admiration of pilgrims."

"But this is a shameful deceit."

"True again sir; but the country is very poor about here, and after all, perhaps," added the philosophic driver, "no great harm is done. This year the harvest of brass eagles has been very fair."

We entered the forest of Soignies by a

narrow and naturally covered alley, the two sides crowned with the most luxuriant foliage. Poplars, elms, and plane-trees appeared to be striving which should attain the highest elevation. One peculiarity I could not avoid remarking amidst this solemn and beautiful abode of nature, and that was the perfect stillness prevailing around. The air itself seemed without palpitation, and during a ride of nearly two hours through this sylvan gallery, not even the note of a bird broke on the solitude. A forest without feathered songsters appeared unnatural, and the only possible reason that could be imagined for such a circumstance might be, that since the formidable battle of Waterloo, they had quitted these shades never to return, frightened away by the roar of cannon, and the dismal noise of war. What melancholy is impressed upon the beautiful forest of Soignies. I cannot overcome the idea, that since Providence destined it should become the mute spectator of the great event in its vicinity, it has retained the mysterious memory in the folding of its leaves and the depth of its shades.—Destiny designs the theatre for grand actions. An army of one hundred thousand men perished there. Such was the irrevocable decree.

"Do you think," I inquired of the coachman, wishing to change the current of my thoughts, "there are persons so unscrupulous as to speculate on the curiosity of tourists to Waterloo in the manner you have described?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "I have not told you half the tricks they practice on the credulous. It would indeed fatigue you if I mentioned all of them, but if you will permit me, I will relate an instance I witnessed myself one day. I was conducting from Waterloo to Brussels, a French artist and a Prussian tourist. The Prussian supported on his knee some object very carefully enveloped in a handkerchief and which he seemed to value greatly.—When we had arrived about midway on

the road he inquired of the Frenchman whether he had brought away with him any souvenir of his pilgrimage to Waterloo."

"In good faith, no," replied the other; "and yet I was on the point of making a certain acquisition, but the exorbitant price prevented me: one hundred francs, besides the trouble of carrying off such an article."

"What could it have been?" demanded the Prussian curiously.

"You must not feel offended if I tell you," returned the artist, "it was the skull of a Prussian colonel, a magnificent one. And what rendered it more valuable, it was pierced by three holes, made by the balls of Waterloo. One was in the forehead, the others through the temples. I should have had no objection to secure this if I could have afforded it, and have had a lamp made of the skull of a Prussian officer killed by the French. And you, sir," continued he, looking at the packet carried by his fellow-traveller, pray; what luck have you had?"

"I," replied the Prussian, with an uneasy movement, and looking greatly confused. "I am astonished at the wonderful resemblance of what has happened to both of us, for I purchased this morning the skull of a French colonel killed by a Prussian at Waterloo."

"You, sir?"

"Y-e-s," stammered the Prussian, "and I thought of having it made into a cup to drink the health of Blucher at each anniversary of our victory."

"And is the skull pierced by three bullets?" demanded the Frenchman, his suspicions becoming awakened.

With a look of consternation the Prussian hastily unrolled the handkerchief and examined the contents. The skull bore the same marks as those indicated by his companion. It was the identical relic that was French when offered to an Englishman or Prussian, and had become Prus-

sian or English when offered to a Frenchman.

"This, sir," said Jehn, cracking his whip, "you will admit, is worse than selling false brass buttons and the Emperor's eagles."

For the Miscellany.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DIRGE.

BY J. L. M'CLOUD.

The morning beams of life's fair sun upon  
His soul had fallen; and again had passed  
Away in gloom.

He was a youth of noble heart,  
And high resolve; and as he stood amid  
The throng that gathered on life's busy stage,  
He was erect, and claimed equality  
With all that throng. His fancy stretched along  
His future way, and saw it paved with rays  
Of sunshine. And as friends upon him gazed,  
And heard the utterance of his noble speech,  
Bright hopes of future glory that they saw,  
Might crown his brow, lit up their smiles.

But, ah! his youth was but a dream—a kind  
Of dream in which he gathered flowers that  
Had never grown; and as he held them fast  
In fancy's fingers, he awoke, and they  
Had turned to scorpions, and coiled around  
His soul, and stung it with the deepest  
Agony.

The wine cup he had sipped, and, step  
By step had followed in the bloody tracks  
Of Alcohol's dark phantom, till his ruin  
Wooded him, quick to make another step.  
The sweets of life were from his cup all  
drained;  
And now the bitter he must taste.

He stood

Amid the flying darts of sorrow, like  
Some tree that is bereft of verdure, and  
Is only fit to be a mark on which  
The winter blast may spend its rage.

He bent

Beneath the wanton stroke of furies, that  
Around him strode, and mocked his agony!  
His reason had been robbed of sceptre, and  
Had leaped down from its giddy throne.

Hell's horrors were

Let loose upon him, and they tortured him  
With shapes tenfold more awful than all  
chimes,

Save hail, contails. And cursings hung upon  
His quivering, pallid lips, such as rum  
And Devils might alone instruct him how  
To utter. And this was his end; for those  
Dark shapes, as if to pierce his soul with  
pangs

More deep than mortals think to feel, were  
Chanting in his ear, in hell's own hollow tones  
Like music that forever floats athwart  
The waves of the abyss below, THE DRUNKARD'S  
DIRGE.

Ma'amasoo Theological Sem., Oct. 7, 1881.

### GENIUS.

There is a melancholy pleasure in turning over the records of genius, and familiarizing ourselves with the secret workings of those minds that have, from time to time made memorable the ages in which they lived, and ennobled the nations which gave them birth. But it is not the indulgence of this feeling which makes such a study peculiarly profitable to us: from these records we may learn much of the philosophy of the human mind, in its luxurious development. Genius seems to be confined to no soil, no government, no age or nation or rank in society. When men lived in wandering tribes, and could boast no literature, the bright flame burned among them, although wild and often deadly in its ray; and the foot of oppression which crushes all else has failed to extinguish it.

Hence it has rashly been inferred that this peculiar gift possessed by the favored few, may be perfected without any exertion on their part, and is subject to none of the rules which govern intellect; but that uncontrolled and uncontrollable, it must burst forth when and where it will, and be burned up in the blaze of its own glory, leaving but the halo of its former brightness upon the historic page. This inference, however, is alike erroneous and dangerous.

Though genius be an unsought gift, a peculiar emanation from the Divine mind, it was not originally intended as a glorious curse, to crush the spirit which it elevates

Perchance the pent up stream within the soul ~~must~~ find an avenue; but he who bears the gift may choose that avenue—may direct, control and divert; he may scatter the living waters on a thousand objects, or pour their whole force upon one; he may calm and purify them, by this means rendering them none the less deep, or he may allow them to dash and foam until however they sparkle, the dark sediments of vice and misery thus made to mingle, may be found in every gem.

Let us turn to the oft quoted names of Byron and Burns—names that can scarcely be mentioned by the admirers of genius without a thrill of pain. To the poor ploughman on the banks of the Doon was sent the glorious talisman, and with it he unlocked the portals of nature, and read truths even in the flowers, overturned by his ploughshare, unseen by common eyes. But think of his veering course. Think of his (comparatively) wasted energies.—He could love the wild flowers on the braes, and the sunlight on the banks of his "bonny Doon;" he could, at least at one time, smile at his lowly cot; and he ever contended against fortune with a strong and fearless hand. But while the polished society of Edinburg owned his power, and he swayed the hearts of lads and lasses of his own degree at will, he could not control himself; and many of those light songs, which are now on gladsome lips, might, could we enter into the secrets of the poor bard, be but the sad way-marks of the aching heart, as it grew each day heavier till it sank into the grave.

Burns, the light-hearted lover of his "Highland Mary," and Burns, the careworn exciseman, were very different persons; but neither outward circumstances nor the genius that characterized both alike, was the cause. The world has been blamed in his case; but the world, after it first noticed, could have done nothing to save. The poet, had he known his moral strength, and cared to exert it, could have

saved himself as his superiority to many of the foibles and prejudices of human nature and his manly independence on many occasions evinced.

Byron, like his own archangel ruined, guiding a fallen son of clay in his search after mysteries, has delved among hidden treasures and spread before us the richest gems of the Helicon; but scarce one of these but is dark in its glory, and, although burning with all the fire of heaven-born poesy, sends forth a mingled and dangerous ray. But had a mother whispered her pious counsels in his ear in his boyhood; had a friendly finger pointed out a nobler revenge when that first curling satire was penned; and had a better, a holier sentiment than the mean passion of revenge urged him on to action, and governed his aspirations, think you that the archangel of earth would have stood glorious? No, Byron's spirit had a self rectifying power, and he could have used it, but he did not; and, although he has well won the laurel, a poison more bitter than death is dripping from every leaf.

It was not an ungrateful public that spread the death couch of Savage in a debtor's prison, or dug the suicidal grave of "Bristol's wondrous boy." They were themselves ungrateful; they guarded not well the gift they bore, and fell victims to their own mis-directed powers.

The common mind never tempted, may wonder at the waywardness of genius and despise the weakness of its possessor; and the generous one that sees the struggle and mourns the wreck, may pity and apologize; and both are in some degree right. While we admire and pity, we must wonder at the weakness of the strength that, subduing all else, failed beneath its own weight. We know that the gifted ones of earth often have stronger passions, more irresistible wills, and more dangerous impulses than other men; and for this very reason should they cultivate the more assiduously the noble powers by which these impulses are gov-

earned. Each individual possesses them, but they *must be cultivated*.

It is our conception of the mysteries of this gift which leads us to look back with peculiar interest upon the infancy of a man of genius, expecting there to discover some flashes of the divine ray which lighted up his after life.

The dusty memories of nursery and village oracles are ransacked for anecdotes, which oftentimes neither the additions suggested by pride and partial affection, nor the transforming medium of the past, through which they are viewed, can swell into anything like superiority to the sayings and doings of other children. He who will watch an intelligent child for one day will be astonished at the bright flashes of untaught intellect which, could they be abstracted from the childish notions in which they are almost entirely buried, would, be thought by any but him who found them in such amusing vicinity, the precursors of greatness.

True, real genius often shows itself in childhood; but that it always does, or that such a development is desirable may be seriously questioned. The child who writes verses at six, or gives other indications of a genius surpassing his years, may be wondered at and admired as a prodigy; but the parent ought to tremble to observe the premature fruit bursting through the petals of the not yet unfolded bud. There is an evidence of disease in this, which in one way or another almost always proves fatal. This unnatural power wears out itself on the frame of its possessor; either the body or the mind must fail, under such a rapid development.

Many are the instances of intellectual growth, so rapid as to weaken the mind and sink it even below mediocrity, or, on the other hand, to produce premature death. For this last result we need not go to the tombs of the early dead, in the old world, nor is it necessary to visit the banks of the Saranac, where drooped the

fairest bud, that ever shed the fragrance of Heaven on earth. We can find them in our own midst. Many are the gifted little beings, who, after basking in the sunshine and rejoicing among the flowers for a few short summers, pass away all unknown to the world—leaving only the memorials of their early genius to sooth, yet sadden even in the moment of soothing, the hearts that cherished them.

It would be going too far to censure those who have the guidance of such minds; but it would save worlds of disappointment, did they know that such promises are deceitful and deserving of but little confidence. And sometimes, doubtless, the poor victim may be saved years of pain and disease, and, perchance, be spared to the world through a long life, were not the powers of the mind forced by unnatural means to expand too soon—before either the mind or body had acquired the strength and hardiness necessary to its own healthy existence. Many have seen this evil, and endeavored to remedy it by checking such unnatural growth; but this is perhaps the most fatal error that could be committed. The mind when it first becomes conscious of its own capabilities, puts no limits to them, and will only be urged forward by each barrier thrown in its way; but the judicious hand may direct its course, calm its turbulence, soothe its sensitiveness, and teach it to be its own supporter, without endangering in the least degree its freshness and originality. The power of controlling its own impulses does not render a nature *tame*; but as it is necessary to every person, how much more so to him who has a strong, high spirit, that cannot be subdued by others: that, spurning the control of him who should be its master over-master him and is left unprotected.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The operation of this law, in some of its bearings, is decidedly against some of the old usages. The city of Portland is

now suffering in consequence of the law, being driven to the necessity of hiring workmen to perform the duties which have heretofore been done by the inmates of the almshouse without pay. If the law continues, it is questionable whether almshouse establishments will be worth sustaining. It is said that their patronage is dwindled one-half already! This onslaught on pauperism, disease and crime is serious to think of! The interests of doctors are seriously affected; officers in criminal courts are in danger of losing their business, and the prisons in most counties will soon be to let. Will the people uphold this state of things?—All men of *spirit* will of course cry out against it; but they will and must submit to the mandate of the people.—*Portsmouth Journal*.

### HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol was invented 950 years ago, by the son of a stranger woman. Hagat, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary, an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent, that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe.—About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life, was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the 15th century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine.—The Genoese afterwards made it from

grain, and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the 16th century, it was only kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII, brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effects induced the government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness, and made men fearless on the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty, and murder of thousands! It has marched through the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of his footsteps in the bones, sinews, and life's blood of the people.

For the Miscellany.

#### LINES.

BY MARVIN MILES.

How sad it is to early mourn  
The withering of the heart;  
To feel in life's unfolding morn  
Life's freshness all depart.

We well might bear to feel alone,  
The warmth of youth grow cold;  
But ere the years of youth are gone  
The soul itself is old.

O could Time's power be here in vain,  
And the spirit's freshness fast;  
And the tender bloom of heart remain,  
When youth itself is past.

And it is so, when early joy  
Is sealed with sacred Truth;  
Age cannot blight or Time destroy,  
But bright in deathless youth,

It blooms in greenness undecayed,  
Amid the joyless years,  
When all the hopes of Earth shall fade  
In chillness and in tears.

NANKIN, Mich., Oct. 1851.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

By a fortunate coincidence, the general total of the American census taken last year, has just been received, and we are enabled, in conjunction with the returns made on the 31st of March for Great Britain, to measure the absolute progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in its two grand divisions, and to compare the laws of their respective growths in relation to each other and the rest of the world. It is estimated, including Ireland and the colonies, that there is a grand total of men speaking the same language, manifesting the same general tendencies of civilization, of 56,000,000, from which is to be deducted the three millions of negro slaves in the United States, leaving a remainder of 53,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxon descent, and deeply impregnated with its sturdy qualities of heart and brain, as the representatives of this advancing stock.

Two centuries ago, there were not quite 3,000,000 of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language, at the present moment in Europe, than there were in Europe and America of this conquering and colonizing people in the time of Cromwell. How vain then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races. Sixty years ago the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 17,000,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles. Thirty years ago it counted only 34,000,000; being altogether only 3,000,000 and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe.

In 1851, it is ahead of every civilized race in the world. Of races lying within the zones of civilization, the Slaves are more numerous, counted by heads; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the

barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth and cultivation, they are not to be compared with the Frank, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength. Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world, to impress on the future of society and civilization, the stamp of its own character and genius, to make its law, idiom, religion, manners, government and opinion prevail, the Anglo Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful and active. The day when it might possibly have been crushed, absorbed, or trampled out like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hordes, is gone by forever.— That it was possible at one time for this people to be subdued by violence, or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt.

In 1650, the United Provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history than England.— Their wealth, activity and maritime power, were the most imposing in Europe.— They had all the carrying trade of the West in their hands. Their language was spoken in every port. In the great Orient their empire was fixed and their influence paramount. England was then hardly known abroad. Her difficult idiom grated on foreign ears, and her stormy coasts repelled the curiosity of more cultivated travelers. Had the thought of a day arriving when any single European language would be spoken by millions of persons, scattered over the great continents of the earth from New Zealand to the Hebrides, and from the Cape of Storms to the Arctic Ocean, occurred to any speculative mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue to which he would have assigned the marvellous mission. Yet Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxon has risen in the scale of nations. Her idiom is now acquired by few. Her merchants conduct their correspondence, and transact their business in French or English. Even her writers have many

them clothed their genius in a foreign robe.

On the other hand our literature and language have passed entirely out of this haze of danger. Dutch, like Welsh, Irish, Erse, Basque, and other idioms, is doomed to perish as an intellectual medium; but whatever may be the future changes in the world, the language of Shakespeare and of Bacon is now too firmly rooted ever to be torn away. No longer content with mere preservation, it aims at universal mastery. Gradually it is taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; isolating all rival idioms, shutting them up from intercourse with each other, making itself the channel of every communication. At a hundred points at once it plays the aggressor. It contends with Spanish on the frontiers of Mexico; rivals French and Russian before it in Canada, and in the Northern Archipelago; supersedes Dutch at the Cape and Natal; bows Greek and Latin at Malta and in the Ionian islands; usurps the right of Arabic at Suez and Alexandria; maintains itself supreme at Liberia, Hong Kong, Jamaica, and St. Helena; fights its way against multitudinous and various dialects in the Rocky Mountains, in Central America, on the Gold Coast in the interior of Australia, and among the countless islands of the Eastern seas. No other language is spreading in this way. French and German find students among cultivated men; but English permanently destroys and supersedes the idioms with which it comes in contact.

The relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon states is noteworthy. In 801, the population of Great Britain was 9,942,653, in 1800, that of the United States was 5,319,762, or not quite half.—In 1850, the population of the United States was two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851; at this moment it probably exceeds it by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than 15 per cent.,

while in America it is about 35 per cent.—In the great Continental States, the rate is considerably lower than in England.

According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the largest population in 1870; in 1900, they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, all combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive, may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a Transatlantic power numbering one hundred millions of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.—*London Athlete*.

#### THE SPADE IN IRELAND.

In the "famine year," of 1846, an application was made to the benevolent public for food and seed by the Irish Presbyterian Home Mission, on behalf of the peasantry of the West of Ireland, and particularly of those in a remote district in the county of Mayo. The usual practical shrewdness of Scotchmen suggested to some gentlemen of Edinburgh the uselessness of aggravating the future destitution of the Irish people, by merely squandering money in doling out rations; which, when exhausted, would leave the recipients more destitute, and with weaker habits of self-reliance than before the period of relief. They had learnt from history the success with which Cromwell had planted Ulster, by the introduction of Saxons and Saxon habits among the population.—They were struck with the wisdom and practical views which Sir Robert Peel had developed in his proposals for a renewal and extension of the experiment. Surprised that it received no countenance from Parliament and no encouragement from the authority of other statesmen, they



resolved to try, on a small scale, the experiment which might worthily have been expanded into imperial dimensions. An experienced agriculturist from the South of Scotland was dispatched to the proposed scene of operations. From his representation it appeared that the people inhabiting this district, being found to be of a peaceable and industrious character, and little acquainted with the common practice of systematic husbandry, it was afterwards thought, that in place of continuing the temporary assistance which was still required, the money to be so expended, might be thrown into a channel of a more permanent character, by renting a few hundred acres, for the double purpose of introducing an improved system of cultivation, and of affording profitable employment to the destitute. Taking a more enlarged view of the matter, it was considered not unreasonable to expect that if the example were set, and followed out with success, private individuals from England and Scotland, looking out for farms, might be induced to follow such example, and enter upon the cultivation of the thousands of acres which are lying untenanted on all sides.

A lease of Castle and Parkmore farms and the Townland of Ballinglew for twenty-one years, and three lives, has been taken. The land is two miles from the sea coast, nine from the sea-port of Killala, and sixteen from the market-town of Ballina. It has good roads, abundance of lime and freestone, peat for fuel, and sea-weed for manure. It is three hundred and seventy four statute acres in extent, the rent is only sixty-four pounds, and that rent (only three shillings and sixpence per acre) is higher than that of the surrounding holdings. Although the tenants were greatly in arrear, the lessees wisely procured a remission of the landlord's claims, and paid the holders a handsome premium in consideration for the tenant right, to maintain the policy of conciliating, and giving confidence to

the "natives." Useless fences and roads were removed, unnecessary hedges and ditches rooted out and filled up, fields put into convenient shape and dimensions, an immense quantity of surface stones removed from the soil; buildings repaired, proper housings and cattle sheds erected, and a threshing mill, to be driven by water power, is constructed. At the end of the first complete year (1849), sixty-five acres of oats, potatoes, barley, vetches, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, of considerable yield and excellent quality, were gathered, and employment afforded for forty men at sixpence per day, and as many women and children at from threepence to fourpence; thereby securing subsistence to upwards of two hundred individuals.

Scotchmen can do nothing without schools, and the first building which the subscribers erected was a school-house.— They had great difficulty in procuring a teacher, being generally told by those to whom they applied, that they declined being shot by wild Irishmen. They at last, secured the services of an able and enthusiastic Scotch schoolmaster, who understands and can direct all country work, and who finds not only his pupils apt and docile, but his full grown neighbors peaceable and friendly.

The chief burden of the success of the experiment has devolved upon a hard-headed Caledonian farm overseer, one James Carlaw, who has not only the faculty of farming skilfully, and making every one about him work efficiently, but whose natural tact and knowledge of human nature have made him universally acceptable to his laborers, and placed him on the highest terms with his Catholic neighbors, *including the priest*. Nor has this been effected by any compromise of his stiff Presbyterian prejudices. He was "awfully scandalized" by the "heathen disregard of the Sabbath-day;" and remonstrated with all and sundry on the subject. With the caution of his race, he

left his family behind him, until by personal residence among the "wild Irish," he had assured himself that they were not so wild as they were called. After due probation, he imported his wife and five children to Ballingalew, the whole hands on the farms having travelled to their seaport of debarkation to receive them, as a mark of respect; and now Mrs. Carlaw manages the dairy, and her children attend the school with the infantry of the district.

These operations had not long proceeded, when the Arguseyes of the constabulary "dropped down" upon the experimental miniature plantation. It is, indeed, from a comprehensive and lucid report drawn up by a private in that corps, that we derive the information here given.

"I conversed," says the policeman in his report to the head officer in Dublin, "with all the people on the farm, with Mr. Braunnigan, the overseer, with laborers apart, and then with people wholly unconnected with the farm. The former think the concern will pay a large amount of interest, while the latter class say it will take five years before it can pay the sum already expended. They speak approvingly of the farm, its manager, and management. On the whole, decided advantages have arisen to the neighborhood from the settlement of these people in it.—Work has been given, instruction in agriculture to the laborers has been imparted, children have been taught in the school, meat and money in a time of need have been distributed."

The report of the clever Irish P. O. farther states, that "the people are perfectly satisfied," and "like the farm work; that Mr. Carlaw gives satisfaction, decidedly. Many of the country people, of a different religious persuasion, speak well of him. He minds his own business—the farm—and nothing else." A glowing description is given of the "old castle, beautifully situated at the bottom of the valley; of a lovely cottage, flanked and back-

ed by trees; and of the "little river, which winds its way throughout this charming valley." The oats "are the best I have ever seen"—"barley and potatoes excellent; far more than an average crop. The country is perfectly peaceable, and safe for strangers to live in." The whole country turned out to see the wonders of Scotch broad-cast sowing; grass seed rolling; turnip drilling; boys and girls became expert at the hoe, "and this implement was utterly unknown here before."—At school "the average daily attendance was from eighty to one hundred."

Such is the deserved interest which this experiment has excited, that ladies of rank and quality, not contented with subscribing to it, have travelled alone and in mid-winter to the spot, to verify, with their own eyes, the reports of the overseer. Model farm account-books are kept by sturdy James Carlaw, and the sheet of the week's entries regularly transmitted to the Treasurer, at Edinburgh, for examination by the Committee.

The entire Towland of Ballingalew, on which the farm is situated, is to be exposed for sale, under that invaluable measure, the Encumbered Estates Act.—The rental, at present, is three hundred and ten pounds; it consists of nearly one thousand five hundred acres; it is tithe and land-tax free; and it is expected that the whole will go for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand pounds! In England the rental would warrant a price of ten thousand pounds, and the acreage eighteen thousand pounds. Amid the cry of Protection and Agricultural Distress, here is an ample field for the enterprise of English and Scotch farmers. No agriculturists in Europe have the advantages of such cheap land and labor as are offered to our bucolic Britons in Ireland.—Able-bodied laborers at sixpence; and useful weeders and hoers at threepence per day; with land, bearing fine crops of oats, barley, turnips; and potatoes, at four shillings and eightpence per acre; and to be

had, prospectively, at less than three shillings, with a profit to the landlord of five per cent on a price of four thousand pounds!

We feel convinced that an interview with James Carlaw would soon reassure an English farmer that he may devote his energies to the cultivation of Ireland, without any fear of being "shot from behind a hedge." The vast tide of emigration which is flowing from that country to this island, of the laboring poor—and to the Colonies and United States, of the small farmers—indicates a voluntary relinquishment of the soil by the native occupiers, which may satisfy the reflective that a clear stage is left in the Sister Kingdom for British agricultural enterprise, which could not fail to be crowned with success. Sir Robert Peel suggested the plantation of Ireland, which means its settlement, not by isolated emigrants, but in such numbers as to constitute a neighborhood; an aggregation of English and Scotch in a district, such as would keep each other in countenance, and cheer their hearts by co-operation. Ireland is yet destined to be our right arm, in place of being our wooden leg; she may be regenerated by green hearts and cheerful hopes, throwing off her leprosy, and recovering her elasticity, "so that her flesh shall become as the flesh of a little child." She has been bled and blistered, sweated, and drugged, to no effect, but to reduce her strength, and aggravate her symptoms. It is time rules should be asked—as the proprietor of the sorry nag was, under similar circumstances—"Have you ever tried him with oats?" The first trial of the experiment has succeeded at Ballinglew. We hope it will not be the last.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The decision of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to whom appeal was made as the last resort, is unfavorable to the retention of the Crystal Palace as a winter garden, or, indeed, for any purpose whatsoever. It was

erected, they say, upon the express stipulation that it should be removed from the ground before the 1st of April, 1852, and it transcends all authority committed to them to permit it to stand. Parliament, only, by enactment for the special purpose, can release from their obligations the parties to the contract, and the general impression seems to obtain that parliament will not interfere.

#### GRANT THORBURN.

I sailed from Leith, Scotland, on the 13th of April, 1794, in the good ship *Providence*—a name propitious—bound for New York. Among the passengers was a lady, having with her, in charge, four or five young children. The father had gone before to prepare for them a habitation; no small undertaking, when three months was a tolerable passage. Among the children was a boy, seemingly of four years' growth. He was lively and playful—always on deck. His mother was in a continual fear on his account. I told her, as I had nothing to do, I would take care of the boy. This, to her, was a great relief. So, comparatively speaking, I carried the boy in my arms over the waves of the Atlantic.

Now, this boy is Collector of the port of New York. In the arrangements of *Providence*, he is the man, and I am the child; he, in turn, carries me in his arms. Or, in plain Scotch, he gives me an office in the department, whereby I earn enough to keep soul and body together. The sovereign people need not infer from this, that I spend Uncle Sam's money for naught; the office must be filled by some one, and, tho' seventy-nine, I can perform the duties of my department as well as in my twenty-ninth year. I never ate the bread of idleness, nor will I, while I can grasp a hammer, or blow the bellows.

I have made these remarks without the knowledge of any of the parties referred to. It is to cancel a debt of gratitude due

to the Giver of all good, and to men, his instruments; and to remind my neighbors that a deed done with a good intent, seldom goes unrewarded, even in this life. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." In my case, the promise is fulfilled to the letter. In 1794, I cast my bread on the waters of the Atlantic ocean; in 1851, I found it floating on the shores of the Hudson river.

### SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

If your hearts are set on self-improvement, let not *poverty* deter you from its pursuit. Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, when he was pursuing his studies, was so poor that he was often depending on his brother students for a meal; obliged to be content with their left-off clothes, and worn out shoes, and compelled to mend the latter for himself. If poverty in other times, presented not an insuperable barrier to advancement, it need do it now less than ever. The facilities of the present day for gaining education, and cheapness of books, put these invaluable blessings within the reach of multitudes, who, in similar circumstances, fifty years ago, would have felt themselves hopelessly excluded from them.

Let not *hard work* deter you from the pursuit; neither on account of any supposed incongruity between menial labor and the graces of literature, or the refinements of taste; nor from any impression that mental improvement cannot be gained in connection with toil so laborious as yours. Weaving, digging ditches, and breaking stones, did not prevent others from advancing; why should any labor you have to perform prevent you?

Let not a supposed *want of time* prevent you from making the effort. Hardly pressed as any of you may be, you are certainly as well off in these respects as some of the cases that have occurred. It depends not so much on the amount of time you have at your command, as on the use you

make of it. The hours of some men are as valuable to them as days are to others.—the minutes of some are made to produce as much that is really good, as the hours of others. Seize your minutes, prize them, make a good use of them; and you may soon leave in the rear others who have tenfold the time at their command that you have, but who, because they have so much of it, may be induced to undervalue it, and waste it.

Let not your *present age* deter you—Alexander Bethune was two or three and twenty when he began to attend an evening school, in order that thus he might rectify the defects of his early education; and several of the men who have gained celebrity in the walks of literature or science, did not begin to practice or study that on which their fame rests, till they were thirty, forty, or even fifty years old.

Let not the *slowness* of your progress, or the *difficulty*, you feel in advancing, deter you.

Dr. Adam Clark once despaired of being able to learn the Latin grammar. "His distress was indescribable, and he watered his book with tears; at last he laid it by with a broken heart, and in utter despair of ever being able to make any progress. When asked by his master, "Where is your Latin grammar, sir?" he burst into tears, and said in a piteous tone, "I cannot learn it." The day on which this was said, he was roused by the taunts of his fellow-scholars, to resolve that if the lesson was to be learned, he would learn it. From that hour he found himself capable of mastering everything in the way of languages that he undertook; and went on, step by step, until he became one of the most accomplished linguists of the present century."

"Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest birds."—Milton.

How few exhibit a faith in those sweet poetic lines. How few give evidence that they are possessed of the enthusiasm, that inspired the deep feeling of the poet. But

whatever want of faith may be manifested among men, the sweet birds of love and song still enjoy in perfection, what nature's poet attempts to describe, as if their little hearts had a faith in accordance with that glorious, blind, old man.

It is an invaluable privilege to a student of nature to be permitted to greet the bright luminary of day, as he starts up from his unseen couch, and resumes his course through the bright blue of ether, whilst all around are heard the soft, sweet carols of the thousands of nature's songsters.—What delightful music! How thrilling the sensations of a soul attuned to harmony and God in such an hour as this.

Who would willingly be found in the arms of sleep at this delightful hour, after the holy enjoyment of one such moment of soul felt praise. What interesting sights arrest the eye! How fresh and lovely every scene! Thou did'st not see it dear old poet! Thy poor sightless balls beheld not the beautiful witchery of nature in that her most healthful hour.—Whence then that knowledge? Hadst thou an inward sense that taught thee what was bright and glorious? Ah, thou hadst a soul, full of joyful and happy feeling. Others behold what thou could'st not see, but while thy full heart is ready to burst with deep emotion, they alas! have no true joyous feeling. I know thy secret. Thy heart was right with God. How blissful were thy thoughts sweet poet of nature! Though thine eyes were closed to earthly scenes, heaven inspired thee with all the rapture, men of God can feel, when they see his hand in nature's most gorgeous array.

But now, thine eyes are opened to the glories of eternal morn. Could we see thee now on the mount of God as the glorious light of that bright world, the eternal Sun, turns his full rays upon thee, and thou beholdest the king in his beauty, surrounded by millions who delight to chant his praise, what an expression of beaming

joy should we now see on that sweet face of thine.

Thou art now a happy spirit of light, and thou wilt now say with greater emphasis than was thy wont on earth, "Sweet is the breath of morn": for now eternal morn is thine, and songsters in angelic strains, now charm thy ear. Heaven shape our course, that when our hearts fail, we too may join that seraph throng in heavenly strains above.

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MRS. HEMANS.

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BY GILFILLAN.

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The works of British women have now taken up, not by courtesy, but by right, a full and conspicuous place in our literature. They constitute an elegant library in themselves; and there is hardly a department in science, in philosophy, in morals, in politics, in the belles-lettres, in fiction or in the fine arts, but has been occupied and ably occupied by a lady. This certainly proclaims a high state of cultivation on the part of the many which have thus flowered out into composition. In the case of the few it exhibits an extension and refinement of that element of female influence which, in the private intercourse of society, has been productive of such blessed effects—it mingles with the harsh tones of general literature, "as the lute pierceth through the cymbal's clash."—it blends with it a vein of delicate discrimination, of mild charity and of purity of morals—gives it a healthy and happy tone, the tone of the fireside; it is in the chamber of our literature, a quiet and lovely presence; by its very gentleness, over-awing as well as refining and beautifying it all. One principal characteristic of female writing in our age is its sterling sense. It is told of Coleridge, that he was accustomed on important emergencies to consult a female friend, placing implicit confidence in her first instructive suggestions. If she proceeded to add her rea-

sions he checked her immediately. "Leave these, madam, for me to find out." We find this rare and valuable sense—this short hand reasoning—exemplified in our lady authors, producing even in the absence of original genius, or of profound penetration, or of wide experience, a sense of perfect security as we follow their gentle guidance.

Indeed, on all questions affecting proprieties and decorums, what we may call the *ethics* of sentimentalism, minor as well as major morals, their verdict may be considered oracular, and without appeal.—We remark, too, in the writings of females, a tone of greater generosity than in those of men. They are more candid and amiable in their judgments of authors and of books. Commend us to female critics.—They are not eternally consumed by the desire of being witty, astute, and severe, of carping at what they could not equal—of hewing down what they could or would not have built up. The principle *nul admirari*, is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips; it is seldom seen upon them—And in correspondence with this, it is curious that (in our judgment, and we suspect in theirs) the worst critics are persons which dislike the sex, and whom the sex dislike—musty, fusty, old bachelors, such as Gifford, or certain pedantic prigs in the press of the present day. Ladies, on the other hand, are seldom severe judges of any thing, except each other's dress and deportment; and in defect of profound principles, they are helped out by that fine instinctive sense of theirs, which partakes of the genial nature; and verges upon genius itself.

Passing from such preliminary remarks, we proceed to our theme. We have selected Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, not because we consider her the best, but we consider her by far the most feminine writer of the age. All the woman in her shines. You could not open a page in her writings without feel-

ing that this is written by a lady. Her inspirations always pause at the feminine point. It never "oversteps the modesty of nature," nor the dignity and decorum of womanhood. She is no sylbil tossed to and fro in the tempest of furious excitement, but ever a "deep, majestic, high-souled woman"—the calm mistress of the highest and stormiest of her emotions. The finest compliment we can pay her—perhaps the finest compliment that it is possible to pay to woman, as a moral being—is to compare her to "one of Shakspeare's women," and to say had Imogen, or Isabella or Cornelia become an authoress she had so written.

She was, as Lord Jeffrey well remarks an admirable writer of *occasional* verses. She has caught in her poetry, passing moods of her own mind—meditations of the sleepless nights—transient glimpses of thought, visiting her in her serene hours—the "silver linings" of those cloudy feelings which preside over her darker—and the impressions made upon her mind by the more remarkable events of her every-day life—and the more exciting passages of her reading. Her works are a verified *journal* of a quiet, ideal, and beautiful life—the life at once of a woman—and a poetess, with just enough and no more, of romance to cast around it a mellow autumnal coloring. The songs, hymns, and odes in which this life is registered, are as soft and brilliant as atoms of the rainbow; like them, tears transmuted into glory, but, no more than they, are great or complete.—In many poets, we see the germ of greatness, which might, in happier circumstances, or in a more genial season, have been developed. But no such germ can the most microscopic survey discover in her, and we feel that at her death her beautiful but tiny task was done. Indeed, with such delicate organization, and such intense susceptiveness as hers, the elaboration, the long reach of thought, the slow cumulative advance, the deep curbed, yet cherished ambition which a great work

requires and implies, are, we fear, incompatible.

It follows, naturally from this, that her largest are her worst productions. They labor under a fatal defect of tedium.—They are a surfeit of sweets. Conceive an orchard of rose-trees. Who would not, stupefied and bewildered by excess and extravagance of beauty, prefer the old, sturdy, and well laden boughs of the pear and pippin, and feel the truth of the adage. "The apple tree is the fairest tree in the woods?" Hence few, comparatively, have taken refuge in her "forest sanctuary," reluctant and rare the ears which have listened to her "Vespers of Palermo," her "Siege of Valencia" has stormed no hearts and her "Skeptic" made, we fear, few converts. But who has not wept over her "Graves of a Household," or hushed his heart to hear her "Treasures of the Deep," in which the old Sea himself, seems to speak, or wished to take the left hand of the Hebrew child and lead him up, along with his mother, to temple service; or thrilled and shouted in the gorge of "Morgarten," or trembled at the stroke of her "Hour of death?" Such poems are of the kind which win their way into every house, and every collection and every heart.—They secure for their author a sweet garden plot of reputation, which is envied by none, and with which no one intermeddles. Thus flowers smile, unharmed, to the bolt which levels the pine beside them. The tapers live while suns sink and disappear. Even a single sweet poem flowing from a gentle mind in a happy hour, is as "ointment poured forth," and carries a humble name in fragrance far down into futurity, while elaborate productions of loftier spirits rot upon the shelves.

Her spirit was cheered by faith—by a soft and noble form of the softest, noblest faith—a form, reminding us much from its balance of human, poetical, and celestial elements, of that Jeremy Taylor—the "Shakspeare of divines." Although her poetry is not, of prepenance and purpose, the

express image of her religious thought, yet it is a rich illustration of the religious tendency of the female mind. Indeed, females may be called the natural guardians of morality and faith. These shall always be safe in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship—a heart, the element of which is love.

In Mrs. Heman's writings you find this pious tendency of her sex unsoiled by an atom of cant, or bigotry, or exclusiveness; and shaded only by so much pensiveness as attests its divinity and its depth, for as man's misery is said to spring from his greatness, so the gloom which often overhangs the earnest spirit arises from its more immediate proximity to the Infinite and the Eternal. And who would not be ready to sacrifice all the cheap sunshine of earthly success and satisfaction for even a touch of a shadow so sublime?

After all the nature of this poetess is more interesting than her genius, or than its finest productions. These descend upon us like voices from a mountain summit, suggesting to us an elevation of character far higher than themselves. If not, in a transcendent sense, a poet, her life was a poem. Poetry colored all her existence with a golden light—poetry presided at her needle work—poetry mingled with her domestic and her maternal duties—poetry set down with her at the piano—poetry fluttered her hair and flushed her cheek in her mountain rambles—poetry quivered in her voice, which was a "sweet sad melody"—poetry accompanied her to the orchard as she read the "Talisman," in that long glorious summer day which she has made immortal—and poetry attended her to the house of God, and listened with her to the proud pealing organ, as to an echo from within the veil. Poetry performed for her a still tenderer ministry; it soothed the deep sorrows, on which we dare not enter, which shaded the tissue of her history—it mixed its richest cup-ful of the "joy of grief" for her selected lips—it

lapped her in a dream of beauty, through which the sad realities of life looked in, softened and mellowed in the medium.—What could poetry have done more for her, except, indeed, by giving her that right “as far as the incommunicable”—that supreme vision which she gives so rarely, and which she bestows often as a curse, instead of a blessing? Mrs. Hemans, on the other hand, was too favorite a child of the Muse to receive any such baneful boon. Poetry beautified her life, blunted and perfumed the thorns of her anguish, softened the pillow of her sickness, and combined with her firm and most feminine faith to shed a gleam of soft and tearful glory upon her death.

Thus lived, wrote, suffered, and died “Egeria,” without farther seeking to weigh the worth, or settle the future place of her works, let us be thankful to have had her among us, and that she did what she could, in her bright, sorely-tried, yet triumphant passage. She grew in beauty; was blasted where she grew; rained around her poetry, like bright tears from her eyes; learned in suffering what she taught in song; died, and all hearts to which she ever ministered delight, have obeyed the call of Wordsworth, to

“Mourn rather for that Holy Spirit,  
Mild as the Spring, as ocean deep;—  
For her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a dreamless sleep.

We call attention to our advertisement of Webster's Quarto Dictionary, “*Unabridged*.” This real standard work is fast being appreciated as it deserves. Yet one cannot help feeling astonished that a work so valuable and so important to every man of business or letters is no more widely diffused. Every family and every school district in the land should possess a copy of it. Of the 3,700 districts into which Massachusetts is divided, 3035 are in possession of this great work. The Legislature of New York has made provision for placing a copy in each School District Li-

brary, and also upon the teacher's desks throughout that state. Let the States of the West do likewise. Q.

## Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER, 1851.

Our readers cannot but remember that we came before them at first with no flourish of trumpets. We did not alarm you with promises. The few promises we did make have been sacredly remembered and faithfully performed. We have published the Miscellany for nine months.

We have sent the work to all who had subscribed for it before we purchased it, *though we were under no obligations to do so*. We have even done this when we have been assured that a subscriber would discontinue at the expiration of his present subscription. We have thus supplied thousands who have never paid us a single farthing. While we have done this, we have expected that our strict regard to the rights of others, and our promptness in issuing the numbers from month to month, would secure to us the favor of an appreciating public.

We have been abundantly cheered in word both by the press and our patrons, but hitherto we have not received that amount of pecuniary encouragement which we have hoped, and which, if the partiality of our friends is not far too great, we had a right to expect, especially when the liberality of our course is considered. Can any one show us a subscriber, who paid the former publisher, who has not received the work with as much promptness as our own subscribers.

Our Magazine, since we had time, as the juveniles say, “to catch up,” has been issued as regularly as any one ever published in this country. No one has any doubt of obtaining the work and of getting it in due season. All fear long since vanished of failure. And any one subscribing now



has a moral certainty of receiving his numbers, the first of the month. Of the ability with which the work has been edited we leave others of course to judge. If half is true which our contemporaries have been pleased to say of us, in this respect, we ought most certainly to be very thankful that the author of our existence has qualified us, to the extent he has, for our place, and has providentially directed our way to it. We now say if all our friends will make an effort for the circulation of the Miscellany: especially if Postmasters, Ministers and Students will exert themselves in this matter we will labor with greater zeal than ever to make the work useful and interesting.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We wish to say to our able contributors, that we do not wish to make the Miscellany the organ of any sect or party.—What we can do to recommend that religion which ennobles its possessor, wherever found, we shall most gladly do. We would not mar the fair work of grace, or pain the heart of him who seeks for purity and heaven, for any price. And we rejoice to know that, in this, we but express the feelings of our noble friends who have sought to make the Miscellany the vehicle of elevated thought, and of high and ennobling sentiments.

"Practical Wisdom" has a great many most excellent thoughts, but needs a careful revision. If the author will be kind enough to attend to this, and will forward the article revised, he shall receive our thanks; and we shall ultimately receive *his*, for this suggestion. Stir up, dear friend, "*the gift that is in thee*," and let not your *first* be your *last* article. We would forward the copy sent to us; but, unfortunately, it is mislaid.

We have received several communications, which are, to us, very interesting. The review of Loyola and Jesuitism in its rudiments, is a very interesting and able production from a pen

which, we have long wished, might be employed for the Miscellany. While we are thankful to the excellent writer for this exhibition of his kindly feeling *for*, and interest *in*, the Miscellany, he will not think us less grateful, if we decline publishing, at present, his article. It may appear in the December number. Let our friend write, as proposed, and we will always hail with delight his communications.

¶ We wish to say to our friends, that we are compelled to drop all subscriptions which remain unpaid in December. We purchased some fifteen hundred dollars of debts due the Miscellany. These have been doubled since, though we have refused to take new subscribers without pay in advance. This cannot be. At the low price at which we put the Miscellany for a year, every man who values it at all, can pay in advance. We must make one rule for all, or we cannot sustain it with any. Now let every one who cares one dollar for the healthy existence of the Miscellany, pay up his arrears, if any, and pay in advance for another year.

¶ We have sent bills to some, who say they do not *owe* for the Miscellany. Where the mistake has been ours, we have gladly made the requisite acknowledgment.—Where it was a mistake of former times, whether of agent or proprietor, we beg to be excused from the blame. Mistakes will sometimes occur in the most carefully conducted establishments, and we do not claim to be exempt from human infirmity. But we *do say*, that all that the *most diligent and unremitting care can do*, to keep everything straight, shall be done by us in the future as in the past.

¶ Will our friends now make an extra effort to increase the subscription list of the Miscellany. It must be increased to afford a living profit, at its present extremely low price. If our friends say it *shall be done, it will be*. Will you say it?

# MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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For the Monthly Literary Miscellany.  
**THE TRANSEPT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**

*(See plate in October No.)*

The visitor who would witness the most striking portion of the World's Fair, should enter by the south door (and by far the greater number choose this entrance).—

Vol. No.16.

Passing through the well dressed crowd as best he can, stopping not to notice the innumerable carriages coming through the Prince's Gate—or the fair ladies stepping daintily from them—or the important looks of Policemen on duty—or the air and serious good nature on all faces, from the sentinel to the ticket holders—you pass at once to the central entrance and produce your credentials—a season ticket or a silver token of her most gracious Majesty—pass into the vacant quarter of an iron cross which turns upon a pivot, a “click” registers you, perhaps number seventy-four thousand and one.) Here you are under the shadow of the giant elm tree within the famous *Transept*. Wonderful!—amazing!—fairy-like!—are the words that come uppermost in the mind as the full glories of that famous vista break for the first time on your astonished sight. For a few moments one is so lost and absorbed in pleasure and wonder that he can do nothing but gaze upward on the noble proportions of that vast central hall, in admiration of the cunning workmanship by which such common materials as mere glass and iron could be made to assume so exquisite and beautiful a shape. Above, the long lines of beauty arrest and fix the wondering mind. Below, the moving crowd passing and re-passing among the sculptured forms of beauty on either hand, confuse and almost bewilder the visitor; and, all together, a spectacle opens itself from this spot of which no mind can form an approachable conception, and to which no tongue or pen can do adequate justice.—Before us rises, like some giant stalactite, the beautiful Crystal Fountain, whose waters, glittering in all the colors of the rainbow—bubble, and splash, and murmur, and dance, from the highest spire and pinnacle, and varied points, in one continued and delicious stream, into the transparent bath below, throwing an air of coolness all around, reflecting the brilliant “*star flakes*” constantly emitted

from the great Koh-i-noor, or “mountain of light,” the largest diamond in the world. This structure—than which none is more beautiful—required in its construction, nearly four tons of crystal or flint glass. On the right is an equestrian statue of Prince Albert, and on the left a corresponding one of the British Queen—both full size and life-like—(our engraving is a very correct likeness of her Majesty.) Other forms of beauty in marble, occupy various positions in the *Transept*—amid groups of smooth-barked palms and other tropical trees—more statues—more bubbling fountains—splendid golden gates—rich mirrored silken trophies, crowds of England's nobility—the galleries rising up on either hand, all filled with graceful forms and gay colors—rich carpets—brocade and tapestry—while above all, and overshadowing the spot on which sat Britain's Queen on that memorable first of May—rise the thick-leaved branches of a mighty elm tree, whose top-most height seems almost to touch the summit of the lofty roof, and form a fitting back-ground to a scene more graceful and gorgeous than poet ever imagined, or eastern tale-teller conceived.

Reader, something like those (but oh! how short of the reality,) were the impressions of our first visit. Now, we will look somewhat closer into the characteristics of this wondrous scene; and, the eye, after wandering upwards every now and then to the transparent dome-like roof, through which the light of heaven comes and mingles kindly with the blue and white of the spider-like arch and slender column—travels more easily from point to point, till at last it comprehends somewhat of the general form and character of the building. And before we go further, it may be well to initiate the reader into the geography of the interior.—The Crystal Palace somewhat resembles the form of most cathedrals. One long avenue from east to west being intersected by a *Transept* which divides the build-

ing into two equal portions. This Transept (a view of which is given in our engraving for October,) is as it were, the Equator of the world in Hyde Park. The whole of the western end of the building is devoted to the British and Colonial specimens, while the east is occupied by the products of foreign countries. On the western side of the Transept, India and Canada, Malta and Ceylon, Nova Scotia, Western Africa and the Cape, Australia and the West Indies, display the peculiarities of their several climes, the efforts of the manufacturing ingenuity and the natural productions common to their soils; while in the eastern nave, and immediately adjoining the Transept, China and Tunis, Egypt and Brazil, Persia and Turkey, Arabia and the Islands of the Sun, set out their magnificent offerings to the "World's Industrial Bazaar" to the very best advantage. After the foreign states mentioned, follow the contributions of Spain and Portugal, Switzerland and Greece, Italy and Holland, while France occupies a large space on either side of the nave, and also in the galleries above. Next come Austria and Belgium, Russia and the Zollverein, Germany, (north and south) Denmark, Norway and Sweden, while America, reversing the order of her geographical situation, occupies the entire "far east" of the exhibition—and although her contributions did not "loom up" like the glittering "gew gaws" of France, set out in gold and *glittering red*, so as to quite fill the eye of (John) Bull. Yet "all the practical triumphs of the season belongs to American invention and skill and places it entirely east of all competition," even in the opinion of that specimen of self-conceit, the London Times.

We have now only passed through about one third of a mile, and given but a passing glance at the names of a few of the great national contributions to this "world-wide gathering." There are nearly *eight miles*, walks, upon either sides of which, are displayed in the most wonderful pro-

fusion, all that was rich and rare, ingenious and astonishing; and these walks themselves, day after day, for months, have been filled by crowds of people, coming from every land and every clime, to the farthest ends of earth, speaking a thousand different languages, and clothed in a thousand different costumes.—Among them, Kings, Princes, nobles, and most of men known to fame throughout the civilized world, all adding greatly to the attractions of the exhibition. Even one who has spent weeks, or months, under that vast roof could not see all, or describe a hundredth part of it. The exhibition itself has passed away, and the showers of May 1852 will cause the green velvet sward to cover the spot where that "Aladdin Palace" once stood, while years hence there still will be incidents, descriptions and results of the world's gathering beneath its Crystal Dome. B.

For the Miscellany.

### THE BROKEN HARP.

BY MRS. C. H. PARLIAMAN.

It was a night of storms. Euroclydon, mounted on his cloudy car, rode furiously through the hearse-like sky, scattering his sleety wrath upon the benighted traveler and homeless poor. Oh God, that any should be obliged to face the terrible blasts of such a night! Yet thousands wander houseless, homeless and famishing, until weary and exhausted, they sink down upon the cold bosom of their mother earth, and awake in eternity. Home! home! none know so well, thy priceless worth, as those, who having enjoyed thy Eden-blessings for awhile, and then have had them suddenly or rudely snatched from their embrace, and they are left, as it were, alone, amidst the great Sahara of life, with no smiling Oasis in view, to cheer the heart,—or sparkling streamlet to lave their burning brow and fevered lips. To them, nor storms, nor sunshine, brings the heavenly boon which they have life-

long sought. On such a night, the madly-rushing fountain of their heart keeps pace with the flying tempest,—and could they but grasp its strong wings, and mount its terror-girded back, they would gladly rush on, though Death, with visage grim, expectant stood, to receive them.

On such a night, young Donald wept o'er the new-made grave of his buried love. A few short months had their destinies been united,—a few short months of joy too bright to last, sped swiftly by. Death had stolen his fair young bride, and wrapping her in his cold embrace, laid her in the silent tomb.

It was midnight. The dull moon trode sullenly her starless way through thick, heavy clouds, disdaining to cast upon her sister earth, one bright or cheering ray. Long had he wept upon the sacred spot, his sole companion his favorite harp, one which he had brought from his own "bonnie Highland Hills," and o'er which, he had taught her fingers to move with fairy lightness. A few days previous to her decease, they played and sang together, and as though conscious it were the last time it should thrill to her touch, as died the last note upon the slender chord, it broke. Now had he come to lay it upon her grave, and bid a long farewell to both. The morrow was to see him far away upon the billowy ocean. Long he mused upon the past—then in accents of deep mournfulness thus communed aloud,

"Yes, it is so!—each opening bud of morn,  
Must droop and wither, when the sun appears;  
So in the mind—no flat'ring hope is born  
But it must perish in the wreck of years;—  
And every air-built dome that Fancy rears,  
Or wild Ambition,—whatso'er it be,  
Must end in disappointment, shame and tears,  
For all is Pride below, and Vanity,  
Save that which points the way to man's Eternity.

Have I not seen it thus?—Ah, where is now  
The frost-work web of childhood's rosy hour?  
Bear I not here, upon this aching brow,  
The wreck of many a dream and promised flow-  
er?

Deadly and dark the thunder-cloud may lower,  
E'en where the sky its brightest aspect wore;—  
So round the heart, in its triumphant power,  
Where a'! was peace and quietude before,  
The lightning-bolt may flash, the tempest-cloud  
may lower.

Then taking his harp, he swept with rapid finger the trembling chords, which sounded upon the stormy air, like wild, unearthly music, then played and sang to a favorite mournful air, a farewell to his much-loved Harp.

"Though the cold breeze of night,  
Through the forest is sweeping;—  
And the owl wings her flight,  
While the songsters are sleeping;—  
Though the bleak winds be chill,  
Though the dull sky be moonless,  
Here I'll weep for my harp,  
For 'tis broken and tuneless.

Oh why snapped the string,  
At the touch of her finger,  
O'er the hearts secret strings,  
Once its soft notes would linger.  
But, a brook will not bound,  
When the source ceases running;—  
And a harp will not sound,  
When the hand leaves its cunning.

Oh, wild, wild and deep,  
Was the love that I bore her;—  
And e'en in the sleep  
Of the grave, I'll adore her.  
She had power to awake,  
All the glow of thy numbers,—  
Oh, why canst thou not break  
The deep spell of her slumbers.

Now thus to the breeze,  
Cold and lonely I'll set thee,  
Where thee tear-drops will freeze,  
That have heedlessly wet thee.  
Yet a long, sad farewell,  
I have cherished and kept thee,  
And, my harp, few shall tell,  
That my fingers have swept thee,

So a long, last farewell,  
Though I yet might repair thee,  
And again to the hills,  
Where I found thee, might bear thee;—  
But a bard without pride,  
Can be Fame's son, Oh never!  
And mine was my Bride,  
But I've lost her—forever

HANOVER, November, 1851.

## THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON POPULAR ADVANCEMENT AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

The world is indebted to the Christian Religion, to an extent that is seldom acknowledged, for the origin and advancement of all just notions of civil liberty.—Justice is seldom done to the influence of Christianity in this direction, partly because that influence is unnoted, and partly from the apprehension that its dignity must be impaired and its sanctity compromised by claiming for it any share in a matter so mundane and unspiritual as that of promoting the political well being of men. We believe it will sustain no such injury from claiming for it the high honor, though not its highest, that it is not only the ally, but pre-eminently the parent and nurse of human freedom. We claim that it has a force beyond the field of its more spiritual efficiency, by which it enters as a most potent element into the walk of human advancement, of popular elevation, and civil enlargement.

Christianity charges itself with the social and civil advancement of mankind. It has wrought to this end in past time, and is still working; and for ages it has been the silent and unnoted force that has moved unseen at the heart of mankind and originated progress among the nations. Far beyond the conception of even the philosophic historian, and in ways that have never entered into the dreams of statesmen, the unrecognized element which has been strangely working beneath the surface of affairs, and throwing up continually these unlooked for changes and convulsions, ever stirring the tide of events with the mysterious eddies of Progress, has been the influence which men have received for the most part indirectly and unconsciously from the Christian Religion.

And before we proceed to vindicate this claim; let us notice a certain high distinction which marks the ways and works of

God. When He bestows a gift, it is found to possess an overflowing fullness of good which marks it as divine. When He creates an instrument, it reaches many ends; and when He plans, His scheme is comprehensive and manifold in its working. It sweeps not only the field of primary design, but reaches forth on all sides and accomplishes many outlying and collateral purposes. The best of human schemes do very well if they reach and fully effect the one end at which they are aimed. And the projector who in some faint measure imitates this feature of the divine working, who wraps up a plan within a plan, and hides under his main purpose a device for reaching out and striking a second purpose, working double results, surprises us as with something above the common plane of human wit. But the Divine plans are full of these manifold efficiencies. God creates an element—air, earth, water—and there is found wrapt up within it a thousand fold capability, which the analysis of ages cannot exhaust, and which adapts it to a large variety of uses. He says, "Let there be Light"—and, lo! as it streams in on a black world, there is in every beam of it a seven-fold fullness of beauty and blessing—not a power of irradiance only, but a power to clothe the earth in its many tinted mantle, and make every object a joy to the eye. In every direction we discern this excellence of the Creator's wisdom. His plans cannot contain the breadth and depth of meaning with which they are charged. They burst forth on every side with an overflow of wisdom and power.

— May we not well look, then, that when the same Infinite Giver bestows His superlative gift, when He gathers up His love and might and comes out of His place to pour the treasures of His grace into a Gospel for man, it will be a gift full of gifts and of many-sided benignity? May we not well expect that, while it first of all brings Life and Immortality to light, and crowns the soul that receives it with

eternal salvation, it will also work present blessing—that it will diffuse light, intelligence, civilization, freedom, and look kindly and helpfully on all the distresses of men? Thrown forth as God's great ministration of mercy to a fallen and suffering world, it will have more than power to fit men for a future of good; it will also act on all the forms and causes and fruits of sin with which it comes in contact, and bless in the present life while it forms for a better.

Such might well be our anticipation, and it is more than realized in the system of Christianity. It has just the characteristic which we have considered, in the overflow and variety of its aims and blessings. It brings not only hope of life everlasting, but while it accomplishes this as its highest end it is radiant with mercy on every hand. It shines into all darkness—it elevates and ennobles the condition of man—it comes into calm, steadfast, patient warfare with all wrong, wherever it goes. And thus it has good tidings of good for the present life as well as for that which lies beyond.

Neither shall we disparage or dishonour the higher ends and spiritual nature of Christianity while we thus magnify the indirect and present operations of its grace. Is it not one of its glories, that, having more than power to save the soul, it scatters these lesser gifts with liberal hand on all the present life of man? Of its overflowing benignity, it adorns and elevates and blesses the world in which it works. These gifts of temporal good it scatters as it passes, lavishing them as its gratuities even on those who do but touch the hem of its garment. So far from disparaging, this view is every way honorable to the Christian system. If such be the incidental fruits which it yields, what must not be the riches of its grace in the higher field of its operation!

But the entire field which thus opens before us in contemplating the happy influences of Christianity on the present

life, will be altogether too broad for our present purpose. Let us select a single department, and endeavor to estimate the specific influence of Christianity as a political element, its agency in originating and fostering among men new ideas of liberty, new aspirations for freedom, new capabilities of attaining and enjoying freedom, and thus gradually shaping civil government into better conformity to the rights and wants of man.

Looking back over the period which has elapsed since the introduction of Christianity, these Eighteen Centuries are strongly characterized as centuries of disquiet and change among the Governments of Christendom. Within that circle of nations in which Christianity has wrought, the Christian era is marked as an era of civil revolution. All through that period we discern the operation of some new influence, the working of some new power, molding anew the politics of the nations. From that time a new drift becomes visible in the civil and social current of the race; and with slow but steadfast advance, through a series of reformatory struggles, with many a downfall of blind and incorrigible despotism, Civil Government has felt the force of a new Law, and been constrained toward new aims. From that day a new element has entered the political sphere, tending toward the recovery of civil government from its subjugation to the service of tyranny, breathing into it a new spirit, and bending it to the high end of human liberty and advancement.

Slowly, indeed, and with many interruptions, through all these Eighteen Revolutionary Centuries, never hasting, never resting, the change has been in progress. The new principles went forth in the earth, and went down into the thoughts and hearts of men, to bear fruit after many days—principles that were indestructible, working on unseen, patient of human weakness and insatiation, and prepared to bide their time. It has been a dark and stormful period. Often in the

struggle-despotic principles have seemed to prevail and even gather new strength from the conflict. Often in one age, and in one land, the cause of humanity has seemed lost. Often in the apparently blind and headlong rush of events, the new tendency has been obstructed; and the better aim has been hidden from view. And still, through all that period, in a way that men knew not, and with a guidance higher than human, the cause of civil and social advancement has been carried forward. And now from the advanced point which we occupy, when the process has been going forward these 1850 years, how manifest is the progress that has been achieved! As we look back now over these intervening centuries of struggle and change, and compare the present relations between Government and the governed with those which existed at and before the opening of the Christian era, a great and happy change is manifest.

That new power which then revealed itself and began its recovering work among men, was Christianity. That fresh element, so fraught with changes, so full of new thoughts and higher aspirations for man, lay in the doctrines and the spirit of the Christian Religion. Among its powers was this of social elevation and civil enfranchisement. Among the many gifts it had to bestow on a fallen and still falling world, was this gift also of civil freedom; ultimately to be wrought out through the working of its principles in the minds of men. Its foremost and essential aim was, indeed, spiritual, to open the gates of eternal life and win men to enter. But it was charged with a plenitude of love and power, by which it overpassed the limits of its first great purpose, and superabounded with blessings manifold as human wants. And this was one method in which Christianity was to bless the world: It should contain and everywhere bear with it, in its truths and in its Spirit, the true doctrines of human rights and human freedom: There, as in-

volved in all its teachings, it should promulgate incidentally wherever it went, and drop them in all minds, as seeds of *thought* in one age, rising to be the *hopes* of a later time, the *demands* of an age yet later, and finally the *attainment* of another, realized in the rational liberties of men.

One world-wide war that was then crushing the hearts of men was that of Absolute Power. The race was degraded and everywhere sinking into deeper degradation under the sway of despotism.—Christianity met this evil. It lay directly in its path, and if any work of elevation was to be effected, this terrible enemy to human improvement must be met. And this was done by the new system, not overtly in direct and avowed conflict; but it silently proceeded to leaven the world with new ideas; and these, by an indirect agency, have wrought on among the masses, and all that they have produced in one age is handed down as an inheritance of hope and trust to the next. And by this means, more than by all others, it has at length come to pass in these later times that the longing for chartered rights and constitutional liberty has become as a fire in the bones of all people where Christianity has had a home. This more than any other cause has originated among men the notions of a better liberty attainable by man— notions, all crude and vague they may have been, visionary and impracticable for the most part, yet ever working themselves clearer, and gathering strength and consistency from one generation to another, till at length they result in a ground-swell of Revolution, heaving the superincumbent despotism as never in any age before.

This influence of Christianity, we believe, can be clearly shown. The process which would completely verify this view would require, first, a demonstration of the intrinsic fitness of the Christian system to awaken in men the desire and the capacity for freedom; and then, an histori-



cal examination of the actual working of that system to the production of this very result. Is the cause adequate to the effect? Can its operation be actually traced? We believe that both these points can be conclusively shown; and we propose, as all that can properly be attempted in the present paper, to establish the first of these.

We submit this proposition, then: That Christianity is a system just fitted in itself, in its constituent elements of doctrine and precept, to originate and propagate incidentally the principles of genuine freedom and popular advancement. Looking at its aims, its spirit, and its teachings, we affirm it as the only rational anticipation, that it would go forth in the world as a Gospel of Progress and Liberty, as well as of spiritual recovery and eternal salvation. Being such as it was, it was to be predicted with assurance that wheresoever this system should secure a reception and consideration, it would infallibly, along with its higher work, generate new ideas, new capacities, new necessities, of freedom—that it work ever toward securing a more honorable and liberal estimation of man—that it would thus come into silent but strenuous antagonism with all the doctrines and institutions of despotism. Not as a Force, but as an Influence, it would stream into all minds and leaven the masses of the people among whom it should prevail, and by long culture and gradual elevation it would at length raise up that phenomenon of these latter times, a PEOPLE, asserting and maintaining their right to be regarded as a party in the whole matter of civil government.

In a word, such a system could not prevail in a world so governed as this had been, without becoming in effect a most powerful element of Revolution, giving the earth no rest till civil government should act in a new direction and to better ends. All this the Christian system carries on its front. It could not fail to

effect all this, if only it should gain prevalence in the earth.

For, first, let it be considered, that Christianity assumed for its very basis principles which placed man in a new and higher position. It assumed the essential equality of men, as partakers of the same noble but fallen nature. It placed the worth of man in his common humanity, not in the accidents of birth or fortune. It gave this highest attestation of man's worth, that it counted him worthy of an infinite redemption. It addresses all alike—levels all to the same terms of salvation—offers to all the same prize of everlasting life. All are, in its estimation, the heirs of an immortality which it proposes to render glorious and blessed beyond conception. The essential equality of men—the common dignity of humanity—these were the ground-work of Christianity. It could not utter its first truth as it went abroad in the world without affirming these fundamental doctrines. But in affirming these, it scattered the seeds of change. These, in such a world, were the most revolutionary of doctrines, and just so far as they should become the practical faith of men, they rendered it certain that the days of contented degradation and easy tyranny must soon come to an end.

And then, as a second element of power, the spirit of the system, that which in every system is quite as distinctive a thing and quite as effective as its doctrines—the spirit of Christianity breathes a noble regard for man. It forgets, in that point of view, that there are classes and castes among men, except as it provides most richly for the poor and the crushed of earth. Its Divine Author sprang from the bosom of the common people, and forever dignified poverty and toil by sharing their lot. The very tone and air of Christianity are free and humane. It lifts up the downcast—it pities the heavy-laden—it comforts the wretched, and seeks to elevate and refine the degraded. "The common peo-

ple heard him gladly," There was an under-thought of hope and promise in His words that touched and won their hearts.

It has often been urged as the reproach of Christianity, that it finds acceptance mainly among the lowly and obscure.—Gibbon, for example, notices the charge, and in his usual treacherous style of defence laments that Seneca and Tacitus, Plutarch and Marcus Antoninus, men so well worth saving in his estimation, were not found among those who embraced the Christian faith. We accept the reproach. We assert it as the real glory of this system that it was designed to be, and is, a system for the many—that it saw in Seneca's freedman as genuine a manhood, as true a soul, as in Seneca himself—in a word, that it aimed at popular results, and went down with its great work to the broad level of the people. This very charge of its enemies, that it spread mainly among the poor and ignoble, is the most triumphant vindication of the very claim we are making, that it was designed and fitted to reach the masses of mankind. In the highest and truest sense it was *the friend of the people*.

And here it deserves consideration for a moment, that for the purpose of effecting any general and permanent change in the character and condition of the race, it should have begun its work just where it did, down among the people. Had it been the single aim of Christianity to effect the elevation and ultimate enfranchisement of the world, had it looked only to the reconstruction of society on some nobler and more liberal pattern than had yet been known, it could not have adopted a better course than that which it took. It sought to leaven with its free thoughts and upward aims all the lower strata of society. It looked to broad and distant results; and therefore it laid wide and deep among the common people the foundations of their ultimate enfranchisement.

And then when we come to a closer in-

spection of this system, its precepts and doctrines are all of the same liberal and elevating cast. It inculcates directly and with divine authority that equity and regard for human rights, that fraternal goodwill among men, that concern for others' good, which are the very remedy for the social and civil wrongs of the world.—Listen to some of its teachings, and consider how such a system was fitted to affect the cause of human advancement.—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them—it shall not be so among you—whoso will be chief among you, let him be your servant."—"One is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." And such is the tenor of the whole system.

It is difficult for us at this day to realize with what force and startling significance these Christian utterances first struck on the ear of the world. For us they have lost their novelty, and having colored the whole atmosphere of thought and sentiment, somewhat to their own complexion, these precepts cannot possess for us the tone of contrast which they then had. But we can nevertheless very clearly see, that a system putting forward such doctrines, must of necessity act, wherever it went, at the roots of all oppressive institutions. So surely as men received these teachings and came, in any good measure, under their influence, a counter-tide must commence in the thoughts of the world, and a force must begin to accumulate, which one day should rock the foundations of despotism.

Moreover, Christianity everywhere within the sphere of its operation, proposes and is adapted to effect the intellectual and moral cultivation of men, and thus lays a broad and sure foundation for the progressive improvement of man's social and civil condition. It stands as a uni-

versal fact, that in so far as any people have risen in cultivation and refinement, they have approached a point at which they can no longer quietly endure oppression. Christianity creates intelligence, quickens the common mind, conveys a knowledge of rights, and an enlarged capacity for freedom; and along with these comes an irrepressible thirst for freedom. For a space it may be withheld from them. But the want remains, and spreads from one generation to another, ever deeper and stronger; and with such a people to deal with, the time will come when oppressive institutions, however compact and fortified they may be, must liberalize themselves or be exploded. And the circle within which this effect will be produced is ever broader than we should anticipate. This indirect influence of Christianity to give the knowledge of rights and inspire a thirst for their attainment, and thus create revolutionary elements among an oppressed people, may be exerted very far beyond the degree in which that system is received by them in its more spiritual aspect. Even where Christian influences have but partially leavened a people, even where the system has had only an imperfect exhibition, and has been corrupted and shorn of much of its strength, it may, nevertheless, be able to proceed very far with this lower work of preparing the way for revolutionary change. And with blind hunger for a liberty they know not how to win, or to maintain if won, a people may thus be started on a series of struggles, long fruitful only of disaster and defeat. Nevertheless, the battle is bequeathed from sire to son, and waits for the day when right shall wed itself to wisdom and issue in victory.

Such is the Christian system in itself, and such are the influences it is fitted to exert on the civil condition and destinies of men. It is a system, containing in its principles, its spirit and its teachings, such allurements as could not go forth among the oppressed and wretched millions

of the earth, and gain acceptance, without carrying with it the certainty that, soon or late, those millions would learn their rights and their might; and that throughout the sphere of its operation, despotic institutions would one day find themselves heaved and rocked by revolutionary under-currents which they could neither quiet nor resist.

And now, if we turn our inquiry to the actual condition of the world at the period when Christianity entered it, and trace the rise and progress of civil reform down to the present time, we shall find proof at every step that the spirit which has since been quickening the human mind, and setting it forward in social and civil progress, emanated from the Christian system. Silently, indirectly, patient of delay, it has been operating as a most effective political element. It has ever tended to elevate and ennoble the masses, and beget a condition of mind which ensures revolutionary and liberalising changes. It has indeed prepared these changes from afar. Age after age passed by and witnessed no prompt and visible operation of Christianity on the civil condition of mankind. And yet from the first it was providing its causes, and laying up resources for great ultimate changes.—Gradually through all those ages it was carrying forward the mind of the world to such a measure of desire and capacity for freedom, that the processes of despotism can no longer go forward with quietness in the earth. And in these later times especially, in all these civil convulsions of Modern Europe, the people everywhere striking for larger liberties, and every absolute government rent and vexed as never before, with the inward torment of popular claims, in all this we do but witness the now ripening fruit of seed that has been sowing and germinating in the thoughts of the world, ever since Christianity was first given to man.

We rest the inquiry here for the present, as it would lead us beyond the proper limit in a single article.

For the Miscellany.

LOYOLA, AND JESUITISM IN ITS  
RUDIMENTS.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR, *Author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm*. Published by Carter & Brothers, 1848.

[NOTE.—I am aware that this work has long since been noticed by the press. It may appear entirely unnecessary to call attention to it again. I do it for the sake of new readers, youth, or others, believing it to be a standard work upon the subject of Jesuitism, unlike and superior to any ever published.]

This is a work of deep interest and permanent value. It is not a mere historical narrative, like most of the works already published upon the same subject. It is evidently the result of a thorough investigation of character, principles and religious systems. Our author introduces us to the interior life of one of the most remarkable men of the 16th Century. We feel that we are familiar with the founder of the "Order of Jesus," and are enabled to trace the formation of that iron system which has so long ruled the papal world, as it was gradually developed in his mind. A few extracts, from different parts of the work, would show only the manner and style of the author, and fail to bring out the chief excellence of his work, which is the clear development of principles.

Therefore, I shall content myself with a notice of the principle divisions of the work. We have first a brief account of the early religious life of Loyola, with a notice of his career until he was about thirty years of age. He spent several years at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards entered the army, evidently anticipating military honors.—Very little attention had been given to the culture of his mind. He was only a brave and generous soldier, polished in his manners and deeply read in human nature.—At the age of thirty he was severely wounded while defending a besieged town against the French, which unfitted him ever after for a soldier's life.

At this period his religious life begins. His mind becomes absorbed in devotion. He breaks away from his family, and performs a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which served to deepen the religious enthusiasm that had taken possession of his soul. But he could never remain a mere religious devotee, a disciple of others. In fact he was never led by any other mind. From the first, he became the spiritual adviser of many; who were attracted by the uncommon fervor of his devotions. But he soon found that he was not prepared for the position which he was ambitious to occupy, as a leader in the Church. He had no mental discipline. He was only a religious enthusiast. He entered the schools, took up his Latin Grammar, and subjected himself to the severe discipline of younger pupils, and eventually obtained the mastery over himself, and secured that perfect control of his own mind which prepared him afterwards so effectually to govern others. He must have spent from six to eight years in this preparatory work, and was not far from forty years of age when he first devoted his whole energies to establish and give influence to the "Order of Jesus." Previous to this he had prepared the "Exercises" which were afterwards several times carefully revised and perfected with his own hand. These "Exercises" contain all the essential principles of Jesuitism. About this time the "Order" received the sanction of the Roman Pontiff. Loyola had always professed great reverence for the Church, and now bound himself and his associates in a vow of unconditional obedience. No Order had ever manifested such zeal, self-denial and perseverance. The Papacy then stood in need of timely aid to withstand the heresy of Lutheranism, and the Jesuits soon infused new life and vigor into the wounded beast.

Our author next proceeds to analyze the system of the Jesuits, and clearly brings to view the principles upon which it is founded. This is the most valuable por-

tion of the work. The inquiry arises, what has given this Order such prominence in the Roman Church? How can men be associated; in different and distant parts of the world, so as to act with one mind, one will, like the movements of complicated and nice machinery? This had never been accomplished until Loyola arose.

It appears that the members of the Order were selected with great care. They were never admitted to membership until they had been subjected to the most severe trials. The brothers never received a new applicant until they knew him perfectly, and were certain that he could be depended upon in any emergency. He was rejected if they discovered any constitutional unfitness for their work, or if he did not entirely surrender himself to the direction of his superiors, or presumed to think for himself. They sought for men of enthusiasm and intelligence; men possessed of great firmness of character, endurance and energy. Yet the system did not admit of the highest order of intellect, for it required a vow of unconditional obedience to the Pope, the seat of infallibility among the Jesuits. Yet, another vow required was much more destructive of personal freedom. Every brother of the Order must be in perfect subjection to his superior. This gave to the President unlimited control over every member. The Jesuit has no judgment, will, or conscience of his own. He owes no allegiance to any civil rulers, and is responsible only to his Order. He may enter into other engagements, swear allegiance as he pleases, but no such contracts are of any binding force. He is not a free agent. His mind is not his own. He is a mere tool. Here we discover the *essential* principle of the system; that which gives it coherence and vitality: the complete annihilation of free agency. Hence the power of the entire community is wielded by one man; himself also bound in the fetters of the same system. All other vows of the Jesuit are of

secondary importance, and are common to him with other branches of the Roman Church. The few principles of the system which are peculiar to Jesuitism, have long given it notoriety and influence, and render it formidable at the present time.

In this discussion the author is minute and thorough. It is not his design to give a history of the "Order of Jesus," but to delineate its origin and character. In this effort he has been successful. Many authors upon such subjects are only copyists. In reading them, we feel that we have lost something in the transfer. Yet on one point many readers will not agree with the author. A favorable view is taken of the christian character of Loyola; whereas very little evidence can be discovered of his discipleship to Christ.—There can be no doubt of his zeal, self-denial and devotion. Yet all his enthusiasm or fanaticism in devotion, yielded to his determination to rule the Church, and to perfect the most complete system of spiritual despotism that ever existed. So successful was he in maturing his plans, and reaching the grand idea for which he had lived, that his "Order" has actually controlled the Papal Church since he was chosen its first President, and will continue to do so until the prophecy of Dan. vii, 26 27, is fulfilled.

**THE LUNGS.**—On examination the lungs will be found full of innumerable little holes, like a sponge. These holes are the cells into which the air enters when we breathe. So great is their number that they have been calculated to amount to 170,000,000, forming a surface thirty times greater than the human body. Every one of these cells is provided with a network of blood-vessels, by which means every portion of the blood is brought into immediate contact with the air. When this great amount is taken into consideration, we shall at once feel how necessary it is to supply pure air to the lungs with every breath we breathe.—*German's Telegraph.*

For the Miscellany—  
THE SHADOWS.

BY ISAAC MILES CRAVATH.

Where the light deer treads the lawn,  
Followed by the timid fawn,  
Where the swifter antelope  
Rushes through the woody cope,  
Where the wild horse, free from rein,  
Spurns with lightning-feet the plain,  
Where the condor sweeps the skies,  
Where the eagles upward rise,  
Soaring with unshrinking eye.  
Sunward through the vaulted sky,  
Where the old, with silvery head,  
Walk with slow unsteady tread,  
Where sweet childhood's sunny face  
Glow's still brighter in the chase  
Where the lark skims o'er the meadows—  
Swift pursue the fleeting shadows.

Where the Albatross doth rest  
On the sea her glossy breast,  
Where the Swan her head doth pillow  
On the Ocean's topmost billow,  
Where the clouds sail swiftly o'er  
Azure seas that have no shore.  
Where doth sleep the walrus strong,  
Where the ice-bergs float along,  
Where the Indian maiden dark  
O'er the smooth lake rows her bark,  
Where the tall ship saileth slow—  
There the wave-wash'd shadows go!

By the cottage and the hill,  
By the river and the rill—  
Where the tall banks darkly frown,  
And the placid skies look down—  
By the rock that lifts its head  
High above its sandy bed,  
By the cliff that rears its sides  
Far beyond the raging tides,  
By the lofty pyramid  
In the dreary desert hid,  
By the covert in the glen,  
By the wild goat's mountain-den,  
By the grassy Indian mound  
With the warrior under ground,  
By the marble of the tomb,  
Where the wild flow'rs sweetly bloom,  
And the mourner bendeth o'er  
Those who mourn on earth no more—  
By the forest tow'ring high—  
There the dark-wave shadows lie!—  
Slowly, slowly turning round  
O'er the long-accustomed ground,  
As the day with flaming eye  
Rolls his chariot through the sky,

And the hours, that fill his train,  
Sweep their light wings o'er the plain.

Shadows for the seeming gay,  
Led by pleasure's lure astray—  
Shadows for the wither'd hearts  
When the bliss of life departs—  
Shadows for their position, where  
Sits the wrinkled brow of care—  
Shadows for the lost one's fate.  
When repentance comes too late!

Shadows fill the worldling's cup,  
Misers heap gold-shadows up—  
This the guerdon of their strife,  
This the sum of human life!  
Naught that pleasure's vot'ries gain  
E'er is *real* but the pain  
Scorpion—disappointment brings—  
Piercing conscience with its stings!

Evensjoys that christians know,  
In this vale of tears below  
Are but *shadows* to the light  
Which shall meet their ravish'd sight—  
When they reach that blissful home  
*Where no shadows ever come!*

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME,  
*An Anecdote for Persons seeking their  
Fortunes.*

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character, that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl Street, were particularly intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make 'Grotto' bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that while his friend was being the tutor of

Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior in the store, of the other, and of course ranked him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and, looking very much downcast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, provided I could speak French, but as 'Oui' is about the extent of my French, it is no go for this child.—What a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy."

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. Ha, ha, ha! they will put the question all around, out of politeness, and as none of us can *parley vous*—ha, ha, ha—why somebody will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to.—Tom listened with delight and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm. "you should have the situation if you could only speak French; but as you cannot we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry, great pity," &c.

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat and perhaps I may pass muster?"

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up, in double quick time, for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good ha, ha, ha.

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so? But, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."

A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master.

"What," said he, "while I was fooling over that dog, were you studying?"

"Just so; and you now know with what success our time has been rewarded."

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst, by throwing away time, another, equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship all his days.

☐ Such is the encouragement given to flattery in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side; commend a fool for his wit, and a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding*.

For the Miscellany.

## SONNETS

Occasioned by seeing Dubufe's Picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise.

BY P. M. RANKIN.

## THE TEMPTATION.

Beautiful pair! Surely the mind and hand  
That could embody aught so strangely fair,  
Were more than greatly gifted. Oh, that care  
And sin, and suffering should have power to  
brand

With their indenting fingers, forms so grand.  
In that primeval innocence of mind,  
When once the Serpent's sophistry could find  
An advocate in Eve; who could withstand  
Her look of truth, of purity, of love,  
Of fascinating guilelessness, were less  
Than man—or more. Urged by persuasive  
ness

So sweet, it is not strange he vainly strove—  
And takes the fatal fruit ordained to bind  
The bitter curse of Death upon all human kind.

## THE EXPULSION.

God! What a scene of Desolation's there,  
Look to yon figure; every muscle strung  
With mortal agony, greater than tongue.  
Could speak: and her, who almost in despair  
Looks an appeal to him, what words could  
paint

A mingling strange of wonder, fear, hope,  
doubt,

Dependant trust on him; and all throughout,  
Beseechal of forgiveness for her crime

In calling such dread woe upon his race.  
Can this be her, around whom every grace  
So lately sported? That the man, sublime  
In every beauty; in his Maker's form august?  
Now writhing 'neath his doom, once more to  
turn to dust.

It is not passing strange that Death should fall  
Through strong desire of KNOWLEDGE, on our  
race?

The only part of man he can't efface;  
The mind, the soul, the intellect, the all  
That makes him great, that places him on high  
Above the brute; By this it was he fell.

"And ye shall be as Gods," was the strong spell  
The tempter used. The tree was to Eve's eye

"A tree to be desired to make one wise."  
Inscrutable are all God's ways to us;

But strange it seems that loss of Paradise,  
And its attendant train of woes should thus  
Be fated to arise from aspirations such  
As Inspiration's self might waken by her touch.  
F. int. Mich.

## EVAPORATION OF THE SEA.

The most important quality possessed by the water of the sea, is its *capacity of evaporation*, or of changing its form by the influence of heat, and becoming converted into an invisible, elastic vapor, which mixes with the atmosphere, and being transported by the winds into distant regions, falls again in the form of rain; then collects again into channels, giving rise to the mountain torrent and the majestic river; and thus returns to the ocean it was drawn from, have completed a circuit, during every part of which it had enriched and benefitted the earth. But the accomplishment of this circuit depends upon some curious and remarkable peculiarities attending the process of evaporation. We discover, on very superficial observation, the obvious fact, that the quantity of water which can be held suspended in the air depends upon the *heat*, and increases with it; but the principle, so far as developed, is not sufficient to account for the phenomena which are exhibited in nature; since, if the only cause of the fall of rain is the cooling of the air, which would not retain its moisture as the temperature diminished, how could we account for the frequent storms which are so continually occurring at the very time that the heat of the weather is increasing? or how, indeed, could we ever find rain falling except during night, or on the approach of winter, while the warmth of the earth was decreasing? We must look farther, and observe more accurately, in order to obtain an explanation, and at length we reach it, for we find that the quantity of vapor formed from the water not only increases the heat, but increases in a greater degree than it; that is, that for every addition to the temperature, a greater and greater addition is made to the proportion of watery vapor held suspended; and it follows, as a necessary consequence, that two masses of air, saturated with moisture, and differing in temperature, can never unite with-



out producing rain; for the heat of the combined mass will be a mean between that of the two portions, and this will not suffice to retain the water which they held dissolved, and the surplus will fall to the earth.

### CATHARINE HAYES.

Catherine Hays was born in Limerick, Ireland, about 1820. While yet a child, it was her good fortune to attract the attention of the pious Edmund Knox, then Bishop of Limerick. He discovered in her the first dawns of a great musical talent, and determined to foster it, and smooth the difficulties which obstruct the way to professional eminence.

On the banks of the Shannon, stands the mansion of the Earl of Limerick. The beautiful garden extends to the river, and on its brink is a lovely arbor, so covered with woodbine as to nearly hide its inmates from the view of those who pass on the bosom of the stream. In the Earl's mansion there lived an aged lady, a relative of Catherine, and whom she was in the habit of visiting. During these visits her favorite resort was the woodbine arbor in the garden. There her chief amusement seemed to be to sit alone, and warble Irish ballads.

She had resorted thither on the evening of a beautiful day, and, forgetting herself in the pleasures of song, continued her warblings, not dreaming but she was herself "by the world forgot." It was the hour when pleasure-parties were enjoying the loveliness of the river scenery. Bishop Knox with some of his family, were out on the river that evening, and while their boat was passing the Earl's garden, the melody of a childish, but sweet voice, was heard in the Arbor.

Quietly they guided their boat nearer, and paused under the shadow of some trees, while listening to the fascinating singer. Soon another party heard and drew near, then others still, till several

boats had paused, while their pleasure-seeking groups listened to the singing of the concealed girl, coming like warblings of an unseen bird among the boughs of its own native forest groves.

She sang on unconscious of the audience she was delighting. At the close of the last air, "The Lass of Gowrie," the unknown vocalist finished the ballad by dwelling on the passage, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," with a prolonged and trilling shake, which drew from her unseen auditory a rapturous shout of applause. This was the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened girl received that her native wild notes had attracted any listeners.

The kind Bishop resolved to ascertain who it was that had so charmed him with her sweet melodies. But a few days elapsed before Catharine Hays received an invitation to visit the dwelling of the Bishop. He found her docile, thoughtful, and full of noble and virtuous sentiments. At first she was quite timid, but this diminished under his kind encouragement.

On becoming more acquainted with the talented girl, he determined to secure her a thorough musical education. Assisted by a large circle of friends, he raised sufficient funds to place her under the instruction of the celebrated Signor Sapia, then a resident of Dublin. Here she arrived early in the spring of 1841, and entered at once upon a course of hard, unremitting study, in which her improvement was so great that she made her first appearance in public, at Signor Sapia's annual concert, on the third of May, one month after her arrival in the Irish metropolis.

Her timidity was still very great, yet her progress had been so rapid under her instructor, that even her friends were astonished. At once she became one of the most popular singers in Ireland. Both Signor Sapia and his wife took a deep interest in the new pupil, and she remained with them till 1843. During this year

she first listened to Madam Grisi, Signor Marie, and Lablache, who then appeared in Dublin.

New emotions and desires were then kindled, which decided her destiny. In the following year she repaired to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of Emanuel Garcia, the greatest teacher of singing, at present living. He is the brother of Malibran and Viardot Garcia and as will be remembered, was the teacher of Jenny Lind.

Miss Hays remained under the instruction of Garcia for eighteen months, after which she proceeded to Italy, and studied awhile under Signor Felice Ronconi, then sang in an opera at Marseilles, whence her fame spread over Italy. She was at once engaged at Milan, as Prima Donna, and maintained the position, at intervals, for three years. She visited Vienna, where her reception was so flattering that, in a letter home, she expressed fears that she should be "spoiled" by it.

Afterward she went to England, and was there welcomed with great enthusiasm by the lovers of music. One year ago she re-appeared in her native land, at Dublin, on this occasion all the enthusiasm of the Irish character, seemed insufficient to express their admiration of her powers, and their love for her. Such a welcome, among the first admirers of her talents, must have contributed much toward repaying her for the labors during the years of study and subsequent professional struggles.

On the fourteenth of September last, a little more than one year after the advent of the Queen of Song upon our shores, Miss Catharine Hayes arrived in New York. Her fame had long preceded her, and she was most cordially welcomed.—Her first appearance before an American audience was on the evening of the 23d of September, and her reception was enthusiastic.

Notwithstanding the "Swan of Erin" came among us after so many thousands

had been enchanted by the matchless warblings of the "Swedish Nightingale," whose tones are still fresh in the memory, and upon whom many looked as their beau-ideal in the concert room, yet Miss Hayes has won a popular admiration which places her second only to the immortal Jenny.

While the title of "Queen of Song" is still awarded to one, the most ardent admirers of the other have called her the "Soul of Song." Their styles of singing are unlike. That of the former has been described as a beautiful perfection of vocal melody; the true sunshine spoken, harmoniously blending light, loveliness, and feeling. That of the latter is characterized by deep sensibility and pathos. "The one like a gem, flashes upon the senses, and emits a thousand rays, each glorious in itself; the other, like a flower, gradually diffuses sweetness around."

## YOUNG MEN.

BY ALBERT TODD.

There is no object in the world more deserving the respect of society, than an upright and virtuous young man. We find, however, but few, in comparison to what there ought to be at this day, who are justly deserving the appellation. It is a hard saying, but none the less true, that one half the young men in our land who have reached the age of twenty-one, are PROFLIGATE young men.

Young men, did you ever stop to consider that the relations you hold in society are soon to be changed? Have you never reflected that your fathers are treading the downward path of life, and will ere long drop into the grave? And have you never brought the thought home to yourselves, that one day you have got to fill the places your fathers are now filling?—These are important questions, and should be made a matter of importance with each

and every one of you. Are you willing that the future generation shall grow up less enlightened, and less qualified to take charge of the affairs of our nation?—You have got a work to perform, and there is no time for procrastination. Sooner or later your shoulders must bear the weight that is now resting on the shoulders of others. Those who are now 'bearing the burden and heat of the day,' will soon be swept from off the stage, and then their trusts must be transmitted to you; and the question then comes home to the mind, are you prepared, or are you preparing yourselves for the discharge of so important a task? Remember, young men, there is no country in the world that offers such superior advantages as this Western Continent holds out to you. It is not expected you are to prepare yourselves for the battle-field, from which to win laurels. This is not the object of our country's institutions, but a broader and different field is laid open before you; it is the field of science; and in order to labor successfully in this field, you must enter it with your whole heart. You need not take for your examples a Bonaparte or an Alexander, for the ambition these men possessed is not required of you. Strong warriors will not be needed in your day and generation. But you will need ambition; but that ambition must be of a different nature from that which led Napoleon over the snow-capped Alps. There have men lived at a much later period, whose examples and deeds it would be well for you to imitate—men who have devoted their whole lives, as it were, to the service of their country—men whose names are emblazoned, as with letters of gold, on the hearts of their countrymen. It is not expected that all can be Washingtons, or Franklins, or Jeffersons; but by imitating their examples and precepts, you will come nearer the standard of excellence than though you pattern after men whose lives have not been devoted to their country. The deeds of your forefathers are al-

ready fresh in your memory. The liberty they fought for and gained, is now your liberty; it is, too, our country's liberty. Our country's history is ever pointing you to the sufferings of those noble patriots endured on the blood-stained battle-field, where they yielded up their lives to gain the independence we now enjoy.

Young men, it is your duty—a duty you owe your country, to guard her liberties and preserve her institutions. What, then, is your future course of action? What does your country expect of you? Nothing more nor less than a preparation to discharge your duties manfully. As a matter, then, of the highest importance, she watches, with a "mother's anxiety," the formation of your character, for on this depends the future weal or woe of our country. Discharge your duty and the victory is yours. Ignorance and superstition will fly before your banners, and "generations yet unborn" will rejoice "that you have been on earth and acted something there."

Thankful should we be for the privileges we enjoy. Thankful should we be that our country has erected a common altar, around which the Christian, of whatever name or creed, may kneel and worship God "according to the dictates of his conscience." Blessed privilege, indeed! O, that young men might be benefited by such a privilege, and raise their voices to Heaven in prayer for the good of our common country, and by so doing be the means of making this nation a wiser and better nation.

Gratifying, indeed, will it be to you, when your labors are drawing to a close, if you can look back upon your past lives with the full satisfaction of having spent a life of usefulness to yourselves and to your fellow-men. The remembrance of your past days, if your lives have been spent thus, will give you peace and happiness in your closing moments, and you can leave the "things of time and sense," with the full assurance of having devoted

your "talents" profitably to yourselves, to your fellow-men and to your God.

### ORPHEUS AND AMPHION.

Cicero quotes Aristotle as affirming that there was no such man as Orpheus. But Aristotle is at least alone in that opinion. And there are too many circumstances known respecting Orpheus, and which have obtained the consenting voice of all antiquity, to allow us to call in question his existence. He was a native of Thrace and from that country migrated into Greece. He travelled into Egypt for the purpose of collecting there the information necessary to the accomplishment of his ends. He died a violent death; and, as is almost universally affirmed, fell a sacrifice to the resentment and fury of a woman of his native soil.

Orpheus was doubtless a poet; though it is not probable that any of his genuine productions have been handed down to us. He was, as all the poets of so remote a period were, extremely accomplished in all the arts of vocal and instrumental music. He civilized the rude inhabitants of Greece, and subjected them to order and law. He formed them into communities. He is said, by Aristophanes and Horace, to have reclaimed the savage man from slaughter, and an indulgence in food that was loathsome and foul. And this has, with sufficient probability, been interpreted to mean, that he found the race of men among whom he lived, cannibals, and that to cure them the more completely of this horrible practice, he taught them to subsist upon the fruits of the earth.—Music and poetry are understood to have been made specially instrumental by him to the effecting this purpose. He is said to have made the hungry lion and the famished tiger obedient to his bidding, and to put off their wild and furious natures.

This is interpreted by Horace and other recent expositors to mean no more than

that he reduced the race of savages as he found them, to order and civilization. But it was at first, perhaps, understood more literally. We shall not do justice to the traditions of those remote times, if we do not, in imagination, transport ourselves among them, and teach ourselves to feel their feelings, and conceive their conceptions. Orpheus lived in a time when all was enchantment and prodigy. Gifted and extraordinary persons in those ages, believed that they were endowed with marvellous prerogatives, and acted upon that belief. We may occasionally observe, even in these days of the dull and literal, how great is the ascendancy of the man over the beast, when he feels a full and entire confidence in that ascendancy. The eye and the gesture of man cannot fail to produce effects, incredible till they are seen. Magic was the order of the day; and the enthusiasm of its heroes was raised to its highest pitch, and attended with no secret misgivings. We are also to consider that, in all operations of a magical nature, there was a wonderful mixture of frankness and *bonhomie*, with a strong vein of cunning and craft. Man, in every age, is full of incongruous and incompatible principles, and when we shall cease to be inconsistent, we shall cease to be men.

It is difficult to explain fully what is meant by the story of Orpheus and Eurydice: but in its circumstances it bears a striking resemblance to what has been a thousand times recorded respecting the calling up the ghosts of the dead by means of sorcery. The disconsolate husband has, in the first place, recourse to the resistless aid of music. After many preparatives he appears to have effected his purpose, and prevailed upon the powers of darkness to allow him the presence of his beloved. She appears in the sequel, however, to have been a thin and fleeting shadow. He is forbidden to cast his eyes on her, and, if he had obeyed the injunction, it is uncertain how the experiment

would have ended. He proceeds, however, as he is commanded, towards the light of day. He is led to believe that his consort is following his steps. He is beset by a multitude of unearthly phenomena. He advances for some minutes in confidence. At length he is assailed with doubts. He has recourse to his auricular sense, to know if she is following him.—He can hear nothing. Finally, he can endure this uncertainty no longer, and in defiance of the prohibition he has received, cannot refrain from turning his head to ascertain whether he is baffled, and has spent all his labor in vain. He sees her; but no sooner he sees her than she becomes evanescent and impalpable; farther and farther she retreats before him; she utters a shrill cry and endeavors to articulate; but she grows more and more imperceptible; and in conclusion he is left with the scene around him in all respects the same as it had been before his incantations. The result of the whole that is known of Orpheus is, that he was an eminently great and virtuous man, but was the victim of singular calamity.

We have not yet done with the history of Orpheus. As has been said, he fell a sacrifice to the resentment and fury of the women of his native soil. They are affirmed to have torn him limb from limb. His head divided from his body, floated down the waters of the Hebrus, and miraculously, as it passed along to the sea, it was still heard to exclaim in mournful accents, Eurydice, Eurydice! At length it was carried ashore on the island of Lesbos.—Here by some extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, it found a resting place in a fissure of a rock overarched by a cave, and thus domiciliated, is said to have retained the power of speech, and to have uttered oracles. Not only the people of Lesbos resorted to it for guidance in difficult questions, but also the Asiatic Greeks from Ionia and Etolia; and its fame and character for predicting future events extended even to Babylon.

The story of Amphion is more perplexing than that of the living Orpheus.—Both of them turn in a great degree upon the miraculous effects of music. Amphion was of the royal family of Thebes, and ultimately became ruler of the territory.—He is said by the potency of his lyre, or his skill in the magic art, to have caused the stones to follow him, to arrange themselves in the way he proposed, and without the intervention of a human hand, to have raised a wall about his metropolis. It is certainly less difficult to conceive the savage man to be rendered placable, or to conform to the dictates of civilization, or even wild beasts to be made tame, than to imagine stones to obey the voice and the will of a human being. The example, however, is not singular, and hereafter we shall find related that Merlin, the British enchanter, by the power of magic caused the rocks of Stonehenge, though of such vast dimensions, to be carried through the air from Ireland to the place where we at present find them. Homer mentions that Amphion and his brother Lethus built the walls of Thebes, but does not describe it as having been done by miracles.—*Lives of the Neeromancers.*

#### GETHSEMANE.

Lieut. Lynch of the United States Exploring Expedition to the river Jordan and the Red Sea in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May.—He says:

“The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know, to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones that skirt the pass to the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove.—High above on either hand towers a lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning on them is Jerusalem, a living city; on

the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted onethousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Savior was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

#### THE LAST EARTHQUAKE IN EUROPE.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives the following account—the best we have yet seen—of the recent earthquake at Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples:

"I have, however, seen several persons from Malfi; and from their narratives will endeavor to give you some idea of this awful visitation. The morning of the 14th of August was very sultry, and a leaden atmosphere prevailed. It was remarked that an unusual silence appeared to extend over the animal world. The hum of insects ceased—the feathered tribes were mute—not a breath of wind moved the arid vegetation. About half-past two the town of Malfi rocked for about six seconds, and nearly every building fell in. The number of edifices actually levelled to the earth is 163—of those partially de-

stroyed 98, and slightly damaged 180.—Five monastic establishments were destroyed, and seven churches including the cathedral. The awful event occurred at a time when most of the inhabitants of a better condition were at dinner; and the result is, that out of the whole population only a few peasants laboring in the fields escaped. More than 700 dead bodies have already been dug out of the ruins, and it is supposed that not less than 800 are yet entombed. A college accommodating 65 boys and their teachers is no longer traceable. But the melancholy event does not end here. The adjoining village of Ascoli has also suffered:—32 houses having fallen in, and the church being levelled to the ground. More than 200 persons perished there. Another small town, Barile, has actually disappeared; and a lake has arisen from the bowels of the earth, the waters being warm and brackish.

"I proceed to give a few anecdotes, as narrated by persons who have arrived in Naples from the scene of horror:—'I was travelling,' says one, 'within a mile of Malfi when I observed three cars drawn by oxen. In a moment the two most distant fell into the earth; from the third I observed a man and a boy descend and run into a vineyard which skirted the road. Shortly after, I think about three seconds, the third car was swallowed up. We stopped our carriage, and proceeded to the spot where the man and boy stood. The former I found stupefied; he was both deaf and dumb; the boy appeared to be out of his mind, and spoke wildly, but eventually recovered. The poor man still remains speechless.' Another informant says:—'Malfi and all around present a singular appearance: houses levelled or partially fallen in—here and there the ground broken up—large gaps displaying volcanic action—people wandering about stupefied—men searching in the ruins—women weeping—children here and there crying for their parents, and some wretched examples of humanity carrying off ar-

ticles of furniture. The authorities are nowhere to be found.' A third person states: 'I am from Malfi, and was near a Monastery when the earthquake occurred. A peasant told me that the water in a neighboring well was quite hot;—a few moments after I saw the building fall. I fell on the ground, and saw nothing more. I thought I had a fit.'

"The town of Malfi,—or Amalfi—is 120 miles from Naples, and about the centre of the boot. It is difficult, therefore, to gain information. The government, I should add, sent a company of sappers and miners to assist the afflicted *nine days after the earthquake!*—and a medical commission is to set off to-morrow. In conclusion, I may observe, that Vesuvius has for a long time been singularly quiet.—The shock of the earthquake was felt slightly, though sensibly, from Naples round to Sorrento. I have just heard that the shocks have not ceased in the district of Malfi; and it is supposed that volcanic agency is still active. Indeed, my informant anticipates that an eruption will take place; and probably some extraordinary phenomena may appear in this neighborhood. The volcanic action appears to have taken the direction of Sicily, as reports have arrived stating that the shocks were felt in that direction far more strongly than in that of Naples. I shall send you further particulars as soon as I can do so with certainty."

#### MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

The London Shipping Gazette has this paragraph, in the course of an article upon the future of America:

We have no desire at present to enter upon any question of disputed policy; but we wish to record our opinion; the empire of the seas must before long be ceded to America. Its persevering enterprise, its great commerce, and its accruing wealth, are certain to secure this prize; nor will England be in a situation to dispute it

with her. Without this crowning capital to its power, the onward march of the United States to what we believe will be overwhelming greatness, might not be so speedily accomplished; but America, mistress of the ocean, must override the civilized world.

#### MEDITATION.

BY A. TERRY.

Be thoughtful; and let not a moment pass unheeded or unimproved, but ever keep distinctly before the mind some useful and important subject; for meditation and reflection have done more to improve and elevate the genius of the mind, than years of incessant and laborious study.—But for this the giant intellect of a Newton, Franklin, Bacon, Locke, and in short, every philosopher and propagator of the arts and sciences, whose works and names now grace the pages of history, may have slept on in the lethargy of ignorance, and its once happy possessor known only in the sphere of his daily rounds, and whose deeds would have flashed from remembrance like the glowing meteor which rises above the grave of their mortal remains, but to burst on the night air, and sink forever in the gloom of oblivion. Yield not to the formidable specters, and apparently insurmountable difficulties which may rise in the path of knowledge to impede your onward progress toward the goal of your destination, but keep continually before the eye the object of your pursuit, and with unremitting industry and perseverance you may gain the great object of all your desires. Read the open volume of nature, and meditate upon the laws and precepts there spread out to view, and strive with untiring assiduity to draw from that fountain of knowledge, truths which shall commemorate your wondrous achievements, and descend through distant ages to all posterity. And thus set a mark in the way, which shall serve

as a guidance, and cheering beacon for others who may follow in the deep search of useful knowledge. Let the passing events of each hour stamp a deep and indelible impress upon the mind, and emblazon in living characters, on the tablet of the heart, moral sentiments which shall remain unobliterated until time shall have coiled the last link of the ever-shortening chain which binds the infant to the grave.

## NEW ENGLAND GRAVE-YARDS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One can not but be pained at the desolation of the graveyards in many New England towns. Once decently buried, with a stone erected, the labor of love ends, and the memorials are given to the elements. It is painful to me, for the most part, to walk through the New England grave-yards, always excepting the noble cemeteries which within a few years, have begun to spring up near the larger towns and cities. The fences are dilapidated, the head-stones broken, or awayed half over, the intervals choked up with briars, elders, and fat-weeds; and the whole place bearing impress of the most frigid indifference.

Yet nowhere on earth is death more solemn than in New England, nor the remembrance of the dead more ineffaceable. Nowhere else is man valued so highly, or his loss more universally felt. But there seems to be little thought of anything that is not in some way connected with practical utility. If the departed could be made one whit happier, if it were dreamed that the beautifying of the grave would even be noticed by those whose bodies sleep there, nowhere else in the world would loving care continue to be lavished upon the enclosing soil more than in New England.

But the habits of the people make a thorough separation between the living

and the dead. The theology has entered into the practical ways of life. The dead are utterly gone. God has them in another world. Their state is fixed and unalterable. So thinking, it seems of but little worth to garnish their sleeping places. But, in part, this neglect is owing to want of education, in New England, for the graceful and the beautiful. It is a pain to us to tread these places.

Were I buried here it seems as if my very bones would pluck at these disgraceful weeds and thistles, should they penetrate the mold above my head. And I can not help thinking that it is a shame and disgrace that the only places in thrifty New England where weeds are allowed to grow unmolested, are grave-yards; where the bodies of our sweet children, where father and mother, brother and sister, husband and wife, rest till the resurrection.

Owens and horses are often allowed to pasture on the graves; saving the expense of mowing, besides a clear gain in grass! One of the finest orchards in ——— is that which flourishes upon the old town grave-yard, now private property. The remains of a succession of their former pastors, and one president of Harvard College, lie under the roots of these profitable trees.

It is impossible that pleasant associations can exist with the place of burial, under such circumstances. The grossest dreads hedge about the spot which a Christian faith should hallow and enrich. Who would not shrink from being buried under wild parsnips, bardocks, blackberry bushes, &c.? It were better to be burned, or go away to the bottom of the sea!

One loves to wander through Greenwood, and think of the resting-place for his body when life is done. Those quiet rounds, and hills, sacred from carelessness or intrusion, over which trees cast their checkered shadow, and sing their music; how cheering and how refining are such



associations! They tempt us frequently thither. Our children are pleased to go.—Death begins to be more easily thought of. It becomes associated with themes which often inspire and sanctify the imagination.

Besides, it is a blessed attainment when we can so associate the truths of God's Word with natural objects, that one is, in a manner, reading his Bible in flowers, in forests, in sunlight, and at twilight, always, everywhere, and in everything.—It is a blessed thing to have converted death into a joy; yea, to kindle up in its portals a light that shines backward upon our path of life, and cheers us onward toward it, as if it were, as it is, our home and glory. For death is the coming of the Son of Man. A Christian ought not to be afraid of his Father's bosom!

But how should not one shrink from burial, if he sees that all who have gone before him are cast out into a place of desolation, where friends will not choose to come, or will come to wade through matted grass and tangled weeds, and push away bush and briar to read his decaying name; and hasten away, dreading the cheerless day that shall bring their bodies, too, to the home of the refuse and worn out! Oh! may the sun pierce through the shade of trees, dear to many birds, to fall in checkered light upon my grave! I ask no stone or word of inscription. May flowers be the only memorial of my grave, renewed every spring, and maintained through the long summer?

To a certain extent this matter will be reformed by the selection of grounds in imitation of our suburban cemeteries.—But this should not hinder an immediate attention to the simple burial grounds which must long be the only resting places for the departed of our villages. And although any one who has Christian refinement will feel an interest in mending the grossness of prevalent custom, is it not a peculiarly fit labor of love for women?

The ladies of any parish have but to determine that the resting places of their ancestors shall bud and blossom as the rose, and it will be done. Let clean and sufficient fences be made; let the borders and paths be planted with shade trees; let the side-paths be lined with roses, vines, and fine-growing shrubs; let the grass be shorn at least every month; let measures be taken to erect again the drooping headstones of the ancient dead, and, if needful, retrace the effaced letters; for all those things are within the reach of every village parish in New England.—*Extract of a letter from the New York Independent.*

#### HABITS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The principal part of the life of this great monarch was spent in camp, and in a constant struggle with a host of enemies. Yet even then, when the busy day afforded scarcely even a moment, that moment, if it came, was sure to be given to study. Let the young shopocracy of Glasgow never forget that Frederic had *very early* formed an attachment to reading, which neither the opposition of his father—who thought that the scholar would spoil the soldier—nor the schemes of ambition and conquest, which occupied him so much in after life, were able to destroy or weaken. When at last, therefore; he felt himself at liberty to sheath the sword, he gave himself up to the cultivation and patronage of literature, and the arts of peace, as eagerly as he ever done to the pursuit of military renown. Even before his accession to the throne, and while yet but a young man, he had established in his residence at Rheimsberg nearly the same system of studious application and economy in the management of his time, to which he ever afterwards continued to adhere. His relaxations, even then, were almost entirely of an intellectual character, and he had collected around him a circle of literary associates, with whom it was his highest

enjoyment to spend his hours in philosophic conversation, or in amusements not unfitted to adorn a life of philosophy. In a letter written to one of his friends, he says—"I become every day more covetous of my time; I render an account of it to myself, and lose none of it but with great regret. My mind is entirely turned toward philosophy; it has rendered me admirable services, and I am greatly indebted to it. I find myself happy; abundantly more tranquil than formerly; my soul is less subject to violent agitations; and I do nothing until I have considered what course of action I ought to adopt." Let young men contrast such conduct with the frivolities of other noble and royal persons, and be faithful to her whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace. I shall conclude this paper with a sketch of his doings for the ordinary four and twenty hours. Dr. Towers, who has written a history of his reign, informs us that it was his general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. He commonly dressed his hair himself, and seldom employed more than two minutes for that purpose. His boots were put at the bedside, for he scarcely ever wore shoes. After he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of his guards brought him a list of all the persons that had arrived at Potsdam, or departed from thence. When he had delivered his orders to this officer, he retired into an inner cabinet, where he employed himself in private till seven o'clock. He then went into another apartment, where he drank coffee or chocolate, and here he found all the letters addressed to him from Potsdam and Berlin. Foreign letters were placed upon a separate table. After reading all these letters, he wrote hints or notes on the margin of those which his secretaries were to answer, and then returning into the inner cabinet, carried with him such as he meant to write or dictate an answer to himself. Here he employed himself until nine o'clock. At ten

the generals who were about his person attended. At eleven he mounted his horse and rode to the parade, where he reviewed and exercised his guards; and at the same hour, says Voltaire, all the colonels did the same throughout the provinces. He afterwards walked for some time in the garden with his generals. At one o'clock he sat down to dinner. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table like a private gentleman. His dinner-time did not much exceed an hour. He then retired to his private apartment, making low bows to his company. He remained in private till five o'clock, when his reader waited upon him. His reading lasted about two hours, and this was succeeded by a concert upon the flute which lasted till nine. He supped at half-past nine with his favorite *litterati*, and at twelve the king went to bed.—*Communication from David Vedder, in the Glasgow Citizen.*

#### MAN A STUDENT.—AN EXTRACT.

BY DR. CHANNING.

When I say that man is to be a student, I do not mean that he is to shut himself up between four walls, and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study.

Nature, Scripture, society, present perpetual subjects for thought; and the man who collects, concentrates, employs his faculties on any of these subjects for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of a man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professed scholars the title of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks truth with an honest mind, no matter when, or how, belongs to the school of intellectual men.

In a loose sense of the word, all men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, pass through their

minds from morning till night ; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident or outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives with like passiveness sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought, if thought it may be called, having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and receives no distinct image.

Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of intellect. In thought the mind not only receives impressions or suggestions from within, but reacts upon them; collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up and analyzes them like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connections, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.

The universe in which we live was plainly meant by God to stir up such thought as has now been described.

#### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"Permit me to call your attention to a subject intimately connected with the comfort of your own home. I would ask in what manner an acre of ground in the common course of cultivation, can so well be employed as in a garden, or who deserves to have life's path strewn with fruits and flowers more than the farmer? All our vegetables were originally acclimated here, and Homer who composed his great poem, the Iliad, five hundred years before Cadmus brought letters into Greece, makes Laertes describe, in glowing colors, the bright associations that are clustered about this truest cradle of agriculture. Here it was that Plato discussed, Eve sinned, and Jesus prayed. The Chinese have floating gardens, the Persians hanging gardens, the Arabians fountain gardens, but ours are Household Gardens

—and often life's happiest moments may be in the memory of the flower plucked from theuce to adorn a bridal, or to grace a bier."

\* \* \* \* Adam was a farmer while yet in paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern education has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and he wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man. Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at his plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world the sublimest spectacle of human greatness. To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph—all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green fields and verdant lawns that surrounded their homestead."—*Caleb Lyon*:

**MOZART AFRAID OF TRUMPETS.**—Mozart's exquisite organization for music was such, that a false, rough note; was a torture to him. When a child, he had an insurmountable horror of the trumpet; the sight of this instrument produced upon him the same impression as that of a loaded pistol does upon other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear, by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwithstanding his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but at the first blast he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions had they not immediately ceased.

POSTAL REFORM—CHEAP POSTAGE.

It is now upward of eleven years since the writer of this commenced, advocating "postal reform and cheap postage." At first it found but little favor either from the public or the Post-Office Department—Many considered the scheme Utopian, and if carried into effect would break down the Post-Office: but neither ridicule or threats prevented him from prosecuting his object until Congress was compelled in 1845 to reduce the rates of postage to five and ten cents the half-ounce.

The success attending even this reduction equaled the expectations of its friends, and silenced the opposition of its enemies. The friends of cheap postage in New York and other places, renewed their efforts to obtain a further reduction, and petitioned for a uniform rate of two cents prepaid.—But such was either the indifference or hostility of the members that no definite action was taken on the subject for six years, nor was it until the last session that any reduction was made from the rates adopted in 1845. Notwithstanding this shameful delay in complying with the wishes of the people, the new law has adopted four rates instead of one, leaving the prepayment of postage optional. Besides this, the new law imposes on newspapers and printed matter a most unreasonable, burdensome, and complicated tax, which has created universal dissatisfaction.

The obnoxious features of the present law imperiously demand the immediate attention of Congress. Neither the rates of postage on letters, nor the tax on newspapers and printed matter, meet the wishes of the friends of cheap postage. They have uniformly insisted upon simplicity, uniformity, and cheapness. But the present law possesses none of these requisites.

On letters the rates in the United States are three and five, six and ten cents, according to distance. Ocean postage is enormous and too burdensome to be borne any longer. The rates of postage on

newspapers are so complicated that few postmasters can tell what they are, and those on transient newspapers and printed matter generally are so enormous as to amount to a prohibition. A revision of this law is rendered indispensable. Other reforms are required, some of which I shall here notice.

1. Letter postage should be reduced to a uniform rate of *two cents prepaid*. This rate has been successfully adopted in Great Britain. It has increased the letters and the income of the post-office. It is the revenue point, sufficiently low, to encourage the people to write, and to send all their letters through the post-office; and yet high enough to afford ample revenue to pay the expenses of the Department.—If this rate is adopted, it will defy all competition, for none will attempt to carry letters cheaper than the post-office.

2. *Ocean postage* is enormous and burdensome, especially upon that class of persons which are the least able to bear it. It has been computed by those who are competent to judge, that about three-quarters of the ship letters are written by emigrants, and are letters of friendship and affection. The greater portion of them are from persons in poor circumstances, and to tax them with *twenty-four or twenty-nine cents* for a single letter is cruel. To send a letter and receive an answer, will cost a servant girl half a week's wages, and a poor man in the country will have to work a day to earn the value of the postage of a letter to and from his friends in Europe. Were the postage reduced to a low rate, *ten letters* would be written where one now is, and the revenue in a short period, would be equal if not greater than under the present high rates.

During the last twelve months, the sum received for trans-atlantic postages was not less than *a million of dollars*, and three-fourths of this sum has been paid by the laboring classes on letters relating to their domestic relations and friendship.

3. Next to the reduction of inland

and ocean postage is the *free delivery* of mail letters in the large towns and cities. An improvement has been attempted by the Postmaster-General in respect of letters to be sent by the mails. They are now conveyed to the post-office free of any charge; and the next step is to cause them to be delivered without any addition to the postage. A letter is carried by the mails *three thousand miles* for three cents, but if it is sent three hundred yards from the post-office, it is charged *two cents*!

This is not only an unreasonable tax, but is attended with much inconvenience both to the carrier and receiver of the letter, in the trouble of making the change and the delay attending the delivery of letters. If the prepayment of the postage covered the whole expense, a carrier could deliver ten letters where he now delivers *one*, and fewer persons would be able to deliver them.

Two cents cover the whole expense of postage and delivery of letters in London, and there is no reason why they cannot be delivered in New York and other cities as cheaply as they are in the capital of Great Britain. The expenses to the post-office would be comparatively small, as the income from city letters would be nearly equal to what would be paid if an efficient city delivery was adopted. If the free delivery should be adopted, it would be a great relief to the people, and this like every other facility afforded by the post-office, would tend to increase the number of letters sent by the mails.

4. The *franking privilege* should be abolished wholly. This has been so much abused, that the people have loudly complained of it, and almost every Postmaster-General for the last ten years has recommended its abolition. Instead, however of diminishing or repealing it, it has been increased, so that two sets of members can now exercise it, and the cartloads of franked matter sent from Washington show that it is a dead weight upon the Department. At the last session, one

member had twenty-eight large canvass bags of franked matter, weighing not less than *five thousand pounds*!

To say nothing of the vast expense of printing and binding millions of documents and speeches which are never read, the burden and labor, and cost to the post-office are incalculable. When newspapers were few in number, there might have been a necessity to send out speeches and documents, but as newspapers are published in all parts of the Union, every important report and speech is published and read long before it can be printed and sent from Washington. Let the members of Congress be furnished with a sufficient number of stamps to cover their postage, and these be paid for as the other expenses of Congress. The frank was wholly abolished in Great Britain when the cheap system was adopted, so that Queen Victoria herself can not now frank a letter!

5. But the grievance, which is now felt and most complained of by the people, is the complicated and burdensome tax on newspapers and other printed matter. It has heretofore been the good policy of Congress to favor the circulation of newspapers throughout the country, and accordingly one and a half cents was the highest rate charged to regular subscribers for any distance, and two cents, prepaid, for transient papers. These rates were plain and easy to be understood, and few were disposed to complain of them, although they were much higher than they should be. The new bill has some *sixty* or *seventy* different rates, and so complicated, depending upon *weight* and *distance*, that not one postmaster in twenty can tell what postage should be charged upon newspapers. Again the rates are enormous. For example, a newspaper in California, weighing one ounce or under, is charged *five cents* prepaid, and if not prepaid *ten cents*, and the same for every additional ounce; hence the Courier and Enquirer or Journal of Commerce, weighing two and one quarter ounces, is charged to San Fran-

each fifteen cents prepaid, and if not prepaid thirty cents! What is the effect of this law? It prohibits the circulation of newspapers through the post-office entirely, and all that are now sent go by private expresses. If I understand the subject correctly, it was the object of those who proposed the "substitute" to the Bill which passed the House of Representatives, to exclude from the mails newspapers and printed matter. *Is this right?*

6. Another reform that should be made by Congress, is the payment of postage entirely by stamps. If no money was received at the post-office except for stamps, and the postage on every thing passing through the office prepaid, the saving of labor would be immense, both to the general post-office and local offices. But this is not the only advantage. The amount lost, by the destruction of post bills, is incalculable. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are unaccounted for and lost every year by the Department, by the present loose, inefficient system of accounting for the postages received on letters and newspapers. While this system continues there is not, and can not be any check on the postmasters. Let the payment of postage be made by stamps, and it would be an effectual check upon every post-office, and the Department would receive the money for every stamp sold, whether it was used by the purchaser or not. This is a subject worthy of the serious consideration of Congress and the Post-Office Department.

7. There is one more improvement that I would recommend before closing this already long article, and that is the establishment of a money-order office. This would not only be a great convenience to the people, especially to the poorer class, but it would also prove a source of revenue to the post-office. During the last year there were sent through the money-order office in Great Britain upwards of forty millions of dollars! When it is recollected that each order is limited to twenty-five dollars, the number of letters carrying

these orders must be very large, adding to the receipts of the post-office. The same results would follow a similar establishment in the United States. There being no guarantee for the safe delivery of money, transmitted by the mails, such letters are now sent by private expresses, for which they receive a remunerating compensation.

I have briefly suggested some of the reforms which I deem necessary for the improvement of the post-office. It was said last winter by some of our Senators in Congress, in their places, that "ours is the worst managed post-office in the world." I can not agree with them in this assertion. But I regret to say that it is not the best managed, nor so good as it should and must be. The great drawback to its improvement, and, I may add, the curse that rests upon it, is its being made a political machine. It was a great and fatal mistake to make the Postmaster General a member of the Cabinet.

The great personal worth of Mr. McLean induced president Monroe to take him into his Cabinet, and the practice has continued ever since. The consequence is that the Postmaster General is changed under every new administration. In less than two years we had three, and two assistants. How can it be expected that men, whatever may be their talents, can make themselves acquainted with the business of the office in the short space of four years? Before they are warm in their seats they are removed. Besides, after a new administration comes in, it takes six or twelve months to turn out political opponents and appoint their friends. If, instead of this, when intelligent and efficient men are in (no matter what their political affinities may be) they were continued, it would be an inducement to make improvements, and an encouragement to fidelity; but now there is no security to any man that he will be continued one hour, nor any encouragement to excel in

the faithful discharge of his duty. These things ought not so to be.

There is another practice which greatly retards the improvement of our post-office, and that is the manner in which the post-office committees are appointed in Congress. At every session of Congress new committees are appointed by the Senate and House, a majority of which is composed of the dominant political party, without much regard to qualifications. For a number of years there has been scarcely a single member selected from any of our large cities, where the principal portion of the revenue is collected, consequently, they are persons who have little or no knowledge of post-office business, or the wants of the people. Their principal business is to obtain new post-routes, but any improvement in postal concerns is little thought of. Hence the Post Office Department may be considered a vast political machine, wielded for the benefit of the party in power; and there is not an appointment made, from the Postmaster General down to the Postmaster of the smallest office, without a special regard to the politics of the person appointed.

The only correction of this evil, under the present system, is to give the appointment of all the Postmasters to the people. They are the best qualified to judge of the character and qualifications of the person who will serve them in the most acceptable manner; and the Postmasters knowing that they are dependent upon the people for their offices, will be more obliging and attentive in the discharge of their duties. This will diminish the patronage of the President and the Postmaster General, which I have not a doubt they would gladly part with, as there is nothing more troublesome and perplexing to a conscientious man, than the exercise of this power.

In the old world, where monarchy exists, the press is called the fourth estate; but with us, where "*vox populi, vox Dei*," the press and the ballot-box may be con-

sidered the sovereign. The press utters the wish of the people, and the ballot-box confirms that wish. Hence, if the press speaks out clearly and strongly in favor of postal reform, the people will sanction it by their votes in selecting men to represent their wishes in the councils of the nation. Our post-office, instead of being denounced the "worst," should be made the best managed in the world. We have no old prejudices or established customs to abolish, no pensioners or sinecures to support, no jealousy on the part of the government against the diffusion of knowledge through the mails; but we have an intelligent, active, liberal gentleman at the head of the Post Office Department, who desires to meet the wants and wishes of the people. Therefore we have reason to hope that in due time our post office will be established on such a footing as to secure the patronage and support of the people, defying all competition, and superior to any similar establishment in the world.

B. B.

#### ADDRESS

*Delivered before the*

#### CADETS OF TEMPERANCE,

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, ESQ.,

*Detroit, October 7th, 1851.*

All of you perhaps may have read that charming little fable of "The Drop of Water," which floats about somewhere in Persian story, and is as remarkable for its simple beauty, as its profound moral.—At the risk, however, of recalling what may be already familiar, I shall venture to summon it from the dusty chambers of memory, as the most appropriate introduction that offers to the few loose thoughts which I now propose to drop into your laps for consideration.

A drop of water fell out of a driving cloud into the depths of the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! what an inconsiderable

creature am I in this prodigious ocean of water. My existence is of no concern to the Universe. I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and less than the very least of the works of God."

It so happened that an oyster which lay in the neighborhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees, it ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which glitters at the top of the Persian diadem.

Such sentiments as those expressed by the Water Drop as it mingled with the great ocean that surrounded it, are frequently found on the lips of young lads, like those whom it is my pleasure this evening to address. The world, with its mighty mass of confusion, is revolving around them, and the thousands and tens of thousands, who make up its busy throng, go surging by the boy of the school room, as the waves of the ocean rush over the floating reed that ventures to take root along its shore. Impressed with the indistinct and confused effect of this troubled scene, the boy inclined to thought is apt at times to turn away partly in sorrow, that he seems but a speck in the Universe, and partly in joy that he can follow the bent of his own wild desires, without the fear of the world's great eye being fastened upon him, or its weary burdens being pressed on his yet feeble shoulders.

But such thoughts should not be allowed to sway the mind of any young lad of the present active age, nor should a single hour of despondency be permitted to vex his early youth. He should never, for one moment, indulge the thought that "his existence is of no concern to the Universe, and that he is 'less than the least of the works of God.'" On the contrary he should remember that he has within

him the capacity of being transformed into a jewel, that may yet shine on the diadem of his Maker; and that his creation caused at least one thought of that great God, who holds up the foundations of the earth, and who fills all space with the immensity of his presence. Chance brought him not into being, for in the beautiful words of the Poet's hymn, we are assured that

"The Soul, which rises with us—our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of Glory do we come  
From God, who is our home."

He should remember, too, that though he may in his own eyes, seem despicable and of no importance in the world, yet there are those who look upon him with a degree of anxious solicitude, that he is yet unable either to appreciate or comprehend.\* The mother who bore him in her bosom, and wept over him in his frail and tender infancy, sees in him alone, a perfect world of itself. That future which her ambitious, yet loving heart, has marked out for him is such, perhaps, as embraces the wide circle of the globe in its influence, and heaps on his head the tributes of praise from the four corners of the earth. The father, who lays an affectionate hand upon his head, is proud of the young intellect he fancies he already sees developing both loveliness and strength, as the light of manhood begins to dawn upon his son. Affections, stronger and more deeply rooted than the pillars of the earth itself, bear up the exalted hopes of parents for their children. And those of you who have sometimes seen the racking sorrow of such as are called to lower a child of their love into the chambers of the dead, may possibly form some faint idea of the strength of those cords which unite the heart of the parent to the well being and prosperity of his child. It is a law of the Great God who framed us, that as soon as we enter



the world, we become the objects of a love which seeks to promote our comfort, and build up our flickering life. Beautiful, indeed, has God thus ordained for the tender and troublesome days of infancy, and very rugged must be that nature that is not softened into grateful emotion by the reflection.

—Great and sinful, then, is the error which young lads sometimes suffer to take hold of them, when they begin to imagine that they are of no importance or use in the world; for although they may have neither father nor mother to bless them with their love; though no fond brother shares in their sports, or gentle sister sheds her pleasant graces about their path, yet for aught they know the eye of some stranger may be upon them, who sees in their likeness the image of one, over whose pulseless breast the sod of the valley may oftentimes have bloomed, and they are thus secretly and quietly receiving the affections of a parent, or a brother, while in their restiveness they fancy themselves entirely overlooked and forgotten.

My young friends, in this wicked world of ours, we need the full exercise of all the moral force that can be mustered against the enemies of man's peace. Not only should we expect the strong words of the sage, the forceful and energetic efforts of the middle aged, but we likewise require the bright example of the early and yet untainted youth of our Land. Their pleasant faces and glad hearts can sometimes speak with more power to the breast that is clotted over with sin, than the mightier and most eloquent teacher among us.

Such seems to have been the desire as well as motive that inspired those of your friends who first lifted the standard of your organization, and invited you to rally under its folds. They wished first to secure you against the dangers that lurked in your path, and then to turn to the best account the influence of your example, in rescuing others exposed to the same perils

but destitute of like guardianship. Happy, indeed, is that heart, upon which no shadow has been allowed to fall, that shall prevent it from flowering in its youth; and still more happy is the ripe enjoyment of that blossoming, when as yet the timid spirit still clings to the buds and roses that adorn the margin of Life's rough road, and dreams not of the many weary and bleeding steps in the future that make up the one common experience of the lonesome journey.

My young friends, I trust you understand the pleasures that belong to your yet untroubled years, and are reaping to your bosom the full advantage of them.—He who addresses you, in common with those your seniors, who come in this evening to look upon your exercises, would fain fling away the years that have been superadded to those of our boyhood, and sit down this hour with you, and share in your joys and your hopes. We too have had our childhood and know full well the pleasures of its simple creed, "delight and liberty."

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream,  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn whereso'er I may

By night or day,

The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose,

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth,

But yet I know, where e'er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth'.

These thoughts have been ours, and it will not be many years before they will enter into your hearts also. We know, because the story is fast telling, and to some of us perhaps, already quite told, how soon these unadulterated pleasures

in which you now delight, will silently take wing, and leave in their place the solemn thoughts that belong to the more solemn period of manhood.

Before you are quite aware of it perhaps the round of youthful frolic will have terminated, and you will find yourself looking out upon a turbulent world, and the busy multitude that compose it. Into its noisy centre you will then be compelled to plunge, and as your trembling feet commence the toilsome march, the flowery vales through which your boyhood wandered shall soon fade and disappear behind you, like the mirage of the desert, as it dissolves with all its pageantry of green leaves and running streams from the disappointed and tearful eye of the traveler.—The farewell of that hour will pour a flood of sorrow over your bewildered and saddened heart, the power of which you cannot now even conjecture; but thanks to the orderings of a kind Providence, you will not be allowed to sit down and weep away all your hopes for the future in regrets over the past.

The tide of that busy life that will then press behind and around you, will soon force you from your grief into the midst of more stirring scenes. These, while they arrest by their novelty, will gradually heal up the wounds which the young heart suffers on its first contact with the outer world, and harden it against those bitter storms of life which are so soon to rain down upon it with merciless rigor and severity.

Happy beyond all comparison are they who start forth fully prepared and armed for this weary march—not with spear and brazen shield, nor yet with that self confidence which in its rashness is too often mistaken for courage; but by having in a holy faith, put on them the beautiful garments of "*Truth, Virtue, and Temperance.*"

Are your feet shod with the preparation necessary for this march into life?

This is a question which I would put with emphasis, that it may be lodged per-

manently in your hearts, and wake you to calm and faithful thought. I come not with any labored address to claim your ear, or please your fancy.

Engagements have pressed me more sorely during the last few days, than I wish, for your sakes, they had done. I can only come therefore in all humbleness, and casting at your feet a few plain but earnest words, turn away again and leave you.

If there is aught in what I may say that has truth in it, reject it not recklessly; lest some day hence, in a time of unsettled and troubled conscience, it turn again and rend you. He that blindly closes his heart against the words of truth, will sooner or later discover, that like that arch enemy against which you contend, it will some day be found, "biting like the serpent, and stinging like an adder."

The one great virtue which, as a society, you espouse and profess, is indeed a noble one, and embraces in itself not only the simple abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but a wholesome discipline and entire subjection of all the passions that disturb and vex the human heart.

The word "Temperance" has an extended meaning, and may be understood to comprehend not only the idea of *moderation*, but also that of *restraint*. Indeed so highly was this Virtue esteemed among the Greeks, that according to Cicero it was called by them *soprosune*, or the highest style of wisdom. He then who refuses to sip of the rosy cup that is pressed to his lips, but straightway seats himself down to a gross indulgence of his appetite, or suffers himself to be violently carried away by some raging lust, is not a truly temperate man. His simple abstinence from wine, while he is intemperate in his appetites and lusts, gains him no credit with the world, and we may safely infer, but little with his Maker. He is abstemious only in one particular, but cannot be regarded temperate while he restrains not, either, his appetites or his

passions. This restraint of the whole circle of appetites is of immense importance to youngmen. The passions were lodged within us for wise and useful purposes, and in their lawful and moderate indulgence prove to be the sources of both pleasure and profit in the world. They constitute the moving or propelling power that we find each day urging us to action, and it is our great duty to see that they are ever kept under a sound and thorough control. A wise engineer admits the propelling power to the machinery of his vessel with caution, keeping a subduing or restraining hand the while upon its rising force. So the youth who would sail smoothly down the voyage of Life, must control with a firm and steady hand his rising appetites. If in his folly he should open the flood-gates and allow them to sweep on wildly in their course, he would but enact the part of a crazy engineer who admits the full force of the steam at once upon the machinery, and thus converts a means of successful advancement, into an element that scatters in every direction, but "firebrands, arrows, and death."

It is related of Diogenes, that on one occasion, when meeting a young man on his way to a feast, he summarily laid hold of him in the street, and carried him back to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he, by his timely interference prevented him.

Could that eccentric philosopher emerge from the grave at the present day and remembering his tub and his former frugality, gaze for a few brief hours upon one of our modern feasts, how fearful would be his alarm for the young men of these latter days! We doubt not that they would be regarded at once as a company of insane persons, as he should observe them despatch, first, one or two dishes of muddy looking mock turtle, duly heated up with pepper and catsup, then a plate of fish swimming, (not in cold water) but in a flood of liquid condiments; next a fowl or two, succeeded by an indefinite number

of raw and bloody-looking slices of roast beef, and flanked by half a dozen dishes of different kinds of salad mingled up with a yellow wash or plaister of mustard, spices, oil and vinegar; various sorts of vegetables with sauces composed of fifty or more ingredients, and a still more indefinite number of French dishes beginning with *patees* of an unintelligible, undecipherable nature, and running down to the most scientific fricasee of a goose's liver; while superadded to all is seen a promiscuous assortment of confectionary and fruits, gracefully supported by a score of shining decanters with their tempting sweets and the mighty *eau de vie*.

Who, when he looks at this subject as it is, does not feel symptoms of alarm, and almost fancy that his eye, while ranging down thro' the magnificence and brilliancy of a modern table of fashion, sees lurking under the various and splendid dishes that adorn it, a fearful ambuscade of diseases, in the form of gout, dropsies, fevers, and a hundred other distempers that afflict the groaning and feeble *bon vivants* of the day.

Well may the old Greek Poet while reflecting upon such a class of eaters and drinkers, sharply exclaim,

"Fools, not to know, that half exceeds the whole,  
"How blest the sparing meal, and temperate bowl

How strongly does the experience of Socrates contrast with that of the men we have just noticed. It is observed by several ancient writers, that this distinguished philosopher, tho' a resident of Athens, during the prevalence of that great plague, (the memory of whose terrors has come down thro' all ages,) never contracted the least infection, and his escape seems to have been unanimously attributed by these writers to that strict temperance which he uniformly observed throughout his life.

That the gross indulgence of the appetites converts men into monsters, is a truth too well acknowledged, to require

any argument. Their passions are readily inflamed by the exciting influences of the table, and they are often hurried away in a phrenzy to the commission of deeds as horrible as men can commit. How suddenly has the hapd that has been stained with the overflowing of the wine cup been clotted with the blood of murder; and how often do the fingers of the drunkard dabble with the brains and the blood of his gentle wife and her tender babes?

The effect of over indulgence in the use of wines is necessarily to sensualize and degrade the whole man, by blotting out all refinement and delicacy of sentiment from the mind, and gradually reducing the tottering victim to the level and habits of the brute. If the passions and appetites of the body are to govern, the tendency of the man is downward to the pit; but if the intellect and the reason is to rule, then the tendency is upward to the clouds and the throne of the Eternal.—What more wretched and dreadful object in the eyes of all reasonable persons than the drunkard; and what more glorious object than the man whose intellect is daily quickened by new power, until he seems in his strength to lay by the feebleness of his earthly nature, and put on the garments of a holier and a purer race.

I recollect an instance, somewhere in the range of my boyish reading, where a man who had debased himself by drink fell in consequence of it under the jeers of the entire Roman Army, over which he had been stationed as one of its Generals; and so completely does it show the extent to which the greatest men are destroyed by this terrible habit, that I will briefly recite it. His name, if I remember aright was Bonosus, and as already intimated, he was sadly addicted to the vice of wine drinking. Having one day been defeated in a battle, and at a time too when he had set up for an important share in the Roman Empire, he straightway went and hanged himself. When he was seen by

the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had conducted himself with great valor in the fight, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging on the tree before them, *was not a man, but a bottle!*

Well, might we exclaim with this Roman Army, the' with no murderous spirit in our hearts, alas! for us and our Land, that so many of these bottles yet remain unchanged among us!

The resolution you have assumed to refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks, has indeed removed one great danger out of your path and strengthened you for a successful start in life.

No other temptation that lurks in the path of a young man is so pregnant with evil as the wine cup. At a time when more than all others, he requires a clear and undimmed vision, the youth is too often seen in the delirium of his folly, madly blinding his eyes with his fiery libation, and rushing furiously into the arena of life, with but half his powers at his command. Indeed too many seem to imagine that unless they can make their entrance into the walks of manhood, equipped with a cigar, a tobacco box and a glass of champagne, they lack the very first ingredients of the gentleman.

In the annals of the holy men of old, we read the story of a young man, who impressed with just such sentiments, pushed his way out from his Father's dwelling into the busy, and reckless world of his own time, where he spent all his substance in a greedy enjoyment of its fancied sweets.

But we likewise read that this same young man returned again to that Father's dwelling, not clothed in the gay apparel with which he left, but gathering his wretched rags about him, and battling with the swine for the very husks upon which they fed. Such departures from home are generally attended with similar returns, and happy indeed is that young prodigal who still finds a tender father to

welcome him to his dwelling, ready and willing to cast the protecting folds of his own garment over all his wretchedness, and taking him to his bosom, rejoice over him as the sheep that was lost but is again found, as the son who had often wet his cheeks with the tears of sorrow, but was again bedewing them with a tide of joy.

There are but few families in our country that are not afflicted with at least one erring boy. Sad as may be the reflection, it is none the less true. The man of wealth, of education, of piety is often seen to bow his head in sorrow over the untimely end of his wild son, who has recklessly gone out from his fireside to buffet with the cold waves of life, before his mind still unmatured, has given the future one intelligent reflection. At this very moment there are many such lads climbing the vessel's shrouds as she plunges through the darkness of night over the bosom of the deep, whose vacant chairs stand waiting for them by the side of their weary-hearted mothers in their pleasant but distant homes. Nor do we draw a fancy sketch when we say, that the prayer of the mother frequently follows and hovers round him, as he clambers among the rigging, and while unconsciously under its mellowing influence, the wandering boy often weeps many tears into the deep sea, through the silent hours of the midnight watch, as the quiet scenes of home are once more solemnly passing before his eye in its quiet range from the cross-trees far abroad over the watery waste. He seems again to see his Father seated in his wonted place by the fire carefully studying the marine intelligence of the last Journal, and trying to catch some recent news of the craft upon which he now sails, a truant son. His mother has her low seat opposite, and as she drops her work, and looks anxiously into the father's face, he almost hears her once familiar voice whispering through the shrouds, "where think you is our boy this

weary night?" while the troubled little sister lifts her pensive head from the neck of the old dog that lies at their feet, and with tears in her eyes, echoes forth the mother's cry, "where, mother, where is my wandering brother?" And ere the words have yet pierced his ear, they are riding on the blast far out into the noisy deep.

But these gentle invitations to return to the roof-tree grow less and less impressive as the wanderer grows more and more accustomed to his life, and still more wedded to his wild adventures. Constant companionship with the sensual and depraved soon hardens his heart to the silvery words that still occasionally float out to him from his early home, calling him again and again to its sacred altars; and before long he has either wholly forgotten the loving hearts that still keep watch for him on land, or his affections have become so benumbed and besotted as to give back no response to the gentle invitation of a mother's affection, or a sister's love. Few, very few of those who are thus early seduced out into life, and thrown into the society of the profligate and homeless, ever return in purity to bless the hearts they have saddened by their dreary absence. If they do sometimes return, the mother is often called to behold the boy who left her with a blush upon his downy cheeks, sadly swollen into the gross and brutal debauchee.

If any of you, my young friends, have entertained the thought of thus leaving the peace of your own home and pushing out upon the Ocean in search of fortune, let this one thought first take deep root in your mind, Am I prepared to cut loose from all the restraints of home, and carve out my way ALONE? To go, is to take my destiny for time and eternity in my right hand, am I yet competent to the trust?

If you hesitate, then be assured the time of your departure has not yet come, and you need to sit still longer under the mellowing and sanctifying influences of

Home. He that has not yet fully settled in his own mind the true principles of action by which he is ever to be guided, is unprepared to cast himself from under the influence of those who yet exercise a guardian care over him; and should he rashly venture abroad is as certain to fall a prey to the Destroyer, as the way-farer who would madly press on in his journey thro' the darkness of the night, over the precipitous and unfamiliar mountains that lie across his path; or the man who without a guide rashly ventures to thread the intricacies of the many chambered cavern. Wisdom is not with the wanderer;

"For they are wise who soar, but never roam,  
"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

But I may possibly be regarded as wandering from the ground, which you had expected me to occupy in this brief address; and some may have wished it had been more exclusively devoted to the discussion of Temperance, viewed in its connection with the particular organization under which you walk together. I can only say, you have just what my pen in its haste has seen fit to indite, and if your order and operations upon others has not been as freely alluded to as you might have desired, some apology may be found in the fact that your speaker is himself unconnected with any Secret Society of this kind, and consequently cannot be considered as well informed in these matters as many others you have around you. But though not thus connected, do not regard him as any the less friendly to the cause you here espouse; on the contrary he is far too anxious to see the monstrous evil against which you labor effectually removed from the land, to consent that even so much as a straw shall be thrown in the way of those who have drawn the sword against it. Indeed his great wish in reference to intemperance is like to that which the bloody minded Caligula expressed towards the City of Rome, when he so earnestly desired that it had but one

neck, that he might behead it at a single blow. Nor should there be cause of complaint from any quarter, if in the wise orderings of Providence any one of the band of striplings, should, like young David of old, be called to smite off the Monster's head.

But though uninitiated in your order, my eye has glanced through your Constitution, and I there find that in addition to the pledge of total abstinence, it totally excludes "all those who use profane language, who are addicted to gambling, or indecent in their conversation." These requirements if fully lived up to on your part, will indeed constitute you a *crystal fountain* of influence in our midst, clear and pure as the water that flows

from Siloa's brook

Fast by the Oracles of God—

A pure and moral youth, based on such sound principles, will do much in safely arming you for the warfare of Life, when you attain that period which closes your membership with this order, and transfers you to those of wider extent, though of no greater importance.

I observe too in another portion of your articles of compact, that over this flock there is appointed a Guide and a Watchman, and I infer their duties to be such as their names import. In the fickle and seductive world you stand in especial need of the kind care and constant vigilance of such as bear this guardian relation to you. While yet in the heat and waywardness of youth, it must be expected that the feet of many will oftentimes slip, unless the path is clearly marked out for them, and constant watchfulness maintained against approaching danger. The anxious cry of the young Psalmist, "wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," when now taken up by any of you, shall be speedily answered by those who are set over you, "by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Here my young friends, in the word of God is the only true and unerring guide

for your advance in life. However well you may be equipped in other respects, yet without this "lamp to your feet, this light to your path," you lack the very first and most essential requisite—Without the brilliancy of its beams about you, your feet will easily stumble upon the dark mountains, and your pathway be enveloped in the thick clouds of the tempest.

No matter if your journey be commenced in tears, and you have neither scrip nor purse, nor shoes to your feet, nor a staff in your hand. If you only be girt about with the principles of that sound morality to which you are already committed, and bear the lamps of God's Truth in your right-hand, high and lifted up, you can then safely venture into the gloom of the Future. Your feet, though naked, shall not bleed, for your Heavenly Father who watcheth the Sparrow in his fall will not "suffer his beloved ones to dash their feet against the stones." Your cruise though empty shall be made full, for He that made the ravens his almoners, permitteth not the righteous to want, nor his seed to beg bread." Into your right hand will be put "the staff of his righteousness," and your spirit though timid, shall be filled with consolation and courage, for He "buildeth up the weak, and raiseth those that are bowed down."

And when those years, now not far distant, shall come upon you, in which the burden of Life begins to press sore upon your shoulders, and your heart at times to faint as you remember the pleasant days of your early youth, long since sped away into the dimness of the past, you can strengthen your energies and cheer your desponding heart, by stooping down from the high places into which you will, ere then, have climbed, and taking by the hand the young lad who is struggling onward, as you are now, to fit himself for the strife of Life, whisper, in tones of encouragement into his ear, your own early experience, and thus revive his drooping

spirit, and gladden his heart with new born hope. With such prospects of usefulness before you, what need have you to be sad, and why should you dread the Future, stern as her visage may sometimes appear? When you can pour the "oil of joy" into the hearts of others, you will find it diffusing a corresponding happiness into your own, and though youthful pleasures may all have vanished like the mellow clouds of the summer morning, and old age may be drawing his chilling mantle about your bending form, yet even in those trembling days you may speak consolation to your heart in those golden words of the Poet,

"What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,  
I though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the normal sympathy,  
Which having been, must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks thro' death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

### OPHIR.

Whether "Ophir" was on the Peninsula of Malacca, contiguous to the Chinese Sea, or at Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, is doubtful. I visited Sofala in her Majesty's ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, in 1824, and Malacca in 1844 in her Majesty's steamer *Spiteful*—my opinion is in favor of Malacca being the true Ophir. There is a large mountain so named, contiguous to the coast at Malacca, and it abounds in gold. In sailing close along the shore, at night, the air was perfumed as if with spices and frankincense. The whole country teems with rich and rare products. Sofala, on the contrary, is a low, swampy, territory; no mountain is visible: gold dust is certainly obtained there, brought from the interior, but there are no spices, frankincense or myrrh. Its latitude prohibits the

growth of these articles, while Malacca is especially adapted to them. The transition of the Jews from Malacca, up the coast to China, was an easy matter; indeed, the Chinese themselves, visited the Red Sea.

### THE ALCHEMISTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Since the works of Hallam and Maitland have been given to the modern world, and a host of dreams and calumnies in regard to the Middle Ages have been dispelled, there have not been wanting a considerable number of candid minds among the Anglo Saxons, and a still more numerous corps of patient and toiling students in Germany, who have devoted themselves, some out of an antiquarian taste, others by reason of the inviting, because unexplored nature of the field, and many through religious zeal, to the investigation of the historical, literary, and scientific monuments of that period. That class of conceited talkers, who think no man can be truly learned, or intellectually great, who does not spout everlastingly about the dog Latin, universal ignorance, immeasurable stupidity, and vast superstition of the Dark Ages, is happily diminishing before the results of recent historical investigations, which have proved that in many respects, if they are dark, it is only in the same sense that form and color have no existence to the blind man. Ages would scarcely be termed dark which produced such men as Anselm, Bernard, and the Doctor of Aquin; and though perhaps all the world entertained erroneous opinions on the shape of the globe, gravitation, and solar attraction, we should remember that our own theory on these points is only a theory after all, though undoubtedly the most consonant with natural phenomena, which has yet been started.

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of the mediæval period, has awakened more rid-

icule, pity and contempt, than the belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone. We are glad to have at hand an extract from a work of the great chemist, Liebig, in defence of the Alchemists, which will be read with interest. It is from his "Chemical Letters," which have just been translated and published in England:

"In the first stage of the development of science, the alchemists could not possibly have had any other notions of the nature of metals than those which they actually held. No others were admissible, or even possible; and their views were consequentially, by natural laws, inevitable. Without these ideas, chemistry would now stand in its present perfection; and in order to call the science into existence, and in the course of fifteen hundred or two thousand years to bring it to the point which it has now reached, it would have been necessary to create the science anew. We hear it said that the idea of a philosopher's stone was an error; but all our views have been developed from errors, and that which to-day we regard as truth in chemistry, may, perhaps, before to-morrow, be regarded as a fallacy.

"Every theory which urges man to labor and research, which excites acuteness and sustains perseverance, is a gain to science; for it is labor and research which lead to discoveries. The three laws of Kepler, which are regarded as the foundation of modern astronomy, were not derived from just views of the nature of that force which retains the planets in their revolutions and in their orbits, but are simply deductions obtained by the art of experimenting; that is to say, by labor and research.

"The most lively imagination, the most acute intellect, is not capable of devising a thought which could have acted more powerfully and constantly on the minds and faculties of men, than that very idea of the philosopher's stone. It was that same force which urged thousands of adventurers, with and after Columbus, to



venture fortune and life on the discovery of a new world; and which, in our day, drives hundreds of thousands to cross the mountains of Western America, and thus to spread cultivation and civilization over that hitherto neglected part of the globe.

"In order to know that the philosopher's stone did not really exist, it is indispensable that every substance accessible to study and observation, should be observed and examined in accordance with the scientific resources of the time. But it is precisely in this that we perceive the almost miraculous influence of the idea. The strength of the opinion could not be broken till science had reached a certain stage of development. During centuries, as we have seen, when doubt arose, and the laborers become languid in their efforts, a mysterious unknown was sure to appear at the right moment, who convinced some prominent and trustworthy man of the reality of the great Magisterium.

"Many of the fundamental or leading ideas of the present time appear, to him who knows not what science has achieved, as extravagant as the notions of the alchemists. Not, indeed, the transmutation of metals, which seemed so probable to the ancients, but far stranger things are held by us to be attainable. We have become so accustomed to wonders, that nothing any longer excites our wonder. We fix the solar rays on paper, and send our thought literally with the velocity of lightning, to the greatest distances. We can, as it were, melt copper in cold water, and cast it into statues. We can freeze water into ice, or mercury into a solid malleable mass, in white heat crucibles, and we consider it quite practicable to illuminate most brightly entire cities, with lamps devoid of flame or fire, and to which the air has no access. We produce, artificially, ultramarine, one of the most precious minerals, and we believe that to-morrow or next day, some one may discover a method of producing, from a piece of charcoal,

a splendid diamond; from a bit of alum, sapphires or rubies; or from coal-tar, the beautiful coloring principle of madder, or the valuable remedies known as quinine and morphine. All these things are either as precious or more useful than gold.—Every one is occupied in the attempt to discover them, and yet this is the occupation of no individual inquirer. All are occupied with these things, inasmuch as they study the laws of the changes and transformation to which the matter is subject; and yet no one individual is especially engaged in these researches, inasmuch as no one, for example, devotes his life and energies to the solution of the problem of making diamonds or quinine. Did such a man exist, furnished with the necessary knowledge, and with the courage and perseverance of the gold-makers, he would have a good prospect of being enabled to solve such problems. The latest discoveries on the constitution and production of the organic bases, permit us to believe all this, without giving to any one the right to ridicule us as makers of gold."

For the Monthly Miscellany.  
ADDRESS TO WASHINGTON.  
[Written for the 14th of December.]

BY ISAAC MILES CRAWFORD.

Great Washington! throughout all coming time,

Thy name shall sacred be. In love and fear  
The nations of the earth from every clime,  
Shall bring their offerings to thy mem'ry dear,  
And lay them on thine altar-shrine. While here

In this fair land, the proudest of the earth,  
Where thy own children shed the gushing tear  
Upon thy tomb—a nation thine from birth,  
We reverence thee—thy name, thy greatness and thy worth.

The Father of our Country thou art called,  
And justly, too, and thou shalt ever bear  
The well-earned title. Though to be extolled  
For mighty deeds, was ne'er thy wish or care;

But more to aid the sufferings, and share  
The burdens of the weak; to meet th' ap-  
plause  
Of honest hearts, and from the "fowler's  
snare,"  
To free the captive; from the "Lion's jaws  
To shield the poor oppressed; and advocate their  
cause.

But few like thee the earth hath ever seen—  
So pure in heart, so generous of soul.  
So lofty in their aim, and yet so keen,  
To scan the springs of action which control  
The minds of other men. None could cajole  
By smooth-tongued flattery or specious lies,  
Thy confidence, As needle to the pole  
Thou wert to truth. Thine eagle eyes  
Searched falsehood out through all her tangled  
mysteries.

Thy self-devoting zeal and patriot-pride—  
Thy sufferings in the cause of liberty—  
Thy calm endurance in the "times that tried  
The souls of men," unstrung the stoutest  
knee;  
All these have wrought a monument for thee.  
Than gold or marble more enduring far:  
A higher, brighter, nobler destiny  
Than his—a wandering, desolating star,  
Who swept Europa's plains in bloody, wasting  
war.

When Tyranny her wrathful vial pour'd,  
To whelm our injured land in blood and  
night,  
When Britain sent her hireling Hessian horde  
And steel-clad hosts to tread us down in  
might,  
Thy hand and skill sustained the doubtful  
fight,  
And thou, thy country's adamant shield,  
Didst teach tyrannic power the path of flight,  
And boasting Britain's serried ranks to  
yield,  
While Vict'ry wreathed thy brow on many a  
well-fought field.

Yet though thou didst indeed thy sword un-  
sheath,  
And struggled for thy country in the van,  
'Twas not to gain the warrior's fading wreath,  
But to avenge the bleeding rights of man!  
And sure there has not, since the world began  
A nobler champion of the right ne'er rose,  
To aid the accomplishment of Heaven's plan,  
And, battling Freedom's and his Country's  
foes,  
Broken the tyrant's chains, and sealed their  
victim's woes

And then, thy noble mission being done,  
Thy sword into its scabbard quick returned,  
Disdaining all the honors thou hadst won,  
Thou hast with patriot-indignation spurned  
The crown—that lure which hath so often  
turned  
From friends, whom Freedom thought her  
own,  
To hollow hypocrites and traitors. Buraed  
Not in thy breast the thirst which thou alone  
Of all the great couldst quench—to sit upon a  
throne.

But here thy mission ended not. There stood  
No loftier Statesman round the council-fire!  
The constant guardian of thy Country's good,  
Her wants, her woes, her weal, thy sole de-  
sire,  
Old age dimm'd not thy spirit's ardent fire,  
Nor bent the towering form its weight op-  
press'd,  
And when thy life's frail flickerings did ex-  
pire,  
Thy head sank sweetly on the Savior's  
breast,  
And thy soul winged its way to everlasting rest.

E'er be thy memory by thy nation hallowed,  
Wide be thy praises spread throughout the  
earth!  
Long be thy virtues by thy children followed,  
As other lands pay tribute to thy worth,  
Or Heaven smiles on that which gave thee  
birth,  
With grateful hearts will age remember  
thee,  
And thank the Power that kindly sent thee  
forth  
To guard our homes and guide our destiny,  
And plant upon our shores, "the banner of the  
free."

With weeping eyes we crowd around thy  
tomb.  
Mourning that Death spares not the good  
and brave,  
But one by one they journey to their home,  
In untried worlds beyond his dismal wave.  
Long may the laurel bend above thy grave,  
As Fame bends o'er thy mem'ry from the  
skies,  
And when the voice of Him who died to save,  
Bids thy clay-tenement awake and rise,  
Mayst thou ascend and dwell where gladness  
never dies.

Every man is rich or poor, according to  
the proportion between his desire and his  
enjoyments.

## THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I knew this was a city of noble and beautiful structures, but the reality surpassed my expectations. The town was mainly built in a deep valley running northward into the Frith of Forth, with the royal palace of Holyrood in the midst of the fort of Leith on the Frith, a few miles northward, and the Castle on a commanding crag overlooking the old town from the west. The Cannongate and Highstreet lead up to the esplanade of the Castle from the east, but its other sides are precipitous and inaccessible, a deep valley skirting on the north, while the south end of the town fills the other side. The former, or more northern valley; has, for the most part, been kept clear of buildings; the spacious Prince's street Gardens, and the grounds of several charitable institutions, have had possession of it, until they were recently required to surrender a part of it for the railroads running south to Berwick, &c., and west to Glasgow, and for a general depot. Across this deep valley or chasm, northward, rises the eminence on which the new town of Edinburgh is constructed, with the deep chasm in which runs the rapid mill-stream known as the "Water of Leith," separating it from a similar, tho' lower hill, still further north and west, on which a few fine buildings and very pleasant gardens are located. The new town is thus perhaps one hundred and fifty feet above the old town, a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide, commanding magnificent views of the old town, the fort Leith, the broad, ocean-like Frith of Forth, and the finely cultivated country stretching southward; and, as if there was not enough to secure its salubrity, it has more gardens and public squares than any other city of its size in the world. Its streets are broad and handsome; its houses built almost wholly of stone, and I never saw so many good ones, with so few indiffer-

ent. Were I to choose from all the world, a city wherein to make an effort for longevity, I would select the new town of Edinburgh; but I should prefer to live fewer years where there is more sunshine.

Public monuments would seem the grand passion of the Edinburghers. The most conspicuous are those of Lord Nelson, on Carlton Hill, (next to the Castle, it not before it, the most commanding location in the city, and of Walter Scott, on Princess street, nearly opposite the Castle, across the glen, in full sight of all who arrive in Edinburgh by railroad, as also from the castle and its vicinity, as well as from the broad and thronged street beside which it is located. But there are monuments also to Pitt, to Lord Melville, and some twenty or thirty other deceased notables. These are generally located in the higher squares, or gardens, which wisely occupy a large portion of the ground-plot of the new town. Public Hospitals and Infirmaries are also a prominent feature of the Scottish capital, there being several spacious and fine edifices devoted to the healing of the sick—most, if not all of them, founded and endowed by private munificence.

There are several bridges across the two principal and more secondary or cross valleys, ravines, or gorges, which may well attract attention. They are frequently several hundred feet long, and from thirty to eighty feet high, and you look down from the road-way upon the red-tiled roofs of large eight or nine story houses beside and below them. Nearly or quite every house in Edinburgh is built of stone, which is abundant in Scotland, and often of a fair, free, and easily worked quality. Many, even of the larger houses, especially in the old town, are built of coarse, rough, undressed stone, and often of round, irregular boulders, made to retain the places assigned them, by dint of abundant and excellent mortar. In the better buildings, however, the stone is of a finer quality, and is handsomely cut, though almost entirely of a brown or dark gray color.

The winding drive to the summit of Carlton Hill, looking down upon large, tall, castle-like houses of varied material and workmanship, with the prospect from the summit, are among the most impressive I have seen in Europe.

I was interested this afternoon in looking around from one to another of the edifices with which history, or the pen of the Wizard of the North, has rendered us all familiar—the Tolbooth, the Parliament House, the Castle, the house of John Knox, the principal churches, etc. I spent most time of all in the palace of Holyrood, which, though unwisely located, never gorgeously furnished, and long since abandoned of royalty to dilapidation and decay, still wears the stamp of majesty, and will be regal even when crumbled into ruins. Its tapestries are faded and rotten; its paintings, never brilliant specimens of art, have also felt the tooth of Time; its furniture, never sumptuous, would but poorly answer, at the present day, the needs of an ordinary family; its ball-room is now a lumber-room; its bedchamber premonitions of rheumatism; its boudoir says naught of beauty, but that it passeth away. Yet the carefully preserved ivory miniature of the hapless Queen of Scots, is still radiant with that superlative loveliness which seems unearthly and prophetic of coming sorrows; and it were difficult to view without emotion the tapestry she worked, the furniture she brought from France, some mementoes of her unwise marriage, the little room in which she sat at supper, with Rizzio and three or four other friends, when the assassins rushed in through a secret door, and stabbed her ill-starred favorite, and dragged him through her bed-room into an outer audience-chamber, and there left him to die, his life-blood oozing out from fifty-six wounds. The partition still stands which the Queen had erected to shut off the scene of this horrible tragedy from that larger portion of the reception-room which she was still to occupy, therein to greet daily those whom public cares

and duties constrained her to confer with and listen to, though murder had stained ineffaceably the floor of all that regal hall. Alas! unhappy Queen! and yet not all unhappy. Other sovereigns have their little day of adulation, then shrivel to dust, and are forgotten; but she still lives and reigns wherever beauty finds admirers, or sufferings command sympathy. Other Queens innumerable have lived and died; and their sceptres crumbled to dust even sooner than their day! but Mary is still Queen of Scots, and will remain so forever.

### CORIOLANUS.

This man, celebrated in Roman history, was a citizen of the city of Rome at a very early period, when it was small and therefore comparatively insignificant. At first his name was Caius Marcius, but having mainly contributed by his personal valor and address to the capture of Corioli, he received the name of Coriolanus. From this time he was greatly admired for his warlike abilities, but his proud and haughty demeanor made him many enemies, and gave great offence.

On one occasion, there was a severe famine in the city, and a supply of corn being sent from Sicily, a debate arose whether it should be sold or given to the plebeians, or lower class. Coriolanus, who was of high birth, and of patrician order, advised it to be sold. This made the people angry, and they would have torn him to pieces if they could have taken him.—He was summoned before the judges, tried for his offence, and banished to Antium, the chief town of the Volscians, where the king, Atticus Tullus, received him with great hospitality—as was very natural, as they were at war with Rome, and wanted his aid against that already powerful city.

Coriolanus burning with revenge against the authors of the affront he had received, promised to aid the Volsci, and they immediately made him general of their ar-

mies, and covered him with marks of honor and distinction. He immediately attacked and took several towns, and then marched against Rome itself. He pitched his camp only a few miles from the city, and sent a message to the Romans that he should attack them, unless they agreed to certain conditions favorable to the Volscians. These were that the lands taken by the Romans were to be restored to the Volsci, that the people should be considered as having the same privileges as those of Rome, and that he should be recalled by those who had banished him.

Coriolanus allowed them two periods of time for their decision, one of thirty days, and the other of three; at the end of these, the Romans were either to submit to his requisitions, or he was to march against the city with his whole army.

At the end of thirty days, four Senators from Rome came and endeavored to appease him, but he drove them back with threats, telling them that nothing but absolute submission to his commands would save them and their city.

On the second day after, the whole body of priests and augurs came, dressed in their official garments, to his camp, and implored him to change his determination, but in vain. On the third and last day, Coriolanus was preparing to lead his army against the city. The people, in despair, implored his mother and wife, who were with them, to entreat him to spare the city. "For," said they, "Coriolanus will not refuse the entreaties of his mother and wife."

Accordingly, Veturia, his mother, and Volturnia, his wife, holding her little ones by the hand, and attended by a large number of the noblest and most respectable women of Rome, clad in deep mourning, repaired to the tent of Coriolanus, to entreat his favor and forgiveness. For a long time, the heart of the warrior was steeled to all their entreaties, but, at last, he could resist no longer the pleadings of the dear objects of his affection, and, turn-

ing to his mother, he exclaimed—"Oh! my mother, thou hast saved thy country, but lost thy son." He then withdrew his forces, and retired among the Volscians, never again going back to Rome.

At his death, the exact period of which is unknown, the Roman matrons put on mourning, and a temple was erected in honor of the public services rendered by Volturnia. One of the best of Shakspeare's plays is written upon this story of Coriolanus.

#### OUR COUNTRY ABROAD—IMPRESSIONS IN GERMANY.

"A German correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin eloquently writes of the colossal impressions which the people of Europe begin more fully to entertain of our country, as they read of the extraordinary progress which the census returns so surely indicates."

"But never has the growth of material interests so surprised the world, as that brought to light by the late census in the United States. The statistics are mostly copied in the foreign papers, and such gigantic strides in wealth and population are looked upon with wonder here in the old world. Men say, and with truth I suppose, that the history of mankind has no parallel to such a steady, unexcited, firmly laid progress. And I have no question that the next ten years will show an increase of emigration from these countries of continental Europe, which will be more astounding—and be it remembered too, an emigration of thorough, industrious laborers and mechanics, the best, perhaps, that we could have from Europe. I find men every where in these German States dissatisfied with the condition of their country, and, fearful for the future, looking eagerly to the free land over the waters—men often, too, not all among the ignorant classes. This is especially true of the smaller States, like Saxony, which can gain nothing from these wars

and disturbances, and may lose everything.

"It must make you at home look anxiously around at this immense foreign element infusing itself into our country, its society, and into the spirit which is to form its new institutions. However, as a mixture of races in the world's history has ever invigorated any single stock, and as the English language—the great language of the future—is an amalgamation of all languages, we need not fear for this corresponding amalgamation of nations—this meeting together of nearly all races of the earth on our wide, richly stored land. It is a grand experiment, however, and men watch anxiously the issue."

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

The sentiment of love is too often made light of; that which is the most potent agency of this earth; that which has been the central fire of many of those revolutions, is mockingly referred to, as if it were a subject for trifling. But love in a woman has a true meaning. Love in a man is an ennobling passion; it is as dew upon the flowers, as purple dawn upon the sky, as the quiet streamlet in the valley, as an orchard resplendent with early blossoms; it is a mere morning prayer; it is an evening hymn; it is a child asleep dreaming of heaven. It may be as a deluge that spreads around a viewless waste, without a dove, olive branch or rainbow; it may be as a fruitful field withered with a poisonous wip; it may be as a delectable mountain, thrown asunder by the inward fire; it may be as the home-sickness of the exile; it may be despair; it may be insanity that sings low and melancholy airs; it may be insanity that laughs aloud and then expires.

Love, while its object lives in purity, makes a poet of him with whom it dwells. The plough-boy in the field—the sailor in his shrouds has his dreams and glories;—he has in his own way the most passion-

ate imagination—it kindles up the dormant faculties—it loosens the tongue of the stammerer—it lends the most illiterate speech and eloquence—represses sensuality and tames even the savage—it gives joy and fear and happiness, it renders even the men heroic, and fills them with self-respect. Out of the visions of youth may have come the flames that have illumined the path to greatness. The captain in his tented field, the magistrate in his duties, may each, if he will, look back and find in love the impulse that led him on to power.

### MINIATURES AND JEALOUSY.

The promenaders in the Tuileries a few days ago, were witnesses to a most touching scene. A little girl about five years of age was rolling her hoop; the hoop rolled up against a gentleman sitting on a bench, and the child going up to him to get it, looked at him involuntarily, and suddenly cried out, "Oh, if there isn't the gentleman of mamma's miniature!" This exclamation of course attracted the attention of passers-by, and of a young woman who immediately came up to the child and fainted away. He appeared stupefied, and started from the child to her mother as if he were losing his senses; but when he saw the latter fall fainting on the ground, he caught her up, clasped her in his arms, and covered her with kisses. She soon regained her senses, and fell weeping on the gentleman's bosom. A Sergeant de Ville, coming up, led them off with the little girl, and calling a carriage, put them in; but the bystanders had already learned their history from the different exclamations.

Five years before, they were married, with every prospect of happiness before them; but the husband being young, was led away with dissipated associates, and becoming jealous of his wife, treated her so unkindly that she finally left him, and took an humble lodging in a different

part of the city, where she soon after gave birth to a little daughter, and since that time had supported herself and child by her needle. The husband had sought his wife in vain, and had at last come to the sad conclusion that she had put an end to her existence. This thought had such an effect upon his mind as to cure him not only of his jealousy but of his vices; and he has since been living a most exemplary life—consecrating all his thoughts to the memory of his lost wife. He was in the habit of walking in the Tuileries every afternoon; and it was thus that the chance turning aside of the little girl's hoop gave him back his wife and child. Let us hope that both parties have received a lesson which will make their future life purer and happier than their last.—*Home Journal*.

### MADAME DE STAEL.

BY LAMARTINE.

"She was then as happy in her heart as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son who did not display the eclat of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the Duke de Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautiful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven, and to represent holiness in beauty.

While scarcely yet in the middle age of life, and blooming with that second youth which renews the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Stael had married the dearest idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was beloved. She prepared herself to publish her "Considerations on the Revolution," which she had so closely observed; and the personal and impassioned narrative of her "Ten Years of Exile." Finally a book on the genius of Germany (in which she had poured out, and, as it were, filtered drop by drop all

the springs of her soul, of her imagination, and of her religion) appeared at the same time in France and England, and excited the attention of all Europe.

Her style, especially in the work on Germany, without lacking the splendor of her youth, seemed to be imbued with lights more lofty and more eternal, in approaching the evening of life and the mysterious shrine of thought. It was no longer painting, nor merely poetry: it was perfect adoration; the incense of a soul was inhaled from its pages; it was "Corinne" become a priestess, and catching a glimpse from the verge of life of the unknown Deity, in the remotest horizon of humanity. About this period she died in Paris, leaving a bright resplendence in the heart of her age. She was the Jean-Jacques Rousseau of women, but more tender, more sensitive, and more capable of great actions than he was—a genius of two sexes, one for thought and one for love; the most impassioned of women and the most masculine of writers in the same being. Her name will live as long as the literature and history of her country."

### EFFECT OF POSITION.

We learn from an intelligent observer, who has published his impressions of the Fair in London, that the great Koh-i-noor or Mountain of Light, the Durra-i-nor or Sea of Light, and the fine blue diamond of Mr. Hope, had less effect as exhibited by daylight than pieces of glass of the same size and tint would have, if exhibited in a small room with two or three windows. Many persons, intelligent persons too, mistook the case of the Koh-i-noor, for the diamond itself. The disappointment felt about the Koh-i-noor, at length induced the Commissioners to place it for two days of the week in a small apartment, illuminated by small and brilliant lights. Until this was done, nobody could say that it was not a piece of glass! Indeed a piece of glass of the same size and form

was substituted for the diamond during a part of the time, and nobody suspected the fact.

As with the Koh-i-noor, so with the human specimen. Nobody can tell what light or brilliance is in a man, until he finds his true position, or it is discovered for him. They have an expressive saying at the West to a man who gets out of his sphere—"You can't shine in this crowd." There is a place for every man; and the fewer number shine in public. In the limited sphere of his own connections, and the small space in which his actual duties are to be performed, every man is known and seen to the best advantage.—And, as the Koh-i-noor, intrinsically worth as much as all the glass in the palace, seemed in the public exhibition no better than a small and useless fragment of crystal, so seems many a man whom circumstances force before the public eye. As the diamond under more propitious circumstances shows its surpassing beauty, so the same man who makes a poor figure in the multitude, is the light of the eyes of those who are immediately dependant upon him, and connected with him. A man's true worth is his private value; and even when he is publicly celebrated, people are often admiring the case that "sets him off," the adventitious circumstances that surround him, rather than the man himself. As the soul to the man, so is the "home" to the "world." Or to speak more intelligibly, as the man is judged by his soul and mind, so is the character of a people to be estimated by the inner lives of its individuals. The acts of a nation begin at the hearth-stone.—*Arthur's Magazine*.

There is more sunshine, than rain, more joy than pain, more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary, we would not choose for our friends or companions.

The louder the saw of contention is drawn the hotter it grows.

## Literary Miscellany.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1851.

We have now come to the close of the second volume, since we commenced the publication of the Miscellany. We have established a reputation for promptness, if nothing more. And though we do not intend to deviate from the path we at first marked out for ourselves—to make few or no promises—We are ready to say that we shall continue to exhibit the same promptitude as in the past, while we shall labor with increased zeal to improve the Miscellany. We think we need not promise our readers a better work, than we have given them the past year, hundreds have given us the meed of praise, for what we have done, and as we, and our noble correspondents are obeying the law of progress, we think, we shall not manifest less ability in the future, than we have exhibited in the past.

Of our contributors, most certainly, there is no necessity for the utterance of a word. It has been demonstrated to the public, that in the West, we have writers, every way as deserving as any of which the East may boast, and, we may say, without being contradicted by the future, that the publishers—the correspondents and the patrons of the Miscellany, are all pledged to its future advancement and continued prosperity. We are aware that many short-lived publications have been started by those who intended them as stepping stones to some other field of labor; others may arise, and there may be a brief fluttering of their ephemeral existence, but not so with the Miscellany; we are assured by scores and hundreds that the Miscellany is getting deep into the hearts of the people of the great west, and this feeling will dispel the charm of the dollar and force a separation between that and the pocket, that there may be a union between the Miscellany and the



heart. Is it so reader? Be then the first to prove its truth, and send that dollar on its mission, at once, that it may return to you, in the soul-inspiring and instructive leaves of the Miscellany.

☐ We wish to print no more copies of the Miscellany for 1852, than we need for actual subscribers. And we therefore, hope to hear from agents and friends at once. Let all who wish to sustain the work, and make it increasingly useful, at once forward the dollar.

☐ Money may be sent at publishers' risk. We prefer to have subscribers remit their own funds, and the chance of mistakes will thereby be lessened.

☐ If any subscriber, who has paid for the Miscellany, has failed to receive any number during the past year, and will inform us, we will forward it, in our possession.

☐ We shall occasionally send specimen numbers to those, who, from their character and standing, we believe, will become interested in increasing our list of subscribers, by adding their own names, and as many of their friends, as they can induce to subscribe.

☐ The Miscellany cannot be afforded for less than One Dollar. We occasionally hear of pretended agents, who offer it less; a very good way for you to detect impostors, they will take you at any price, as they do not expect to send us what they receive. No true agent will offer it, for less than one dollar.

☐ Post Masters, Ministers and Students are most respectfully invited to act as agents for the Miscellany. By communicating with us post paid, we will furnish them with certificates of agency, and also, any farther information desirable.

☐ In writing for a change or discontinuance; always inform us, to what Post Office the work has been sent.

☐ All communications must be post paid to insure our attention.

☐ We have this month, a very valuable communication from the pen of Rev. H. D. Kitchel who is a constant contributor for the Miscellany. His communications need not our praise.

We also have an article from the pen of Rev. Mr. Bradley, a new contributor. Our readers, with us, will welcome him to our pages. His present article is a review of Loyola, and Jesuitism in its Rudiments, by Isaac Taylor. His article, though short, shows the strength of his pen.

We are laid under obligation also, to a brother Editor, F. H. Rankin, Esq., of the Genesee Whig, for those beautiful Sonnets—The Temptation and The Expulsion; many thanks, and our readers will say, amen.

☐ "In the dewy hours of Slumber" came to late for insertion this month. It will appear next month. Keep that pen moving.

☐ We have also an article on Music, by W. M. H., M. D., which will be found in the January number.

☐ Our thanks to D. B. Duffield, Esq., for his address to the Cadets of Temperance. We cheerfully extend its circulation.

☐ We are under great obligation to the conductors of papers, generally, not only in this State, but in other States and in Canada for the very kind manner in which they have been pleased to notice the Miscellany since we have had charge of it. We have labored hard to earn their good will, and hope to enjoy it in the future as in the past.

☐ Michigan Christian Advocate.—Our friends Watson and Fuller have our warmest sympathies. We hope the friends of Temperance, Morality, and Religion will remember them in their persecutions for righteousness' sake. Roll up their subscription to a 5000 figure at once. Q.













